

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

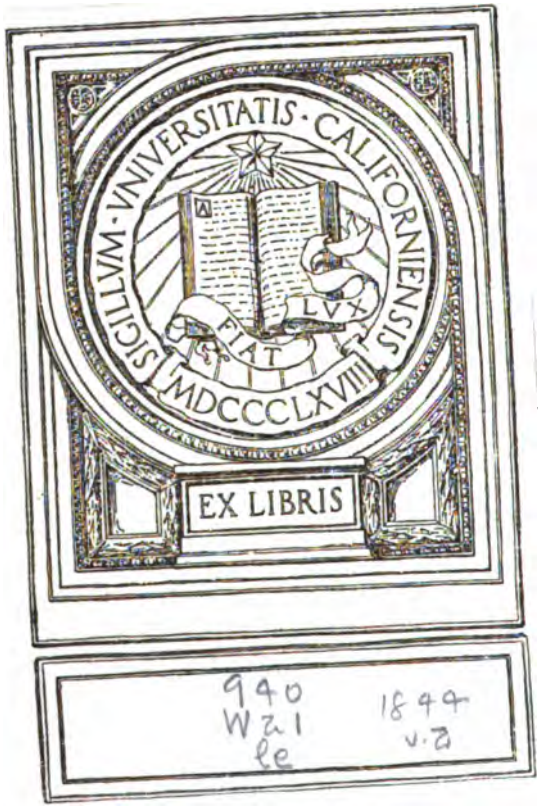
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`



940
W21
le
1844
v.2

LETTERS

OF

HORACE WALPOLE,

EARL OF ORFORD,

TO

SIR HORACE MANN,

HIS BRITANNIC MAJESTY'S RESIDENT AT THE COURT OF FLORENCE, FROM 1760 TO 1785.

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED FROM THE ORIGINAL MSS.

CONCLUDING SERIES.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

PHILADELPHIA:
LEA & BLANCHARD.

1844.



9 L10
W21
Ce
1844
V.2

ADVERTISEMENT

BY THE EDITOR.

In a late number of the Quarterly Review, in an article entitled "Horace Walpole," the Reviewer, in the course of an estimate which he makes of the character and talents of Walpole, takes the opportunity of indulging in some strictures on what he calls "his scandalous attempts at increasing his already enormous sinecure income;" observing, "so completely had this man, so shrewd and sharp-sighted in detecting the follies of others, blinded himself, or fancied he had blinded the world to his real motives, that we find that during the long life in which he enjoyed five sinecure offices, producing him *at least* six thousand three hundred pounds a year, he was not ashamed to inveigh bitterly against the abuses of Ministerial patronage, and to profess with astonishing effrontery, that the one virtue which he possessed in a singular degree, was disinterestedness and contempt of money." How far this censure was merited, both as regards the number of places held and the amount of public money received by Horace Walpole (for the whole of which he was solely indebted to his father Sir Robert,) and especially as regards the spirit in which he viewed the matter himself, will be seen by the detailed account of his income given in the Fourth Volume of this series of letters. As Walpole may fairly be presumed to be the best judge of the extent of his own ways and means, his statement, plain and straightforward as it is, will, we take for granted, be considered quite sufficient refutation. With regard to the assertion that "Mr. Pelham and the Duke of Newcastle forfeited his favour by refusing to do a very profligate pecuniary job for him," it will be found that in the Memoir to which we have just been alluding, mention is made of this "job;" and certainly, as Walpole states it, we can discover nothing "profligate" in the character of the transaction.

But inaccuracy of statement is not the only defect to be found in the Reviewer's article. Speaking of the peculiarities of Horace

248290

Walpole's Letters, he likens them, among other productions, to the "Annual Register," and "Hansard's Debates!" And yet, in the very same page in which he institutes this strange comparison, he confesses that "no painter was ever more ready to sacrifice accuracy of details to a tone of colour than Walpole, and he carries this system of embellishment to a degree that diminishes, even in indifferent matters, our confidence in his veracity. Whenever he takes offence, he distorts facts, discolours motives, and disparages persons with the most ingenious and inveterate malignity." In another page it is added, "to look to Walpole for strict accuracy and impartiality would be to expect from a harlequin the gait and garb of an undertaker." Now, it is well known, that the chief—and indeed the sole—merit of the "Annual Register," and more especially of Hansard's Debates," is that they uniformly maintain a tone of scrupulous impartiality, and are mere matter-of-fact chronicles, nothing more. And yet the Works of a man who, we are told, "sacrifices accuracy of details to a system of embellishment," and whose "veracity" cannot be relied on, are coolly and gravely compared to these two most rigidly faithful records of modern times!

London, April, 1844.

UNIV OF CALIFORNIA

LETTERS

FROM

THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE

TO

SIR HORACE MANN.

LETTER CCLXII.

Arlington Street, Dec. 20, 1776.

I CANNOT write to you myself, my dear sir, for I have the gout in my right hand and wrist, and feel enough of it about me to fear that it will make its general tour; which, by this third year's experience, seems to have grown annual instead of bienial: however, I am still so partial to the bootikins, as to believe that it is they that save me from having near so much pain as other gouty people complain of; and, while I do not suffer much, there is no great hardship in an old man's being confined to his own house. It is not, however, to talk of myself that I send you this; but to tell you that I have received your letter for Lord North, and, as I could not carry it myself, I sent it to him by a friend, and do not doubt but so just a request will be attended to.

It looks very much as if we should know soon whether America is to be subdued or saved by a French war. We heard on Tuesday last that Dr. Franklin himself was landed in France—no equivocal step;* and on Wednesday came a full explanation. General Howe had made two movements, which threatened enclosing Washington, and cutting him off from his magazines: a small engagement ensued, in which the Americans were driven from a post without much loss on either side. Washington has since retired with his whole army to other heights,

* In September, 1776, three Commissioners were appointed by Congress to take charge of the affairs of America in Europe, and endeavour to procure a treaty of alliance with France. The Commissioners were Dr. Franklin, Silas Deane, and Arthur Lee. The Commission continued till February, 1778, when a treaty of amity and commerce, and also a treaty of alliance, were concluded, and Dr. Franklin appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of France.—ED.

about five miles off, seeming to intend to protract the war, as was always thought would be their wisest way; but, as the Americans do not behave very heroically, and as the King's fleet will now be masters of the coast, it is supposed that Washington must retire northward, and that the Howes will make great progress in the south, if not prevented by the rigour of the season. As nearly as I can make out, Dr. Franklin must have sailed a day or two after Washington's retreat;* and therefore it is natural to conclude that he is come to tell France, that she must directly interpose and protect the Americans, or that the Americans must submit to such terms as they can obtain. If I am not wrong in my reasons, the question is thus brought to a short issue, and there I leave it.† I am never fond of speculations, and not at all so when I am not quite well. Adieu!

LETTER CCLXIII.

Arlington Street, Jan. 24, 1777.

In my last, a month ago, I told you I had the gout. It is now gone, and I have been once out to take the air. As I love to make the best of every thing, I call this a short and favourable fit, having, from its first moment to my airing, lasted *but* six weeks; and, though I had it in both hands, wrists, and elbows, there was not much pain for above thirty hours; and my feet escaped. These *douceurs* I attribute to the bootikins. It is true that, for the last three years, the fits have been annual, instead of biennial; but if they are split into more frequent, though much shorter portions, I must still be satisfied; for could I go through five months and a half of pain? I am already so shattered with these attacks, that my nerves are as alarmable as the sensitive plant. The clapping of a door makes me start and tremble; and yet I don't

* Washington's retreat took place about the 20th of October, and Dr. Franklin sailed from Philadelphia on the 26th, and reached Paris on the 21st of December. Madame du Deffand, in a letter to Walpole of the 18th, says, "The object of M. Franklin's visit remains a problem; and what is still more singular, no body can tell whether he is actually in Paris or not. For the last three or four days, we have been told in the morning that he had arrived, and in the evening that he had not yet come." On the 22nd she again wrote, "Yesterday Franklin arrived at two in the afternoon. He slept the night before at Versailles. He was accompanied by two of his grandsons, one seven years old, the other seventeen, and by his friend, M. Penet. He has taken lodgings in the Rue de l'Université."—Ed.

† Mr. Burke, in a letter of the 6th of January, to the Marquis of Rockingham, throws out the following conjecture as to the object of Franklin's visit. "I persuade myself he is come to Paris to draw from that Court a definitive and satisfactory answer concerning the support of the Colonies. If he cannot get such an answer (and I am of the opinion that, at present, he cannot,) then it is to be presumed he is authorized to negotiate with Lord Stormont on the basis of dependence on the Crown. This I take to be his errand; for I never can believe that he has come thither as a fugitive from his cause in the hour of its distress, or that he is going to conclude a long life, which has brightened every hour it has continued, with so foul and dishonourable a flight."—Ed.

find my spirits affected. In fact, my inside is so strong, and the case so very weak, that I believe the cottage will tumble down, and I shall have nothing but the inside left. I am thinking of going to Bath or to the sea-side, which has often been of service; not, to say the truth, that I suppose it will, but one is to try, and to pretend to suppose it will. Old people always talk as if they expected cures—but surely they cannot; surely they cannot forget how they used to laugh at their seniors who had such idle hopes! But enough, and too much of myself.

The tide of victories continues: Fort Washington was taken at the end of the year, and Rhode Island since. A great deal is still to do, and not much less if the war was over. It does not appear yet that Dr. Franklin has persuaded France to espouse America openly. One hears a great deal of underhand support, and in general the disposition of the French for war with us; but I never believe but on facts, seldom reports, and seldomer prophecies and conjectures; chance being the great mistress of human affairs in the *dernier ressort*.

The Parliament is met, but, as the Opposition does not attend, for these last two days they could not get a House of one hundred members; which is necessary, since Mr. Grenville's Bill, if an election is to be heard. We were alarmed on Sunday with an account of Bristol being in flames, and of several attempts to fire that city and Portsmouth.* It turns out almost nothing at all, and not above the pitch of insurers. There was a silly story of two new-invented engines for firing being found in the lodgings of the supposed incendiary, together with an account of the St. Barthelemi and Dr. Price's pamphlet for the Americans.† If true, it indicated a madman.

Your lord paramount, the Emperor,‡ is coming to Paris: he does

* These attempts to fire Bristol and Portsmouth were work of the wretched incendiary, James Aitken, commonly called John the Painter. After committing numerous highway robberies, burglaries, and petty thefts, he shipped himself off to America, where he continued three years. On his return, he formed the detestable design of destroying the maritime force of England by setting fire to the royal dock-yards, and burning the principal trading cities and towns, with their shipping. For this purpose he took extraordinary pains in the construction of his fireworks and combustibles; and it was owing to the unaccountable failure in one of his infernal machines, that the nation was saved from so dreadful a shock. He succeeded in setting fire to the rope-house at Portsmouth, but failed in his attempt on Bristol, where he only destroyed six or seven warehouses. He was tried at Winchester in March, and conveyed for execution to Portsmouth dock-gate. Before he was turned off he acknowledged the justice of his sentence, and recommended strict vigilance at all the dock-yards, "because," he said, "it was in the power of any determined, resolute man to do a great deal of mischief."—Ed.

† This celebrated pamphlet was entitled "Observations on the Nature of Civil Liberty, the Principles of Government, and the Justice and Policy of the War with America." It was circulated with profusion, and, for writing it, the Common Council of London voted the Doctor their thanks, and presented him with the freedom of the city in a gold box. Being translated into the Dutch language, it is supposed to have influenced the Hollanders in withdrawing their property from the British funds. It was repeatedly quoted in both Houses.—Ed.

‡ Joseph II., Emperor of Germany and brother of Marie Antoinette, Queen of France, arrived at Paris in the middle of April. Under the name of Count Falkenstein he lived and travelled like a very private gentleman. He visited but little at

not come hither—he needs not. We have transplanted the flowers of our follies thither—horse-racing and gaming; and our chief missionaries preside over the rites.* My poor hand is so weak that you must dispense with my writing you no longer a letter. For eight days I underwent the humiliation of being fed; and, when one comes to one's pap again, no wonder one thinks one's self ancient! Adieu!

LETTER CCLXIV.

Arlington Street, Feb. 6, 1777.

After a confinement of seven weeks, I begin to go about again. I feel no great joy in my liberty; and, had I any excuse for bringing people to me, I should not feel concerned to live at home; for all England is a public place, and nothing so difficult to find as any private society. Every thing is changed; as always must happen when one grows old, and is prejudiced to one's old ways. I do not like dining at nearly six, nor beginning the evening at ten at night. If one does not conform, one must live alone; and that is more disagreeable and more difficult in town than in the country, where old useless people ought to live. Unfortunately, the country does not agree with me; and I am sure it is not fancy; for my violent partiality to Strawberry Hill cannot be imposed upon. I am persuaded that it is the dampness of this climate that gives me so much gout; and London, from the number of fires and inhabitants, must be the dryest spot in the nation.

There is nothing new of any sort. As there is no Opposition, there is no Parliament; I mean none that is talked of more than the Assizes. In America the campaign seems to be over. It is to be very warm next summer; but there will be a spring between of some consequence. Then will be seen what we are to expect from France. Your brother, the Emperor, has put off his journey thither: some think, rebuffed from Versailles; others, that storms are brewing in the North, or deaths† approaching that will open the flood-gates. I but just touch these points; for I have no private intelligence from every Court in Europe. I can see very little way into futurity, and when I think I do, I am commonly mistaken. That this country is stark mad in every respect, I am very clear; a death that great countries are apt to die of. I have but few years to come, have no children to leave, and therefore it is no wonder

Court, and spent no part of his time in forms; but laid it out, with the attention of a philosopher and the inquisitiveness of a statesman, in examining the different establishments of that country.—Ed.

* The sport of horse-racing, with a mixture of gambling, was at this time greatly on the increase in France. There had recently been two in one day: the first between the Prince de Nassau and the Marquis de Fénélon, who both rode their own horses; the other between the Duc de Chartres and the Duc de Lauzun. Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette were present. Of the six exalted individuals four perished, a few years after, by the guillotine!—Ed.

† Probability of the death of the King of Prussia.

that the natural insensibility of age increases upon me, as well as the disposition to censure and to augur ill. In common life one thinks many persons dying before they do die—yet they do die too. One is still more in the right, though perhaps not so soon as one expects to be, when one foretells that such a one will kill himself by his intemperance. Some will think that, as our doctors have given us over, there is a better chance of our recovering. It is true I have no opinion of our doctors—the Opposition; still I think the patient is in a most deplorable way, and, as in consumptions, he has no sense of his danger. Look you: all this may be speculation and vision; I do not trouble myself about the credit of my oracle. If I did, I could give two sides to my prophecy, and could tell you, that if things did not turn out very ill one way, they would another; and I could support my belief with an oath: but I am pretty indifferent about the matter when I cannot help it, and have no more notion of caring about what will happen ten years after I am dead, than about what will happen two hundred. We have been in an unnatural state, and swelled from a little island to an empire; but I doubt the island will not shrink just into its natural corpulency again; and there is a new field for speculation! But I am, luckily, at the end of my paper.

LETTER CCLXV.

Arlington Street, March, 5th, 1777.

My last has already told you, I hope, that I am entirely recovered. You shall believe, if you please that a moment of bootikins weakened *you*; but allow *me* to be certain that above three years of experience has demonstrated that they do not weaken *me*; and as to all reasonings of the Italian physicians, why, they are still more ignorant than ours. I shall not argue with them or you, for I have no convert-making zeal. I content myself with my own judgment and experience for my own use, and it is not reasonable to expect that others should see truth with my eyes. It has rarely happened to me to think with the majority, and I have so much respect for the plural number as not to dispute with them. There never were more against me than in our present politics. I have kept my sentiments pretty much to myself, but nothing has made me change my opinion. At present, the aspect is not as if I had been totally in the wrong. The campaign in America has lost a great deal of its florid complexion, and General Washington is allowed by both sides not to be the worst general in the field. The Stocks are grown positive that we shall have a French war. *That* was so self-evident, that I should be ashamed of bragging I had always forseen it. A child might foretell many of the consequences. I leave it to those who *would not* foresee to excuse themselves as they can.

The Gazettes will tell you as much as you are allowed to know or believe. If you do not understand them, you will not be singular.

The time is coming, I doubt, when Truth will write a more legible hand. In one word, the retreat of the Americans seems to have been wise; you will find they will fight and have fought, and that, when we believed Philadelphia was gone, General Howe has been obliged to contract his quarters. I should think less than *unlimited submission** would content us at present; and I leave you to judge whether France will be omitted in the negotiation, and whether she will enjoin the Congress to be very tractable. I hope there will be a little more wisdom in making the peace than there was in making the war; but they who make the one, do not always consider that they may not be equally masters to make the other.

There is scarcely any thing of private news. Two old persons that you remember are dead, Sir Thomas Robinson† and Lady Shadwell;‡ she lived to ninety-six. The Duke of Norfolk,§ but two years younger, is recovered from a dangerous illness. Lady Chesterfield¶ has had a stroke of palsy, but may linger some time longer. In short, my dear sir, you and I can only talk in common of a few Methusalems, cock and hen; for, as to the travelling boys that you get acquainted with *en passant*, I do not. I have done with the world, except parting with it in form; and chiefly pass my time with a few acquaintance or alone at Strawberry Hill, where I never want amusement. My old age is as agreeable as I desire it: oppressed with no misfortunes, disappointments, or infirmities,—for I am determined to consider the gout as a remedy that only makes my liberty more welcome; with a fortune as ample as I wish either for pleasing myself or for doing some kindnesses; indifferent to pleasures that would be ridiculous, and encumbered with no glory or vanity that would impose restraint or reserve on me. I enjoy the remnant with cheerfulness, and think I shall lay it down with no more regret than what must attend parting with what is not disagreeable. I am exceedingly thankful for the happiness of my lot, and own it has been far greater than I should have dared to ask. Can I, then, but be content when it shall terminate? This is the thirty-seventh

* Lord George Germain declared in the House of Commons, when Secretary of State, that he would be content with nothing under the unlimited submission of America.

† Sir Thomas Robinson, of Rokeby in Yorkshire, who, on account of his stature, was commonly called "Long Sir Thomas," and also to distinguish him from the diplomatist, Sir Thomas Robinson, afterwards Lord Grantham. As he died without issue, the title devolved to his next brother. Two days after his death, his fourth brother, Dr. Richard Robinson, Archbishop of Armagh, was created Baron Rokeby of Armagh.—Ed.

‡ Widow of Sir John Shadwell, the physician, with whom she had visited Florence, where they became acquainted with Sir Horace Mann, and also with Walpole. Sir John was a spectator of the great eruption of Mount Vesuvius in 1737, and published an account of it in the Philosophical Transactions. He was the only son of Shadwell, the dramatic poet, and filled the situation of physician to Queen Anne, George I. and George II.; by the former of whom he was knighted.—Ed.

§ Edward Howard, ninth Duke of Norfolk. He died on the 20th of September, at the great age of ninety-two.—Ed.

¶ Melusina Schulembourg, Countess of Walsingham, niece of the Duchess of Kendal, and widow of the celebrated Philip Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield. She died in September, 1778.

year of our correspondence: we are the Oretes and Pylades of letter-writers, yet I wish our meeting had left us less to boast! Adieu!

P.S. I must add a curious story, which I believe will surprise your Italian surgeons, as much as it has amazed the faculty here. A sailor, who had broken his leg, was advised to communicate his case to the Royal Society. The account he gave was, that, having fallen from the top of the mast and fractured his leg, he had dressed it with nothing but tar and oakum, and yet in three days was able to walk as well as before the accident. The story at first appeared quite incredible, as no such efficacious qualities were known in tar, and still less in oakum; nor was a poor sailor to be credited on his own bare assertion of so wonderful a cure. The society very reasonably demanded a fuller relation, and, I suppose, the corroboration of evidence. Many doubted whether the leg had been really broken. That part of the story had been amply verified. Still it was difficult to believe that the man had made use of no other applications than tar and oakum; and how *they* should cure a broken leg in three days, even if they could cure it at all, was a matter of the utmost wonder. Several letters passed between the society and the patient, who persevered in the most solemn asseverations of having used no other remedies, and it does appear beyond a doubt that the man speaks truth. It is a little uncharitable, but I fear there are surgeons who might not like this abbreviation of attendance and expense. But, on the other hand, you will be charmed with the plain honest simplicity of the sailor: in a postscript to his last letter he added these words, "I forgot to tell your honours that the leg was a wooden one." Was there ever more humour? What would one have given to have been present, and seen the foolish faces of the wise assembly! I am an unworthy member of that learned body, and never attend their meetings, which I now regret; I should have been paid for many dull hours: but I never had patience for such solemn assemblies, and have neglected that of the Arts and Sciences, as well as the Royal. I shut myself entirely out of the Antiquarian Society and Parliament, the archiepiscopal seats of folly and knavery.

LETTER CCLXVI.

Strawberry Hill, April 3, 1777.

I HAVE nothing very new to tell you on public affairs, especially as I can know nothing more than you see in the papers. It is my opinion that the King's affairs are in a very bad position in America. I do not say that his armies may not gain advantages again; though I believe there has been as much design as cowardice in the behaviour of the provincials, who seem to have been apprized that protraction of the war would be more certainly advantageous to them than heroism. Washington, the dictator, has shown himself both a Fabius and a Camillus. His march through our lines is allowed to have been a

prodigy of generalship.* In one word, I look upon great part of America as lost to this country! It is not less deplorable, that between art and contention, such an inveteracy has been sown between the two countries as will probably outlast even the war! Supposing this unnatural enmity should not soon involve us in other wars, which would be extraordinary indeed, what a difference, in a future war with France and Spain, to have the Colonies in the opposite scale, instead of being in ours! What politicians are those who have preferred the empty name of *sovereignty* to that of *alliance*, and forced subsidies to the golden ocean of commerce!

Alas! the trade of America is not all we shall lose! The ocean of commerce wafted us wealth at the return of regular tides: but we had acquired an empire too, in whose plains the beggars we sent out as labourers could reap sacks of gold in three or four harvests; and who with their sickles and reaping-hooks have robbed and cut the throats of those who sowed the grain. These rapacious foragers have fallen together by the ears; and our Indain affairs, I suppose, will soon be in as desperate a state as our American. Lord Pigot has been treacherously and violently imprisoned, and the Company here has voted his restoration.† I know nothing of the merits of the cause on either side: I dare to say, both are very blameable. I look only to the consequences, which I do not doubt will precipitate the loss of our acquisitions there; the title to which I never admired, and the possession of which I always regarded as a transitory vision. If we could keep it, we should certainly plunder it, till the expense of maintaining would overbalance the returns; and, though it has rendered a little more than the holy city of Jerusalem, I look on such distant conquests as more destructive than beneficial; and, whether we are martyrs or banditti, whether we fight for the holy sepulchre or for lacks of rupees, I detest invasions of quiet kingdoms, both for their sakes and for our own; and it is happy for the former, that the latter are never permanently benefited.

Though I have been drawn away from your letter by the subject of it and by political reflections, I must not forget to thank you for your solicitude and advice about my health: but pray be assured that I am

* In December, when the cause of the Americans seemed hopeless, the English commander, having extended his cantonments to a prodigious length, Washington took advantage of that circumstance, crossed the Delaware in the night, surprised the left wing of the British army, and, attacking a body of Hessians nearly a thousand strong, surprised them so completely that they surrendered and were captured. Soon afterwards he gained an advantage, also in the dead of the night, over the British at Prince-town.—Ed.

† Lord Pigot had been appointed Governor of Madras, with instructions to restore the Rajah of Tanjore, under certain conditions. In attempting to carry them into execution, he was seized, by the direction of certain members of his own council, and conveyed to a place called the Mount; where he was confined in the strictest manner. Impaired by age and an Indian climate, the constitution of Lord Pigot sank under the irritation to which he had been exposed and the restraint to which he was subjected; and he died shortly after, the prisoner of those over whom he had been appointed to preside.—Ed.

sufficiently attentive to it, and never stay long here in wet weather, which experience has told me is prejudicial. I am sorry for it, but I know London agrees with me better than the country. The latter suits my age and inclination; but my health is a more cogent reason, and governs me. I know my own constitution exactly, and have formed my way of life accordingly. No weather, nothing gives me cold; because, for these nine and thirty years, I have hardened myself so, by braving all weathers and taking no precautions against cold, that the extremest and most sudden changes do not affect me in that respect. Yet damp, without giving me cold, affects my nerves; and, the moment I feel it, I go to town. I am certainly better since my last fit of gout than ever I was after one: in short, perfectly well; that is, well enough for my age. In one word, I am very weak, but have no complaint; and as my constitution, frame, and health require no exercise, nothing but fatigue affects me: and therefore you, and all who are so good as to interest themselves about me and give advice, must excuse me if I take none. I am preached to about taking no care against catching cold and I am told I shall one day or other be caught —possibly: but I must die of something; and why should not what has done to sixty, be right? My regimen and practice have been formed on experience and success. Perhaps a practice that has suited the weakest of frames, would kill a Hercules. God forbid I should recommend it; for I never saw another human being that would not have died of my darings, especially in the gout. Yet I have always found benefit; because my nature is so feverish, that every thing cold inwardly or outwardly, suits me. Cold air and water are my specifics, and I shall die when I am not master enough of myself to employ them; or rather, as I said this winter, on comparing the iron texture of my inside with the debility of my outside, "I believe I shall have nothing but my inside left!" *Therefore*, my dear sir, my regard for you will last as long as there is an atom of me remaining.

LETTER CCXVII.

Barton Mills, April 28, 1777.

After an interval of three years, in which my nephew remained as much in his senses as he was *supposed* to be before his declared phrenzy, he was seized a fortnight ago with a fever which soon brought out the colour of his blood. In two days he was furious. The low wretches by whom in his *sensible* hours he has always been surrounded, concealed the symptoms till they were terrifying. I received no notice till the sixth day, and then—by the stage-coach! [redacted] out directly for the hovel where he is—a *pasnidge*-house, as the r[redacted]erend proprietor* called it to me, on the edge of the fens, which my lord

* One Ball, Minister of Eriswell, a jockey-parson. He having taken his doctor's degree in an interval of his correspondence with Mr. Walpole on Lord Orford's

hires, and is his usual residence. The single chamber without a bed is a parlour seven feet high, directly under my lord's bed chamber, without shutters, and so smoky that there is no setting in it unless the door is open. I am forced to lie here, five miles off, in an inn—a palace to *his* dwelling. The morning after my arrival, a physician I had sent for from Norwich, forty miles from hence, coming down to tell me how he had found my lord, we were alarmed with a scream and a bustle. The doctor had ordered the window to be opened to let out the smoke, and, the moment he had quitted his patient, my lord attempted to fling himself out of the window, but was prevented by his keeper and servants, who flung him on the bed. You will scarcely believe that, on my arrival, his mistress, his steward, and a neighbouring parson of the confederacy, on my declaring I should remove him directly to London for proper assistance, cried out, that I should kill him if I conveyed him from that Paradise in which was all his delight, and where he has so long swallowed every apple that every serpent has offered to him. The very day before he had asked where he was.

At the desire of the Norwich physician, I sent for Dr. Jebb from London.* Before he came, the fever was gone, and an interval of sense was returned. Yet, as before, he would only speak in a whisper, and could not be persuaded to show his tongue to Dr. Jebb, though he made rational answers. Dr. Jebb pronounced, that he had neither fever nor understanding. He has had a slight return of the former, and no delirium. Yet both his physicians, the apothecary, and even his mistress, think his disorder will still last some weeks. Perhaps it may not; nor is it the worst consideration that he will have these relapses: as this arrived in very cold weather, and from no apparent cause, the madness is evidently constitutional, and leaves both himself and his family with all their apprehensions. Mine are, that as both now and formerly he has betrayed mischievous designs, he will after some lucid interval destroy himself; and I have seen that the crew about him will not call in help till perhaps too late. They had not even sent for a physician; because, as they told me, my lord (a lunatic) has no opinion of physicians. Judge of my distress! My brother and I have too much tenderness and delicacy to take out the statute of lunacy. All my care and attention to him, his mistress, and fortune, in his former illness, have not made the smallest impression. I have not even seen him these three years, though he declared on his recovery that he approved all I had done; and I must say that I meant to set an example of tenderness which, I believe, was never seen before in a parallel case. I cannot resent it from him; for his misfortune

transactions about the parsonage-house, and Mr. Walpole directing his letter to him, ignorant of his titular advancement, "To Mr. Ball," the man in his answer was so absurd as to add a postscript in these words, "Dr. Ball, if you please, the next time you favour me."

* Dr. Richard Jebb. In the following year the King conferred the honour of a baronetage upon him, in consideration of his attention to the Duke of Gloucester during his severe illness in Italy.—Ed.

acquits him of every thing. I had greatly improved his fortune, and should have effected much more, had he not instantly taken every thing out of my hands. This treatment, and many such reasons, had determined me never more to meddle with his affairs: indeed, the fatigue, joined to my apprehension, had half killed me. I had done every thing at my own risk, and some things at my own cost. Thus, without the sanction of law, which I will not claim for my lord's sake, I could not undertake his affairs again. I now declared I would take on me the care of his person and health, but never of his fortune—what will become of that I know not! My own peace, at the end of my life, and broken as I am, must weigh something. I have, from the instant my lord came of age, laboured to serve him—in vain. I have struggled hard to rescue and restore my family; a proud view, perhaps, yet as reasonable as most we have! Vision for vision, That insubstantial and transitory one, called Philosophy, that is, indifference, is, I suppose, the best. What are distant views in this world? To be realized when we are past knowing it. How idle are hopes about futurity, whether about our family or our country; and how little different in duration and extent, when compared with the succession of ages! If we hope our name and race, or if, on a grander scale, we wish the constitution of our country may last, are not those lofty views confined to two or three hundred years, which are but a moment in the revolution of endless centuries? The moment we step beyond the diminutive sphere of our familiar ideas, all is boundless and lost in immensity!—I descend to earth, to me and my little concerns.

I shall stay here to see the physician from Norwich to-morrow. If he pronounces, as I expect, that my lord is recovered, I shall take my leave, and resign him to the rudder of his own poor brain. I pity him, but it must be so. My character and Sir Edward's are at stake, and to preserve them we must obey the law literally. The last time, the moment the physicians pronounced him sane, we submitted and threw open his doors; though neither of us were of that opinion. I attended him to Houghton, and saw nothing but evidence of distraction. The gentlemen of the country came to congratulate him on his recovery; yet, for more than six weeks, he would do nothing but speak in the lowest voice, and would whisper to them at the length of the table, when the person next to him could not distinguish what he said. Every evening, precisely at the same hour, sitting round a table, he would join his forehead to his mistress's (who is forty, redfaced, and with black teeth, and with whom he has lived these twenty years,) and there they would sit for a quarter of an hour, like two parroquets, without speaking. Every night, from seven to nine, he regularly, for the whole fortnight, made his secretary of militia, an old drunken, broken tradesman, read Statius to the whole company, though the man could not hiccup the right quantity of the syllables. Imagine what I suffered. One morning I asked the company, before

my lord was up, how they found him? They answered, just as he had always been. Then, thought I, he has always been distracted.

Forgive my tiring you with these details! They have rushed into my memory again, and I cannot help venting them. I must expel them once more; though every sudden knock at my door at an unusual hour will terrify me, as it did for thirteen months three years ago. I have gone the round of all my thoughts, and can rest on no plan. Were families to have more power, it would be abused; and, as the law has fixed the criterion of sense, no private man for the best purposes must or can control it. I have done all I can; which is, to warn my lord's dependants of the danger of concealing the first symptoms of his infirmity; and have endeavoured to alarm them, for their own sakes, with the risk of his not observing rigid temperance.

Their interest in his health must combat their interest in flattering him. Adieu!

Arlington Street, May 2.

The Norwich physician said he found my lord so much better, that I left him two days ago; though his mistress desired I would leave the keeper, at least for a month.

LETTER CCLXVIII.

Arlington Street, May 14, 1777.

Your last has given me both pain and pleasure. I know the gout too well not to suffer for you; though, when it begins but late in life, it is never very violent, and certainly is very wholesome discipline. It is ten times worse to have ceremony and princes to struggle with at such a moment; and I tremble lest your efforts against an enemy that will not bear an instant of contradiction, should have redoubled your torment. Oh! death itself does not regard princes less than the gout does. Then, on the other hand, I am charmed with the Duke's condescension;* and the more, as he will have witnessed your disability. I am sure, in some ministers, he might with reason have suspected your confinement was political.

You do not owe to me, I assure you, the Duchess's graciousness. I did not even imagine they would pass through Florence. She has not at all forgotten that she was not royally born, and her good-nature and familiarity are not expelled by dignity. I am sure you found her as easy and natural, as if she had not married even Lord Waldegrave. When she left England, her beauty had lost no more than her good qualities. I am glad your Court† have behaved as they ought.

* The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester were then at Florence.

† Leopold, Grand-Duke of Tuscany, son of Francis of Lorraine and the Empress-Queen Maria Theresa. He married Maria Louisa, Infanta of Spain. Under his

I am glad the English see that there is no nation so contemptibly servile as our own. Europe, that has hated our *fierté*, is reaping revenge fast. Our Western sun is setting, and dark clouds hang over our East. France and Spain have spoken pretty intelligibly. The former offered us for themselves, and for the latter, a naval disarmament. We jumped at it; and France coldly answered, that Spain would not come into it. So a war is sure, whenever they think us enough undone to be totally ruined. I believe a younger minister than Monsieur de Maupras* would think so at present.

I rejoice that you got your nephew again, and Lady Lucy, and that she is so much better than you expected. I trust Lord Orford's agreement with his grandfather's creditors, which he had just signed, is good. The law will probably think so. In my private opinion, he has been mad these twenty years and more. On his coming of age, I obtained a fortune of one hundred and fifty-two thousand pounds for him: he would not look at her.† Had I remained charged with his affairs six

mild and parental government, which continued twenty-five years, Tuscany is acknowledged to have enjoyed a great degree of felicity, as well as prosperity. His political conduct was distinguished by his simplification of the laws, remission of oppressive taxes, some regulations for the comfort of strangers in his dominion, and a readiness of access to his own subjects of all ranks. In 1790, he succeeded his brother, Joseph II., as Emperor of Germany, and died in 1792.—Ed.

* One of the first measures of Louis XVI., on his accession to the throne in 1774, was the recall of the Count de Maurepas to Court; whence he had been banished twenty-three years. He had formerly been Minister of Marine; the superintendency of which he now declined, but accepted a seat in the Privy Council, and was considered the chief mover in all public affairs. Walpole, in a letter to General Conway, describes him as by far the ablest and most agreeable man he knew at Paris. M. de Maurepas was at this time in his seventy-seventh year. He died in 1781. His "Mémoires," in four volumes octavo, were published in 1790-1792, by his secretary, M. Sallé.—Ed.

† Walpole here alludes to the effort made by him in 1754 to procure a suitable match for his nephew. The nature of that effort, and the causes of its failure, are thus stated in a letter to Sir Horace Mann, of the 30th of May in that year:—"If I could be mortified anew, I should be with a new disappointment. The immense and uncommon friendship of Mr. Chute had found a method of saving both my family and yours. In short, in the height of his affliction for Whithed, whom he still laments immoderately, he undertook to get Miss Nicholl, a fortune of above 150,000*l.* whom Whithed was to have had, for Lord Orford. He actually persuaded her to run away from her guardians, who used her inhumanly, and are her next heirs. How clearly he is justified, you will see, when I tell you that the man, who had eleven hundred a-year for her maintenance, with which he stopped the demands of his own creditors, instead of employing it for her maintenance and education, is since gone into the Fleet. After such fair success, Lord Orford has refused to marry her; why, nobody can guess. Thus had I placed him in a greater situation than even his grandfather hoped to bequeath to him, had retrieved all the oversights of my family, had saved Houghton and all our glory! Now, all must go!—and what shocks me infinitely more, Mr. Chute, by excess of treachery, is embroiled with his own brother."—Collective Edition, vol. ii. p. 338. "I have been forced," he says, in another letter, "to write an account of the whole transaction, and have been kept with difficulty from publishing it." The original manuscript of this curious document, now in the possession of Mr. Bently, is entitled "A Narrative of the Proceedings on the intended Marriage between Lord Orford and Miss Nicholl; in a Letter addressed to Mrs. Harris, my Lord's grandmother." Miss Nicholl was the daughter

months longer on his last illness, he would have been five thousand a-year richer than the day he fell ill. My reward was, not to see him for three years. But I see I cannot help talking of this. I had twice expunged all thoughts of Houghton and my family from my memory. They are forced on me again when I can do no good. Well, it was not my plan of old age to pass my time with princes or madmen! Mine has been a chequered life of very various scenes! But it has taught me some temper, which I was not born with; and the best of all lessons, to do right, because others do wrong. It is not enough to be indignant, if one does not mend one's self. I had much to mend, and corrections made in age have very little grace. One seldom conquers one's passions till time has delivered them up bound hand and foot. Therefore I have very little esteem for my own philosophy. It is at most but solicitude to make a decent exit, and applying to one's character what Pope makes an expiring beauty say of her face—

"One would not sure be frightful when one's dead!"

Alas! we are ridiculous animals. Folly and gravity equally hunt shadows. The deepest politician toils but for a momentary rattle. There is nothing worth wishing for but the smile of conscious innocence; and that consciousness would make the smile of age more beautiful than even the lovely infant's simplicity. I possess no such jewel; but one may admire a diamond, though one cannot obtain it. You see how my nephew throws my mind into a moral train, which is naturally more gay; and my wisdom commonly prefers accepting the vision life as a something, to analyzing it. But one is the creature of the hour, and this happens to be a serious one. Adieu!

May 15.

I have received your long letter, and thank you for it most particularly; especially for one part, which you may guess by my not mentioning. But you were so pleased with the Duchess's manner, that you forgot her beauty; which I thought would strike you. The little Princess* is a dear soul, and I do not intend to be inconstant and prefer her Brother;† nor do I think the Duke will.

and sole heiress of John Nicholl, of Southgate in Middlesex, Esq. In March 1753 she married James, Marquis of Caernarvon, afterwards third and last Duke of Chandos, and died in 1768 without issue. That Walpole's choice was in every respect a judicious one, would appear from the following character of the lady, drawn by Sir Egerton Brydges:—"Her great abilities, amiable temper, and agreeable person qualified her to have made a most shining figure in public life amongst those of her own high rank; but her natural disposition, joined to a tender and delicate constitution, induced her rather to cultivate the virtues of a more retired life. Her benevolence extended to all mankind; her charity to many; her intimacy only to a few."—Ed.

* The Princess Sophia Matilda, born at Gloucester House, May 29, 1773.—Ed.

† Prince William Frederick of Gloucester, born at the Theodole Palace, in the City of Rome, January 15th, 1776. On the death of his father, in 1805, he became

We have no news. France has imprisoned the crew of a privateer that took one of our pacquet-boats,* and carried it into Dunkirk. She is determined to draw us on farther on the hook, and we dare not seem to suspect that hook. I believe America gone past hope, unless we can recover it with half the number that was not sufficient last year. Adieu! I shall be impatient to hear you are recovered. Your new Prince of Nassau† is perfectly ridiculous—a real peer of England to tumble down to a tinsel titularity! Indeed, an English coronet will not be quite so weighty as it was!

LETTER CCLXIX.

Strawberry Hill, June 18, 1777.

The papers told you that Lord Chatham has again made his appearance.‡ In his place, I think I should not have done so. I should prefer being forgotten, to putting the world in mind of me without effect. He should sleep on his laurels, and leave posterity to make the comparison between him and his successors; who certainly are not prolific of trophies. Lord Cornwallis his gained a puny advantage, and Governor Tryon has burnt a magazine, which is thought a great blow to the provincials; but the Howes are not in fashion. Lord Percy is come home disgusted by the younger; and the elder will be as much disgusted, at least his family declare so for him, at missing the Treasurer-

Duke of Gloucester; and in 1816, married the Princess Mary fourth, daughter of George III.—Ed.

* The Prince of Orange pacquet-boat, captured by an American privateer, on her way from Harwich to Helvoets. On reaching Dunkirk, she was immediately released.—Ed.

† Earl Cowper had obtained a titular principality from the Emperor, imagining that he should take place of English Dukes; but finding his mistake, and that it would give him no precedence at all here, he dropped the title of Prince. ["An English lady, the Countess Cowper, became," says Wraxall, "at this time distinguished by the attachment of the Grand-Duke of Tuscany; and the exertion of his interest with his brother, Joseph II., procured her husband to be created a Prince of the German Empire; an honour which, I believe, had not been conferred on any British subject since the great Duke of Marlborough was raised to the dignity of Prince of Mildenheim."—Hist. Mem. vol. i. p. 283.—Ed.]

‡ On the 30th of May, the Earl of Chatham, though in a state of great weakness, had gone down to the House of Lords, and made a motion for the cessation of hostilities with America. It was rejected, after a long debate by ninety-nine against twenty-eight. His illustrious son, the future minister of the country, was present, and thus wrote, on the following day, to his mother:—"I cannot help expressing to you how happy, beyond description, I feel, in reflecting that my father was able to exert, in their full vigour, the sentiments and eloquence which have always distinguished him. His first speech took up half an hour, and was full of all his usual force and vivacity. He spoke a second time, in answer to Lord Weymouth, to explain the object of his motion, and his intention to follow it by one for the repeal of all the acts of parliament which form the system of chastisement. This he did in a flow of eloquence, and with a beauty of expression, animated and striking beyond conception."—Ed.

ship of the Navy. The Duke of Marlborough's* avarice has been a theme of much abuse of late. I do not think this age has a right to cast a stone at the preceding. France to us sends most fair words; to America, stores and officers. Spain has seized an island from the Portuguese Queen;† just as the powers of Europe treated the Empress-Queen on her father's death. I will not pity her Portuguese Majesty, lest some time or other she should accede to a partition of Poland. I will never more judge of princes at their coronations, but at their burials.

One effect the American war has not had, that it ought to have had; it has not brought us to our senses. Silly dissipation rather increases, and without an object. The present folly is late hours. Every body tries to be particular by being too late; and, as every body tries it nobody is so. It is the fashion now to go to Ranelagh two hours after it is over. You may not believe this, but it is literal. The music ends at ten; the company go at twelve. Lord Derby's cook lately gave him warning. The man owned he liked his place, but said he should be killed by dressing suppers at three in the morning. The Earl asked him coolly at how much he valued his life? That is, he would have paid him for killing him. You see we have brought the spirit of calculation to perfection! I do not regret being old, for I see nothing I envy. To live in a crowd, to arrive every where too late, and to sell annuities for forty times more than I can ever pay, are not such supreme joys as to make me wish myself young again: indeed, one might execute all these joys at four-score. I am glad the Emperor did not visit us. I hope he is gone home, thinking France the most trifling nation in Europe.

I am extremely glad that Lady Lucy‡ is so much mended, and I trust she will live to reward your nephew's great merit towards her. I do believe, with your physicians, that warm weather will re-establish you. Patience I need not preach to you—it is part of you; but I will tell you what would expedite your recovery miraculously—the sea-air. Go to Leghorn, and drive on the shore; go out in a boat for a few hours: you will walk well in half-a-dozen. I have experienced this in as short a time as I prescribe. You will be angry, perhaps,—I mean, as much as you can be,—but I am not sorry you have a little gout; it will be a great preservative.

* The great General of Queen Anne.

† The Spanish fleet, under the conduct of the Marquis of Casa Tilly, had, in February, taken possession, almost without opposition, of the isle of St. Catherine's, on the coast of Brazil.—Ed.

‡ Sir Horace Mann, the younger, had married, in April 1765, Lady Lucy, daughter of Baptist Noel, fourth Earl of Gainsborough.—Ed.

LETTER CCLXX.

Strawberry Hill, July 17, 1777.

You are very kind, my dear sir, in your inquiries about the Duke of Gloucester. You will have heard, long before you receive this, how very ill his Royal Highness has been. I wish I could say I was yet quite easy about him. We are very impatient for to-morrow's letters. It is unfortunate that he did not pass the summer again at Castel Gondolfo. The heats and nauseous air of Venice immediately affected him deeply, and I fear his Royal Highness's mind was not in a situation to resist outward impressions. He fell away exceedingly, had a flux at Padua, and at Verona was so reduced, that he was persuaded to return to England. Before he could set out, he grew daily so much worse, that he was taken out of bed and put into a post-chaise, and made journeys for two days of twenty-six and thirty miles; at the end of which he slept eight hours, and mended a little. The Duchess, in the mean time, half distracted, sent a courier for Dr. Jebb and Adair; who, we hope, arrived last Saturday; for Dr. Jebb promised to post without pulling off his clothes. The Duke got to Trent, and found himself refreshed from the cool air of the mountains; but his dysentery returned with violent pains. He keeps his bed; but when the last letters came away, which was on the 4th of this month, his surgeon-page hoped the extremity of the danger was over. It is, indeed, impossible ever to be secure about so precarious a constitution; and, unless his Royal Highness's mind is set at peace about his family, I fear he has not strength to resist the anxiety that preys upon a state of health too obnoxious to every kind of attack. To add to the Duchess's misery, her little boy was in a bad way at the same moment.

You inquire about America, and what Lord Percy* says. I cannot give you information from any authority. I live here, and see nobody of either side that knows any thing. The Duchess's three daughters† are, by his Royal Highness's goodness, lodged in Hampton Court Park; which is very near me, and take up most of my time. They are charming girls: I don't mean only their persons, but good, sweet-tempered, admirably brought up, and amiable in every respect. I try to amuse and improve them; though I have little to do on the latter head, and they are so reasonable and easily contented, even with the company of an old uncle, that the other is not difficult. But what is all this to America, except that it proves how little it occupies

* Eldest son of Hugh, first Duke of Northumberland. His lordship had distinguished himself greatly in the important action of Lexington, and the reduction of Fort Washington, &c. On the death of his father, in 1786, he succeeded to the family honours. —Ed.

† The Ladies Laura, Maria, and Horatia Waldegrave, daughters of the Duchess of Gloucester by her first husband, James Earl of Waldegrave. [Lady Elizabeth Laura married in 1782 to Lord Chewton, afterwards fourth Earl Waldegrave; Lady Charlotte-Maria married in 1784 to the Earl of Euston; and Lady Anna-Horatia married in 1786 to Lord Hugh Seymour.—Ed.]

me? The last Gazette informed us that General Howe was but then going to open the campaign, having been in want of campaign equipage. I do not know that Lord Percy says any thing; for I have heard he is very circumspect. He certainly does not talk of pacification. He is said to say, that this campaign will finish the war. I doubt his having said so, as the Ministers are not said to be of that opinion. In the mean time, American privateers infest our coasts; they keep Scotland in alarms, and even the harbour of Dublin has been newly strengthened with cannon. But there is a much bigger cloud ready to burst. The open protection and countenance given by France to the Americans is come to a crying height. We complain: I know not what civil words they give, but they certainly give us no satisfaction. The general opinion is, that we are at the eve of a war with them. Should the Americans receive any blow, my own sentiments are, that France would openly espouse their quarrel, not being at all disposed to let them be crushed. You know that at the beginning of this contest I told you I thought it would be an affair of long duration. A French war would abridge it—but how? I will prophesy nothing on that head. I don't like to look into that book.

I have no events to send you. London, I suppose, is very empty at this season; but I have little dealings with it. The affairs of my family find me full employment, and it is the most suitable one at my time of life. Adieu!

LETTER CCLXXI.

Strawberry Hill, August 11, 1777.

I WRITE in a most anxious moment, and tremble lest you should know worse than we have heard yet. I had a letter from the Duchess on Tuesday, that raised our hopes. Yesterday brought one from Dr. Jebb to my brother, that dashed them down again. Sir Edward, who is truly very sagacious in physical cases, does not despond; and I, always disposed to expect what I wish, and who do not believe that it is so easy to die as is imagined, do not quite despair—yet that word *quite* would scarce turn a scale against a feather. I dare not look farther, nor figure the distress of the Duchess, if the dreadful misfortune should happen. Lord Cholmondeley* is gone to Trent, and will be of great use and comfort—but I will hope yet. Do not wonder, nor take it ill, that nobody thought of writing to you: think but of what the distress and confusion must be; and how little they could attend to any thing but writing to England. I, here, only contemplating in

* George-James, fourth Earl of Cholmondeley, great-nephew of Horace Walpole; and upon whose death he succeeded to the ancient Walpole estates at Houghton, &c. In 1782, he was appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the Court of Berlin; and, in 1815, was advanced to the Earldom of Rocksavage and Marquisate of Cholmondeley. He died in April 1827.—Ed.

melancholy tranquillity the misfortune hanging over my poor niece, should not write to many but you at such a moment. The Duke's family must be exhausted with fatigue and anxiety, and I fear barely able to go through their duty. You should pity them, not suspect them of neglect.

I can tell you nothing else that you will like much better. The conquest of America is put off to the millennium.* It is hoped, and thence supposed, that General Howe is gone to take some place, or beat some army, that is more practicable than dislodging Washington. Burgoyne has sent over a manifesto, that, if he was to overrun ten provinces, would appear too pompous;† and yet, let him achieve ever so little, it will be sure of not being depreciated; so great is the want of something to keep up the spirits of the people, who stare a little at being bullied on their own coasts, after being told that five thousand men would overrun all America. France sits by and laughs, receives our remonstrances, sends us an embassadress, and winks on Dr. Franklin that it is all the comfort she will give us.—I believe you will not wish me to expatiate on *that* chapter.

Lady Mary Churchill's‡ eldest daughter is married to Lord Cadogan.§ She is very pretty, amiable, and eight-and-twenty; he, rich and fifty. It is a great mach for her, and in my opinion preferable to one with most of our youths, who dissipate enormous fortunes in a couple of years. I have not time to say more now, nor any event to tell you.

LETTER CCLXXII.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 1, 1777.

The Duke is still struggling at Trent. Ten days ago the letters were suddenly and wonderfully mended, and we flattered ourselves the

* Gibbon, at that time in Paris, writing, on the 13th of August, to M. Holroyd, says, "What a wretched piece of work do we seem to be making of it in America! The greatest force which any European power ever ventured to transport into that country, is not strong enough even to attack the enemy; the naval strength of Great Britain is not sufficient to prevent the Americans (they have almost lost the appellation of rebels) from receiving every assistance that they wanted; and, in the mean time, you are obliged to call out the militia to defend your own coasts against their privateers. Upon the whole, I find it much easier to defend the justice than the policy of our measures; but there are certain cases, where whatever is repugnant to sound policy ceases to be just."—Ed.

† General Burgoyne had, in June, dispersed a manifesto calculated to spread terror among the contumacious, and particularly to revive in their minds every latent impression of fear, derived from knowledge or information of the cruel operations of the Indian savages. The pompous turgidity of style in which it was couched, excited the ridicule of the Americans, and procured for the General the *sobriquet* of Chrononhotonthologos.—Ed.

‡ Mr. Walpole's sister.

§ Charles Sloane Cadogan, third Lord Cadogan. In 1800, his lordship was advanced to the dignities of Viscount Chelsea and Earl Cadogan. Miss Churchill was his second wife.—Ed.

danger was quite over. The next post brought a little relapse, and great complaint of the heats. Two days ago we were a little comforted again. He had had two exceedingly good nights; and having gained so much time, and the physicians no longer speaking despondingly, though they will not from prudence give too great hopes, we trust we shall again see his Royal Highness in England. The Duchess's distress has equalled any thing we could figure. For three weeks she did not write a syllable, nor even saw Mrs. Heywood.* She tells Lady Laura, her daughter, that she did nothing but pray and weep. She has still much to go through. It is well her constitution and courage are so firm. It will be the end of October at soonest before they can be at home. When the Duke is able to travel, I shall expect great things from motion and change of air. The King has sent him a kind message: it will do more than twenty physicians, and I believe produced the amendment, for his heart was broken.

General Burgoyne has taken Ticonderoga, and given a new complexion to the aspect of affairs, which was very wan indeed. General Howe is gone with a great force some whither, and the moment is very critical. I don't pretend to form any judgment. Eleven months ago I thought America subdued; and, a fortnight ago, it was as little likely to be subdued as ever. We, the people, know little of the truth.† One would think the more informed were not more settled in their opinions: for General Howe's retreat, after advancing towards Washington, produced despair; the taking of one post has given confidence. So much fluctuation begets a thousand reports. It is now said at once, that we are to hire fifteen thousand Russians for next campaign, and that we are treating for peace by the mediation of France. If you ask me what I believe—nothing but what is past—and perhaps have not heard a quarter of that. In one thing alone all that come from America agree, that the alienation from this country is incredible and universal;‡ so that, instead of obtaining a revenue thence, the pretence of the war, the conquest would only entail boundless expense to preserve it. The New World will at last be revenged on the Old.

* One of the Women of the Bed-chamber who attended the Duchess of Gloucester abroad.

† The capture of Ticonderoga by General Burgoyne, in July, together with a hundred and twenty-eight pieces of cannon, occasioned great exultation with all who looked forward to the unconditional submission of the colonies, and an opinion generally prevailed that the war in effect was over.—Ed.

‡ The feelings, at this time, of the people of America towards this country, are thus set forth by Dr. Franklin, in a letter of the 14th of October, to David Hartley, the member for Kingston-upon-Hull:—"As to our submitting to the government of Great Britain, it is in vain to think of it. It is now impossible to persuade our people, as I long endeavoured, that the war was merely ministerial, and that the nation bore still a good-will to us. The infinite number of addresses printed in your gazettes, all encouraging our destruction by every means; the great majority in Parliament constantly manifesting the same sentiments; together with the recommendation of the same measures by even your celebrated moralists and divines in their writings and sermons—all join in convincing us that you are unfit and unworthy to govern us, as not being able to govern your own passions."

My poor nephew remains in the same undecided state; sometimes furious, sometimes sullen. I prophesy no more about him than about America; but, one way or other, he will be a source of vexation to me. But one speaks, or ought to speak, with more indifference about future events, when the clock is going to strike sixty. Visions, and hopes, and prospects, are pretty playthings for boys. It is folly to vex one's self for what cannot last very long. Indeed, what can, even when one is young? Corydon firmly believes he shall be wretched for ever, if he does not marry Phillis. That misery can but last till she has lost her bloom. His eternal wo would vanish, if her nose grew red. How often do our griefs become our comforts! I know what I wish to-day; not at all what I shall wish to-morrow. Sixty says, You did not wish for *me*, yet you would like to keep me. Sixty is in the right; and I have not a word more to say.

LETTER CCLXXIII.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 18, 1777.

I AM a little calm at present, and can tell what I say; which would not have been the case last week. The changes in the Duke of Gloucester's condition have been so frequent and so unexpected, that I have been buffeted with every opposite agitation. On Saturday was sevennight we heard that his Royal Highness was in a very fair way. On the next Monday we were advertized that he was not likely to last four hours. The next day the post was said to be arrived, and to have brought no letters from Trent. Fatal as this seemed, the arrival of no messenger left a gleam of hope; and next evening a favourable letter proved the mistake of the post having arrived sooner. Two more posts have brought more rapid accounts of amendment than one can scarce credit, if two circumstances did not solve the vast improbability. The humour had fallen on the lower parts, but with such violence as to bring on all the ordinary prognostics of immediate death; and the Duke swelled from his groin to his foot. This vent cleared the bowels, and, as the stamina are still more vigorous than the royal humour, they seem to have conquered. For the swiftness of the recovery, it is owing to a very different cause; to the removal of a malady which had co-operated with the disorder in the blood to bring on so violent and lasting an attack. In short, the King has sent his Royal Highness a most kind and brotherly letter, and the physicians are not to blame for not having prescribed a medicine that was not in their dispensary.

You may judge to what a skeleton such a conflict of body and mind, in bed for thirteen weeks, and in so sultry a climate, must have reduced the Duke. They could hear the bones, they say, rattle in his skin. They speak of the Duchess's distraction, and the change in her person and beauty, with as much energy. Well! may we but see them here again! I will add no more; I have curbed myself to say so little. But

what a week, and what transitions! It would make a tragedy to paint, as I did to myself, the Duchess travelling with the body, which the Duke had exacted of her, and with two infants, one just old enough to lisp daggers, and arriving in a succession of inns to be stared at, when she would wish herself in her grave; and returning to her own country to encounter mortification, triumph in her fall, and total uncertainty of her own fate, and of that of her children! It had been Agrippina again at Brundusium. No King ever had an opportunity of dispelling more wo, and his Majesty must taste the satisfaction he has given. It is the reverse of the tinsel, glory.

I know nothing else, and you cannot wonder that I have had room for nothing else. For above three weeks we have been totally in the dark about America. To tell you any thing else would be repeating conjectures, which, though they fill up every cranny of the interstices of events, are most unsubstantial mortar, and rarely harden into part of the building.

You are too reasonable about your own lameness to want any exhortation to patience. I am very weak on my feet too; but always say, when asked, I am well enough. The absence of pain is the pleasure of age. I wish you a great-nephew, because one ought to cultivate visions: it is true disappointment is not quite so airy, nor vanishes like the fumes which conjured it up. Pray don't imagine I am a philosopher but when I am pretty much at ease. Last week would give me the lie soundly, if I affected airs of stoicism. I pretend to nothing but to having chalked out for myself and having pursued a plan of tranquillity; not because I had no passions, but because I knew the big ones, ambition and the chase of fortune, would produce more tempest in my passions than I could bear. The vexations my family have occasioned me were none of my seeking. I am neither so insensible as not to feel them, or not to try to remedy them. A little common sense is all the philosophy I possess; and when the business of others does not torment me, no body is more contented or can find more amusement than I. This place, my books and playthings, are empire enough for me; but, for amusing myself, I never was so totally debarred of that talent as this summer. I sigh to be my own master again; that is, idle. Adieu!

P.S. 19th.—It is said that a victualling-ship has brought an account of the Howes having attempted to cross the Delaware, in order to attack Philadelphia, and of Washington having marched and prevented them; and that on this disappointment they were sailed to Boston. On the other hand, the provincials are said to have abandoned Fort Edward. Few days will ascertain or contradict these events, and the papers will let you know.

A strange accident has happened. Lord Harcourt was missing the other day at dinner-time at his own seat, and at last was found suffocated in a well with his head downwards, and his dog upon him.* It

* This very singular accident took place at Nuneham Park on the 16th of September, and was supposed to be occasioned by his lordship over-reaching, in order to save the life of a favourite dog, which was found in the well, standing on his lord-

is concluded that the dog had fallen in, and that the Earl, in trying to extricate him, had lost his poize and tumbled in too. It is an odd exit for the Governor of a King, Ambassador, and Viceroy. Another Ambassador has had a sad fall too: Count Virry* is arrested at Susa, and ordered to present himself twice a day to the Governor. Madame† has leave to go where she pleases. Whither can she go? or how not stay with her husband? The Prince Masserano‡ is set out, so ill, that I question if he will reach Calais.

LETTER CCLXXIV.

Arlington Street, Oct. 26, 1777.

It is past my usual period of writing to you; which would not have happened but for an uncommon, and indeed, considering the moment, an extraordinary dearth of matter. I could have done nothing but describe suspense, and every newspaper told you that. Still we know nothing certain of the state of affairs in America; the very existence where, of the Howes, is a mystery. The General is said to have beaten Washington, Clinton to have repulsed three attacks, and Burgoyne to

ship's feet. Simon, first Earl Harcourt, was grandson of Lord Chancellor Harcourt, and son of the Hon. Simon Harcourt, who, in 1705, married Elizabeth, grand-daughter of John Evelyn. He died in 1720, and was buried at Stanton-Harcourt; where a monument is erected to his memory, with the beautiful inscription by Pope, beginning—

> "To this sad shrine, who'er thou art! draw near!
> Here lies the friend most lov'd, the son most dear;
> Who ne'er knew joy, but friendship might divide,
> Or gave his father grief, but when he dy'd."

—Lord Harcourt had been Governor of George III. when Prince of Wales. In 1761 he was nominated Ambassador Extraordinary to Mecklenburgh-Strelitz, to demand the Princess Charlotte in marriage; in September, was declared Master of the Horse to her Majesty; in 1768, Ambassador to the Court of France; and, in 1769, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; which high office he held till the January of this year.—Ed.

* Count Virry was son of one of the same title, who had been the Sardinian Minister in England, and was himself Ambassador in France. While in England, in 1760, he married Miss Speed, niece of Lady Cobham. [The poet Gray, in speaking of this marriage at the time, says, "The Count is about twenty-eight years old (ten years younger than herself,) but looks nearer forty. This is not the effect of debauchery; for he is a very sober man, good-natured and honest, *but no conjuror.*—Ed.]

† The Countess Virry, who was supposed to be the cause of her husband's disgrace, as very intriguing, and to have invited him to keep up a secret correspondence at Turin for making himself Prime Minister, which was discovered. Lord Shelburne, who was her friend, prevailed on the King to obtain their pardon of the King of Sardinia in 1783; about which time she died suddenly. She was one of the heroines of Mr. Gray's "Long Story," and had a great deal of wit.

‡ The Spanish Ambassador had obtained leave to return home, on account of the ill state of his health. He died on his way thither, on the 1st of December. He was succeeded at the British Court by the Marquis de Almodovar.—Ed.

be beaten. The second alone is credited. Impatience is very high, and uneasiness increases with every day. There is no sanguine face any where, but many alarmed ones. The pains taken, by circulating false reports, to keep up some confidence, only increase the dissatisfaction by disappointing. Some advantage gained may put off clamour for some months: but I think, the longer it is suspended, the more terrible it will be; and how the war should end but in ruin, I am not wise enough to conjecture. France suspends the blow, to make it more inevitable. She has suffered us to undo ourselves: will she allow us time to recover? We have begged her indulgence in the first: will she grant the second prayer?

The Duke of Gloucester is arrived. *That* is miraculous. He is almost well, and *that* is less surprising. Mr. James finds his face plumper than at Rome: he is certainly not leaner, nor yellow, though very pale; and his voice shows that his lungs are good. In short the remainder of his illness is in his right leg; which is still swelled, and very lame when he stands too much, as he is too apt to do. The Duchess has more symptoms of what she has suffered than his Royal Highness; and as she is much fallen away, and even shrunk, her face looks much older, which must necessarily happen till her skin fills up again. The Princess Sophia is a fine child, though less pretty than she was. The Prince a pretty boy. If there is any thing more to tell you, it is yet to come.

You have heard of the inundation at Petersburgh.* That ill wind produced luck to somebody. As the Empress had not distressed objects enough amongst her own people to gratify her humanity, she turned the torrent of her bounty towards that unhappy relict the Duchess of Kingston, and ordered her Admiralty to take particular care of the marvellous yacht that bore Messalina and her fortune.† Pray mind that I bestow the latter Empress's name on the Duchess, only because she married a second husband in the life-time of the first. Amongst other benevolences, the Czarina lent her grace a courier to despatch to Eng-

* A violent hurricane, which began on the morning of September the 14th, raised the waters, in the space of four hours, to the height of fourteen feet above the ordinary level of the Neva. The city and adjoining flat country were rapidly overflowed; by which many hundreds of the inhabitants were drowned, and thousands ruined. The finest trees in the palace gardens were torn up by the roots; the bridges destroyed; ships thrown into gardens, fields, and woods; and country-houses swept away or destroyed.—Ed.

† Elizabeth Chudleigh, Countess of Bristol, married, during the Earl's life-time, to the Duke of Kingston, had in the preceding year, been tried in Westminster Hall for bigamy, and found guilty. After the trial she left England, and went to reside at St. Petersburgh. The following is an extract from a letter written by her Chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Forster, to a friend in England:—"At our arrival, the Vice-Admiral came on board to compliment the Duchess, and to offer to place her yacht in the basin where the men-of-war lie. As soon as the Empress was informed of the arrival of the Duchess, she sent her an invitation. She was presented by the Count de Czernechoff. Her Majesty paid her the highest mark of distinction, by placing her on her right. The famous General Romanzoff was present, and also the Grand-Duke. Indeed, so many honours were never paid in this Court to any person whatsoever."—Ed.

land—I suppose to acquaint Lord Bristol that he is not a widower. That courier brought a letter from a friend to Dr. Hunter, with the following anecdote. Her Imperial Majesty proposed to her brother of China to lay waste a large district that separates their two empires, lest it should, as it has been on the point of doing, produce war between them; the two empires being at the two extremeties of the world, not being distance enough to keep the peace. The ill-bred Tartar sent no answer to so humane a project. On the contrary, he dispersed a letter to the Russian people, in which he tells them that a woman—he might have said the Minerva of the French litterati—had proposed to him to extirpate all the inhabitants of a certain region belonging to him, but that he knew better what to do with his own country: however, he could but wonder that the people of all the Russias should still submit to be governed by a creature that had assassinated her husband.—Oh! if she had pulled the Ottoman by the nose in the midst of Constantinople, as she intended to do, this savage would have been more civilised. I doubt the same rude Monarch is still on the throne, who would not suffer Prince Czernichew to enter his territories, when sent to notify her Majesty's *hereditary* succession to her husband; but bade him be told, he would not receive an ambassador from a murderess. Is it not shocking that the law of nations, and the law of politeness, should not yet have abrogated the laws of justice and good-sense in a nation reckoned so civilised as the Chinese? What an age do we live in, if there is still a country where the Crown does not take away all defects! Good night!

LETTER CCLXXV.

Arlington Street, Nov. 7, 1777.

You will have seen in the papers, before you can receive this, such accounts of a total defeat of Washington, that you might wonder at my silence if I did not say a word: that word must be, that I very much doubt the fact; and, if it was known at New York so long ago as the supposed Gazette thence says, it would be wonderful, indeed, that General Howe should keep it a profound secret from the Government here, whom he might suppose a little interested to hear some good news or other after a long dearth.

The first breath of this report was said to come from France yesterday sevennight. On Sunday morning early it was asserted as a fact by a New York Gazette arrived at Liverpool. On Tuesday I came to town, intending to write to you; but, finding no confirmation come, I thought it prudent not to assert what I knew no better. From Tuesday to Friday night is a long interval on such an occasion; and, though some still say that they believe Washington beaten, they do not use, I observe, much stronger terms than *received a check*. One has heard

of towns burnt to the ground, that have turned out to be a chimney on fire. In the mean time I tell you all I know, and I am not apt to believe more of things at such a distance

Of what there is no doubt is, *the cheek* Burgoyne *has received*, and the distress of his army, that the last accounts left in danger of being starved. There have been accounts of his recovering the blow, but I cannot find one person who believes that. In one word, it is a very serious moment; and, without greater views, the misery of so many who have relations and friends both in Howe's and Burgoyne's armies is terrible. It is known that the latter had twenty-six officers wounded; and, as their names are not come, ten times the number may be suffering the worst anxiety. The distance of the war augments its horrors almost as much as its expense, and makes it grow every day more irksome.

I have no private news to send you of any sort. The town is still empty. I come now and then to see the Duke and Duchess. He does not recover of his lameness, and in general I find people think he looks worse than it appears to me. She looks infinitely better than at her arrival, but *she* has a perfect constitution.

I see no prospect of an end to this American war, but from our inability to carry it on: and what can that produce but a war *from* France—I don't say *with* France; for where can we attack them if we lose America; and where are we to be attacked but in our own islands and the East Indies—which are not quite near enough to assist each other? There is no looking towards such a prospect.

If Burgoyne's army is destroyed, little force left in Canada, only seven thousand men in New York, Howe's army not increased by his tedious voyage, and three battles with Washington, if true—where are we to stamp and conjure up new armies? And what will less armies achieve, which such large ones have not compassed in three campaigns? We have lost Boston, have got New York, and perhaps Philadelphia. If the Americans have fought, they will fight. If they have not, can you make them? And can you conquer them without beating them? Can you maintain the country when you have conquered it? Will a destroyed country maintain an army? And can this country maintain or recruit it, when you can already get no recruits but from Germany? We are like Lord Holland paying the debts of his sons; he ruined himself, and left them beggars.*

* This does not accord with the following passage in Walpole's letter to Sir Horace, of the 3rd of August, 1774: "Lady Holland is dead—just three weeks after her lord. She has cleared all the debts of her two elder sons: the eldest has a large fortune, and Charles a decent beginning of another; though it may not last a night if he chooses to make it a codicil to all he has lost, and scorns to be indebted to any thing but his own parts for his elevation."—Ed.

LETTER CCLXXVI.

Arlington Street, Dec. 4, 1777.

This letter will not be preceded by nine postilions blowing horns; but should steal into Florence as modestly as a Roman general, who at most hoped to obtain the honour of an ovation. The second part of my despatch will only beg you not to despair of the republic.

After living a whole month upon a New York Cazette, and tired of asking if, *No news yet?* Sir William Howe's aid-de-camp arrived on the first: he confirmed the account of two, not three, engagements between the General and Dictator Washington. In the first, Howe certainly had the advantage; and in the second, so far, that Washington, having attacked him in his post, was repelled, and is retired into the Jerseys, the King having been restored to the sovereignty of Philadelphia. You are to believe that though Howe lost eleven hundred men, particularly Hessians, Washington suffered more: but even the gazette does not enjoin you to suppose that the latter is totally defeated. On the contrary, for fear so small an army should effect too great things, you are authorized to figure the provincial army in the Jerseys as still consisting of eleven thousand men; and there are a few reasons to think that it may now be as large as the Congress or the provinces, no longer checked, may please. Sir William delays the pursuit, as the passage of the Delaware is not yet clear. The lord his brother is besieging a tough fort, and has already lost a sixty-four gun ship and a frigate.

General Clinton has marched to relieve or find Burgoyne, but was forced to be content with taking two forts, and showing uncommon valour. The next paragraph will tell you why his expedition was unnecessary.

On Tuesday night came news from Carleton at Quebec, which indeed had come from France earlier, announcing the total annihilation (as to America) of Burgoyne's army. Carleton declares he has no *authentic* information; but from all the intelligence he can get, and which he believes, Burgoyne, after despatching Colonel Fraser with one thousand men to seek provisions, which whole body with their commander was cut off, fought desperately to extricate himself; but, numbers increasing and pouring upon him, he had been forced to lay down his arms, and the whole remaining army, which some say still consisted of five thousand, but probably were reduced much lower, surrendered themselves prisoners, and are to be transported to England, on parole of not serving more in America—no bad circumstance for us, if they were but here? Burgoyne is said to be wounded in three places; his vanquisher Arnold is supposed to be dead of his wounds.*

You may imagine this occasions some consternation; but none at

* The following is Gibbon's account, written on the same day, to Mr. Holroyd. from the House of Commons:—"Dreadful news, indeed! An English army of

all, I assure you, in the Temple of Concord. Unless Crœsus besieged the senate with an army of ingots, I do not believe there would be a deserter from the cause of *Sacra Fames*. There have been indeed warm skirmishes in both the Temples of Honour and Virtue,* Lord Chatham himself heading the troops of the Opposition, but without making any impression. Lord George Germain has received several wounds from George Fox; and Burke and Wedderburn were on the point of a closer engagement; but it was made up.† The Parliament is to be adjourned to-morrow till after the holidays.

What will be next, I, the most unwise of men, do not guess. Some a little wiser, think the wisest could not tell what should be. The Opposition, who, decried as they have been, have at least not been contradicted in their prophecies by events, think that, as Canada is left defenceless, and New York is not over-crowded with defenders, the whole force of New England, which is entire, as Burgoyne experienced, may march to Quebec, or join Washington and besiege Clinton with as numerous an army as they choose to have. In that case, Sir William Howe must abandon Philadelphia, and march to the succour of New York.

You may be sure the uninformed expect that, as America is so nearly lost, the army will be recalled. You may guess, too, that I, who do not doat on France nor desire a war at home, should not be sorry we had a little more defence; but who will ask my advice, or take it? We are, in fact, very near the end of the American war, but I doubt we are at the beginning of our troubles. Disgrace is the present chapter, and sufficient to the day is the evil thereof. If disappointment opens our eyes, it has, like a true friend, given us bitter but wholesome counsel. If obstinacy is mistaken for firmness, it will obtain at last, as it generally does, its genuine appellation.

I am sorry you are losing your nephew and Lady Lucy, and more sorry that you continue troubled with lameness. Though I am a little

nearly ten thousand men laid down their arms, and surrendered prisoners of war, on condition of being sent to England, and of never serving against America. They had fought bravely, and were three days without eating. Burgoyne is said to have received three wounds. General Frazer, with two thousand men, killed. A general cry for peace."—Ed.

* Motions for an inquiry into the state of the nation had been moved in both Houses, by the Duke of Richmond and Mr. Fox; and the Earl of Chatham had also moved an Address to the King, for copies of General Burgoyne's instructions.—Ed.

† No account of these "skirmishes" has been preserved in the Parliamentary History. The following is from a letter written by Lord March to George Selwyn: "Bunbury has made an opposition speach in his usual manner, full of damned bad metaphors and similes, that do not apply. Addressing himself to Wedderburn, he said, that though a squalling starling, he thought he had a right to reply to the learned canary-bird. In another part, that though a poor apothecary and quack in politics, he might, perhaps, prescribe a remedy with success, when the regular physician had failed; that he should recommend anodyne plasters rather than corrosive blisters. Burke said, that his honourable friend had spoken like an independent country gentleman, and a very accomplished orator." Selwyn Correspondence, vol. iii., p. 254.—Ed.

younger, you must trust my greater experience. The gout will bear no contradiction. You must submit to what it gives, and what it leaves. I do not walk a mile in a twelve-month, and suffer if I stand a quarter of an hour; but what then? There are chairs for us old folks, and in this age easy ones everywhere. Within these two months, sleep, which has been my constant support and food, has begun to grow coy. Can I wonder? At first I had a mind to find a cause; but I recollected that twenty years ago I should have said to myself, if a person of sixty complained, "The poor soul does not consider it is three-score!" We must part with all at once, or see it slip away by degrees. We cannot even choose which; nor should know how to decide, if we might. I endeavour to take patiently every thing as it comes. You have a better temper, and can do so more easily. The vision has been pleasant enough upon the whole to both of us. Thank God, it has been no worse! Let us, while we last, hope it will not be if we combat age, by pretending to believe that its consequences are accidents that may be removed, we only deceive and torment ourselves, but find no remedy. Adieu!

LETTER CCLXXVII.

Arlington Street, Jan. 4, 1778.

The period of a month is elapsed; and therefore, not to break through an ancient custom which I am not young enough to be excused violating, (though legislators often dispense themselves from observing their own laws,) I begin a letter to you, not at all foreseeing with what it is to be filled. The distance of place, and the extreme taciturnity of the Howes, must have taught you a little not to expect events from America every day. Even Burgoyne has left himself nothing to say—till he arrives. We have lived a fortnight on the capture of Mud Island, though it is far from clear that it is yet taken. If, on the contrary, New York should be retaken by the provincials—but stay, I do not know they intend it,—it has a most slender garrison, so has Quebec; but Washington may think it a shorter way of terminating the war by overwhelming the army under Howe—if he can. In truth, I am no judge of what is most for their interest—but the Congress seem to know.

You must not suppose, though I make such short work of it, that it is the *language* here to sit down and give America for lost. The Ministers had, indeed, very nearly said so, and Lord North was to bring terms for peace after the holidays;* *mais nous avons changé*

* On the 10th of December, Lord Beauchamp having moved an adjournment "to the 20th of January," Mr. Burke moved to substitute the words "this day se'nnight." This was opposed by Lord North; who observed, that he hoped the campaign had produced events which would enable us to propose and enforce terms of conciliation with the Colonies. The Opposition, on the other hand, ridiculed the

tout cela, and nothing is talked of but raising regiments and sending another army—I don't know whither, because, supposing a new army can be raised, which is a *postulatum*, it will be a little necessary to know whether we have New York, or Philadelphia, or Quebec; and though, probably, one or two of them—but I really do not know what I say, nor have I found any body on whose sleeve I pin my faith in these affairs. We have had assertion, and prophecy, and confidence, and all have been brought to shame, and none of them are ashamed; and so I refer you to the Chapter of Accidents.

The Parliament, when it shall meet, is to go into a great inquiry, which, I conclude, will end in nothing at all, or, rather, not end. The talk of the day is, that France has signed a treaty with the provincials, and the Stocks look pale upon it; but all these rumours only fill up the chinks of time, and will be forgotten when great events happen. By *great events* I mean foreign war and domestic calamity. We are on the high road to both. The present moment is only like the half-hour at the theatre before the play begins; the galleries are riotous, pelt the candle-snuffers, or bawl for the overture; when the curtain is drawn up, nobody thinks but of the tragedy.

We have had a great misfortune in our family; the Bishop of Exeter* is dead, who married my brother's eldest daughter. She is left with four children and a very small provision indeed; but Sir Edward has acted nobly, and gives up to her an estate at Windsor of eight hundred a-year, and a house in town, and keeps her a coach. He has, indeed, been a most bountiful father always, and has not made his children wait for his death.

Jan. 7th.

I have received yours of the 10th of last month. You will have learnt before now that the total defeat of Washington was converted into a total defeat of Burgoyne, and it is very much the opinion of the City that the American war will soon be turned into a French one; but I doubt France will stay till we have not a regiment left in the island, which you know would save a great deal of blood.

Don't trouble your head any longer about Lady Lucy's having a son; they are the happiest who have no children.

We are not content with having lost America; we shall not have an army to defend England. Why does not Mrs. Anne Pitt return? She would find most people as mad as herself.

idea of the present Ministers becoming negotiators for peace and conciliation, as the greatest of all possible absurdities.—Ed.

* Dr. Frederick Keppel, fourth son of William-Anne, second Earl of Albemarle; in 1754 appointed Canon of Windsor, and in 1762 promoted to the Bishoprick of Exeter. He married, in September 1758, Laura, the eldest of the three daughters of Sir Edward Walpole.—Ed.

LETTER CCLXXVIII.

Feb. 6, 1778.

It is odd, that in the heat of a Parliamentary campaign, enlivened by a civil war, I should have nothing particular to tell you. The troops of the latter are gone into winter quarters. The others are in the field, and skirmish every day. If any of the generals are wounded, they do not own it. Some of the forces of the larger army have deserted to the enemy; and on Monday the numbers of the Opposition mounted to a hundred and sixty odd.* On the other hand, it is commonly believed, that the old general of the minority, Lord Chatham, is to command the King's forces. It is certain that there is a great coolness between him and General Rockinghamt, but I think that disagreement so much more beneficial to the Court; and I see so little advantage to be acquired by gaining an old commander without soldiers, so fractious, so unsettled, and so impracticable, that I shall wonder much if he is invited to take the lead. It might add to the present distractions, and could cure none.

As my opinions do not always agree with the majority any where, it is not mine that we are on the brink of a French war. It is needless to repeat my reasons; I have told you them before.

The Duke of Gloucester has again been out of order; but not nearly

* On Monday, the 2nd of February, Mr. Fox moved, in the Committee on the State of the Nation, "That no more of the Old corps be sent out of the nation." No reply was made to his speech, and the question was negatived by 259 against 165. The motion excited much interest out of doors. At an early hour a vast multitude assembled in the lobby and environs of the House: but, not being able to gain admission by entreaty or interest, they forced their way into the gallery, in spite of the door-keepers. The House, considering the intrusion a high breach of privilege, directly ordered strangers to withdraw. A partial clearance of the gallery, however, only took place: the gentlemen withdrew, but the ladies, through courtesy, were suffered to remain. Upon which Governor Johnstone observed, that if the motion for clearing the House was a supposed propriety to keep the state of the nation concealed, it was necessary that *all* strangers should withdraw. "This," says Mr. Hatsell, "produced a violent ferment for a long time, the ladies showing great reluctance to comply with the orders of the House; so that, by their perseverance, business was interrupted for nearly two hours: but, at length, they too were compelled to submit."—Ed.

† The coolness between these distinguished statesmen, here referred to by Walpole, certainly existed. In the very last letter ever addressed by Lord Chatham to the Marquis of Rockingham, he had urged the necessity of making a firm stand for the sovereignty of England over America: to which letter the Marquis gave this reply—"What your lordship considers as a fundamental point, is one which I can by no means think a *sine quâ non*, in a treaty to restore peace and friendship between Great Britain and America. My line in politics has ever been, not to hold out flattering expectations to the people, when I was not able to see the probability of their being accomplished. I conceive that America will never again assent to this country's having actual power within that continent. I cannot, therefore, so far betray my trust to the public as to act as if that was practicable, which I thought otherwise."—Ed.

so ill, I think, as some thought, or as I have seen him. He still coughs a good deal. His constitution is always alarming, and one must not trust too much to the wonderful recoveries he has had; yet perhaps frequent advertisements are not contrary, lest his youth and courage should make him presume too much.

These paragraphs are the quintessence of my letter, and it ought to end here, were it a decent quantity: yet why should one write more than one has to say? A letter tells you I am not negligent, though perhaps I grow lazy. I never was good at detailing. The event of things is all I mind; which I own does not help conversation. I leave you ignorant of nothing decisive. The present inquiries in Parliament into the conduct of the war I look on as a tale of a tub. The Ministers give themselves up to be teazed, more to amuse their antagonists than inform them; and the latter are pleased with making speeches. But can all this make peace, or carry on the war? Neither: but the inability of making either will produce other-guess events, and they *will* be serious.

These are my politics, which I adopt from no side, and preach to nobody. They are of not much use even to myself; for I am not of an age to trouble myself about what is to happen. When one talks of the times, one must think something; and, *isolé* as I am, it is more natural to look at the affairs of nations than at the feathers and fashions of the young, though perhaps as grave a subject. I would neither be boyish nor morose. Age, without any study on my part, has given me great indifference, and yet has been so good as to leave me spirits enough to be tranquil and to amuse myself. It is enough, not to *wish* to live or die.

LETTER CCLXXIX.

Arlington Street, Feb. 18, 1778.

I do not know how to word the following letter; how to gain credit with you! How shall I intimate to you, that you must lower your topsails, waive your imperial dignity, and strike to the colours of the thirteen United Provinces of America? Do not tremble, and imagine that Washington has defeated General Howe, and driven him out of Philadelphia; or that Gates has taken another army; or that Portsmouth is invested by an American fleet. No: no military *new* event has occasioned this revolution. The sacrifice has been made on the altar of Peace. Stop again: peace is not made, it is only implored,—and, I fear, only on this side of the Atlantic. In short, yesterday, *February* 17th, a most memorable era, Lord North opened his Conciliatory Plan,—no partial, no collusive one.* In as few

* "A dull, melancholy silence," says the Annual Register, "for some time succeeded to Lord North's speech. It had been heard with profound attention, but

words as I can use, it solicits peace with the States of America: it haggles on no terms; it acknowledges the Congress, or any body that pleases to treat; it confesses errors, misinformation, ill-success, and impossibility of conquest; it disclaims taxation, desires commerce, hopes for assistance, allows the independence of America, not verbally, yet virtually, and suspends hostilities till June 1779. It does a little more: not *verbally*, but *virtually* it confesses that the Opposition have been in the right from the beginning to the end.*

The warmest American cannot deny but these gracious condescensions are ample enough to content that whole continent; and yet, my friend, such accommodating facility had one defect,—it came too late. The treaty between the high and mighty States and France is signed; and, instead of peace, we must expect war with the high allies.† The French army is come to the coast, and their officers here are recalled.

The House of Commons embrace the plan, and voted it, *nemine contradicente*. It is to pass both Houses with a rapidity that will do every thing but over take time past. All the world is in astonishment. As my letter will not set out till the day after to-morrow, I shall have time to tell you better what is thought of this amazing step.

Feb. 20.

In sooth I cannot tell you what is thought. Nobody knows what to think. To leap at once from an obstinacy of four years to a total concession of every thing; to stoop so low, without hopes of being

without a single mark of approbation to any part, from any description of men, or any particular man in the House. Astonishment, dejection, and fear overclouded the whole assembly. Although the Minister had declared, that the sentiments he expressed that day had been those which he always entertained, it is certain that few or none had understood him in that manner; and he had been represented to the nation at large, as the person in it the most tenacious of those parliamentary rights which he now resigned, and the most remote from the submissions which he now proposed to make. It was generally, therefore, concluded, that something more extraordinary and alarming had happened than yet appeared, which was of force to produce such an apparent change in measures, principles, and arguments."—Ed.

* Gibbon, in a letter written on the same day to Mr. Holroyd, says,—"Opposition, after expressing their doubts whether the lance of Achilles could cure the wound which it had inflicted, could not refuse their assent to the principles of conduct which they themselves had always recommended. I do not find that the world, that is, a few people whom I happen to converse with, are much inclined to praise Lord North's ductibility of temper. In the service of next Friday you will, however, take notice of the injunction given by the Liturgy: 'And all the people shall say after the *Minister*, Turn us again, O Lord, and so shall we be turned.'"—Ed.

† The Marquis of Granby, in a letter to Lord Chatham, of the same date, states, that "in the course of the debate Mr. Fox informed the House, that a report strongly obtained, that within ten days France had actually signed a treaty with the Americans, acknowledging their independence, and entering into an alliance with them: the Ministers remained totally silent, until Sir George Saville pressed the question to Lord North in so direct and positive a manner, that at last he confessed 'that he had received the same intelligence, though not officially, and that therefore he could neither affirm nor deny the authority of the account.'"—Ed.

forgiven—who can understand such a transformation? I must leave you in all your wonderment; for the cloud is not dispersed. When it shall be, I doubt it will discover no serene prospect! All that remains certain is, that America is not only lost, but given up. We must no longer give ourselves Continental airs! I fear even our trident will find it has lost a considerable prong.

I have lived long, but never saw such a day as last Tuesday! From the first, I augured ill of this American war; yet do not suppose that I boast of my penetration. Far was I from expecting such a conclusion! Conclusion!—*y sommes nous?* Acts of Parliament have made a war, but cannot repeal one. They have provoked—not terrified; and Washington and Gates have respected the Speaker's mace no more than Oliver Cromwell did.

You shall hear as events arise. I disclaim all sagacity, and pretend to no foresight. It is not an Englishman's talent. Even the second-sight of the Scots has proved a little purblind.

Have you heard that Voltaire is actually in Paris?* Perhaps soon you will learn French news earlier than I can.

What scenes my letters to you have touched on for eight-and-thirty years! I arrived here at the eve of the termination of my father's happy reign. The Rebellion, as he foresaw, followed; and much disgrace. Another war ensued, with new disgraces. And then broke forth Lord Chatham's sun; and all was glory and extensive empire. Nor tranquillity nor triumph are our lot now! The womb of time is not with child of a mouse,—but adieu! I shall probably write again before you have digested half the meditations this letter will have conjured up.

LETTER CCLXXX.

Arlington Street, March 5, 1778.

Your letter, may dear sir, which I received two days ago, is dated the 7th of last month; and you there speak with great distrust of seeing Lady Lucy again. I fear your forebodings were too well founded; for it is said here that she is actually dead.† I had heard so ten days ago, but flattered myself that it was not true. Now I see it mentioned in the papers. As you only just knew her enough to love and lament her, I am sorry you ever did see her! Your

* Madame du Deffand had written to Walpole on the 10th—"Voltaire arrived here yesterday, at four in the afternoon, with his niece Madame Denis. I wrote him a short note, to which he has returned this answer:—'J' arrive mort, et je ne veux ressusciter que pour me jetter aux genoux de Madame la Marquise du Deffand.'"—Ed.

† Lady Lucy Mann died in Italy, on the 7th of January.

nephew will feel the loss of so amiable a woman; and yet it is better for him that it is over; as he was only witness to her decay, and perpetually tortured with fears and doubts. His behaviour his exceedingly honourable to him, and discovers a true *Mann's* heart,—unluckily, to make that expressfon just, it is necessary to double the n. I have talked to you philosophically on the vanity of being attached to the continuation of families; yet it is so natural, and I am so susceptible of that vanity, that I look forward to your nephew's marrying again, and having an heir to Linton.

You will have been impatient for the consequences of Lord North's Conciliatory Plan. The substantial consequences cannot, you are sensible, be known till the Commissioners arrive in America,* and return the answer of the Congress; unless their departure is anticipated by some strong declaration of France in their favour, and which would render a treaty hopeless: many expect such a notification immediately. I am grown such a skeptic, that I believe nothing

* The three Commissioners appointed to treat of the means of quieting the disorders in America, were the Earl of Carlisle, Mr. Eden, afterwards Lord Auckland, and Governor George Johnstone. They left England in April, in the ship Trident. In a letter written "from the middle of the Atlantic Ocean," to his friend George Selwyn, Lord Carlisle gives the following graphic description of the situation of the Commissioners: "This is the first of May; but alas! we have no chimney-sweepers and garlands; no milk-maids dancing before us! We have no music but the winds, and nothing seems inclined to dance but our vessel. Sea-sickness is, I flatter myself, got the better of. Conceive our dinner, and judge of our comforts. To keep ourselves close to the table, it is necessary to hold by the legs, and by so doing you must abandon your plate, which perhaps is flung, by the violence of the ship's motion, either into your own or your neighbour's lap. The conveyance of a glass to your mouth is no easy matter; but it requires infinite dexterity in the servant, and some good fortune, to bring it to you. Notwithstanding all this, I was able to attend dinner the second day, though it blew hard; and am now so little affected by the rolling of the ship, that I hardly know when I am reading, whether there is any motion or not. Such a child of habit is man! Close confinement must have its moments of melancholy. A walk after supper upon deck, the dashing of the sea, the noise of the winds, send me sometimes to bed, with thoughts which would not be productive of rest, unless they were got the better of by a little resolution. You will allow the contrast is strong between my present situation and that I was in some days ago. You know the wife and children that I have torn myself from, and I need say no more upon this subject."—See Selwyn Correspondence, vol. iii. p. 279. Frederick Howard, fifth Earl of Carlisle, the writer of the characteristic letter above quoted, was the only son of Henry, fifth Earl, by Isabella, daughter of William, fifth Lord Byron. In 1770, he had married Lady Carolina, daughter of Granville Leveson Gower, first Marquis of Stafford. In 1798, on the death of the fifth Lord Byron, he was appointed guardian of the great Poet; who, under the impression that his relation had intentionally slighted him, published some sarcasms upon him in his juvenile poems, which he afterwards regretted, and thus alludes to in the third canto of Childe Harold, in adverting to the melancholy fate of the Hon. Frederick Howard, the Earl's youngest son, one of those who fell gloriously at Waterloo:—

"Their praise is hymn'd by loftier harps than mine;
Yet one I would select from that proud throng,
Partly because they blend me with his line,
And partly that I did his Sire some wrong."—Ed.

but *facts past.* The Bills met no obstruction in the House of Commons. They are to-day before the Lords; where I suppose they will experience comments rather than impediments. The intended pacification is not very popular, yet at most produces low murmurs. The nation has leaped from outrageous war to a most humiliating supplication for peace, with as little emotion as one passes in an ague from a shivering fit to a burning one; though I think in the inverted order, for I never had an ague. Methinks the patient's being so little affected by the sudden transition looks as if its constitution had contracted the insensibility of dotage. Every week may produce an era; yet I think nothing very important will happen yet. France has patience in one sense of the word, and we in another; and therefore we shall *bear* as long as they *forbear.* They best know what term they have set to their inactivity; my whole wisdom consists in abstaining from conjectures. Penetration is a fine thing; a genius now and then looks into futurity; but all I know is, that I have no such talent, nor believe much in those who pretend to it. My old face, like the one of Janus, only looks back; the young one may look forward to what will belong to it, and youth is apt to think it sees far: but age is as often mistaken, when it takes its experience for spectacles; they magnify the dim eye that looks through them, more than the objects they look to.

I will certainly mention you at our little Court, when they return to town. At present they are gone to the Duke's lodge in the New Forest for change of air. Indeed, it seems very difficult for his Royal Highness to find a situation that suits him. Heats destroy him, and damps are as bad. He caught cold above a month ago, had a violent cough, and the asthma frightfully since. It is a terrifying disorder to see; yet I am much easier when he suffers under it, than when the humour falls on his bowels. If he does not mend in the Forest, they will make a voyage to Bordeaux for some weeks for the benefit of the sea-air, and return when the great heats reign. Mrs. Haywood has been dying of a fever—so have many persons. Sir Thomas Hesketh died at once the night before last—but has long been dying.*

The principality of Auverquerque† is a sort of Iricism. King William would not allow the Lords Rochford and Grantham, as they were illegitimate branches from Prince Maurice and Prince Henry Frederic, to take the name of Nassau, but obliged them to bear those of Zulestein and Auverquerque; after his death they assumed that of Nassau. The Duke of Marlborough never preferred the principality of Mindleheim to his duchy: surely an English peerage with substantial privilege in one's own country is more dignified than a nominal principality in another; when it is transferred to a third country, it

* This is one of Walpole's *smartisms*, and means, that though Sir Thomas had long been dying, his death was sudden and unexpected.—B.

† Lord Cowper, being made a prince of the Empire, had a mind to have that title; his mother being one of the daughters and co-heiresses of Lord Grantham.

is still more ridiculous. I wonder Mademoiselle Pitt does not beg the Pope to create her Princess Fossani. I knew a foreigner at Paris who had a madness of wearing the orders of different countries. He was forbidden to assume the Saint Esprit, but indulged in every other knighthood. I have seen him at the theatres by turns Knight of the Garter, Bath, Thistle, Elephant, &c. &c. We had once a mad Queen Elizabeth here, who on the first day of the session, as my father was coming down from St. James's, gave him her speech and ordered him to read it to her Parliament;—it was not Mrs. Pitt, I assure you, nor Lady Mary Coke.

Strawberry Hill, 10th.

It looks very much now as if the war would very soon make itself. A French squadron is sailed westward, and Captain Digby has been despatched with another in pursuit of it.* Seamen are not apt to be so formal and dilatory as plenipotentiaries. The passions too begin to awaken. The City grows moody again; the Stocks fall; the Ministers are warmly pressed in both Houses. The new loan of six millions does not take kindly. The bended knee to America does not please. Dr. Franklin boasts that Philadelphia will be starved into a Burgoynism. Lord Temple seems to snuff confusion and is come forth again, and spoke against the conciliatory bills.† Last year he entrapped John the Painter; I suppose he solves these inconsistencies by constancy to *self*. In that light, how uniform has his whole life been; though every brother and every friend has been sacrificed to his passions! I, who sit aloof from the conflict, see these things as they are; and should behold them with indifference, if the general want of principle were not a worse indication of approaching ruin than the concomitant circumstances. All men see a prospect of rising on confusion: no man reflects that want of virtue cannot correct what the want of it has occasioned. Adieu!

LETTER CCLXXXI.

March 17, 1778.

I HAVE scarce a moment's time to write, and it is only—what an *only!*—to tell you that the French Ambassador notified to Lord Weymouth on Friday, that his Court had concluded a treaty of commerce and amity with the independent States of America; *but* had had the *at-*

* It appears, by a letter from Dr. Franklin, dated Passy, February 21, that several American ships, loaded with stores for the Congress, were about to sail under the convoy of a French squadron.—ED.

† Lord Temple is stated, in a letter from Mr. Vaughan to Dr. Franklin, to have "reprobated the concessions, and equally the mad, foolish ministers, who could neither keep peace, make war, nor negotiate peace again: he wanted a treaty without Parliament, and preliminaries settled before concession."—ED.

tention not to make it an exclusive treaty: so, we may *trade* with America, if America will condescend to trade with us. I doubt there were some words of France not being disposed to be molested in their commerce with their new friends. In consequence of that declaration, Lord Stormont's recall was sent off that night. To-day the Ministers are to acquaint both Houses with the insult; and, I suppose, intend to be addressed with vows of support.* The Stocks, not being members of Parliament, do not vote for war, nor behave like heroes.—Alas! I am ashamed of irony. Neither do I love to send my auguries through every post-house. However, every one must know that a French war is not exactly a compensation for the loss of America. We, the herd, the *Achivi*, must take the beverage our rulers brew for us; and we that can, must console ourselves with not having contributed to the potion. I believe it will be a bitter one; but I should be still less tranquil, if I had furnished a drop.

I have received your melancholy letter on poor Lady Lucy's death, and had written to you on it before, nor will open the wound again. Our situation will remove that cloud and fill your mind with others.

Europe is going again to be a theatre of blood, as America has been. The Emperor and Prussia are going, I think have begun war! 'Tis endless to moralize; human life is forced to do so, but *en pure perte*. The system changes, not the consequences. Force was the first great arbitress of human affairs. The shrewd observed, that Art could counteract and control Strength—and for a long time Policy ruled. But, Policy having exhausted all its resources, and having been detected in them all, Impudence restored Force, which is now sole governess. She seized and shared Poland, and now sets up the same right to Bavaria. We tried the plan in America, but forgot we had not that essential to the new *jus gentium*, a hundred thousand men, and that our Bavaria† was on t'other side of the Atlantic. I hope the ocean, that was against us there, will be our friend at home!

Adieu! This is a new chapter in our correspondence. I will write as events rise; you must excuse me if I have not always time, as I have not at present, to make my letters long in proportion to the matter.

LETTER CCLXXXII.

March 27, 1778.

The war is not yet arrived, though it is certainly at next door, for France laid an embargo on all our vessels in their ports; one may

* A message from the King, together with a copy of the Declaration delivered by the French Ambassador to Lord Weymouth, had this day been presented to both Houses, and an Address of Thanks agreed to. Orders were also sent to our Ambassador, Lord Stormont, to withdraw from the Court of France.—Ed.

† The Emperor and the King of Prussia were at war; the Emperor claiming part the domains of the late Elector of Bavaria.

call it, seized them. Lord Stormont himself, though got to Boulogne, is forced to stay there for want of convéyance, or must come round by Holland. This made us stare a little two days ago; but last night I heard that this hostility is conditional, and only a boisterous way of wrenching out of our hands the Kouli Khan, a French ship that we had taken, and that Monsieur de Noailles had reclaimed without success. I doubt we shall take and give so many of these slaps, that the declaration of war may, to save trouble, be reserved to the peace; and then, as Hamlet says,

> the funeral baked meats
> Will coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

There was a report, too, that Spain would send us a notification of having made a treaty with the Americans also; but this is contradicted, and their new Ambassador, Almadovar, is said to have received orders to come to us forthwith. In short, rumours of wars beget a thousand other reports. The town has expected a restoration of Lord Chatham; but that notion has subsided too. The best thing I do know is, that we are very seriously occupied in defending ourselves. No more troops are to go to America; we are collecting our whole force; the new-raised regiments will have been an advantageous addition, as they were not embarked; and the militia, which is complete in every county but two, is to take the field. As to America, it will certainly retain its seat among the sovereignties of this world; so, Columbus's invasion begins to be set aside; and one quarter of the globe will not be held *in commendam* by another! Imagination could expatiate widely on that chapter—but what have I to do with a new æra in the annals of mankind!

Our own old continent, that has so long been ravaged by ambition, is not yet abandoned to the comfort of decay. Yet one now hears that hostilities between the Emperor and Prussia have not commenced, as was said. I doubt that imperial philosopher, who scattered so many humane apophthegms last year at Paris, is a little too impatient to employ his Austrian talons. What a farce to visit hospitals, when one thinks of nothing but stocking them with maimed carcases! What buckets of blood it costs, before a Prince takes his place at the table of Fame, that might be earned so much better by benevolence! The enemies of mankind arrogate what is due only to the friends.

I was going on perhaps in a string of moralities, but was interrupted by Dr. Monro; who came to tell me that Lord Orford is come to himself. This is such a deliverance to me, that I cannot think of any consequences: indeed, I do not care about them. Pray notify this lucid interval to the excellent Signora Madre. Adieu!

LETTER CCLXXXIII.

Thursday, April 9th, 1778.

I AM not going to announce more war than by my last: it seems to sleep, like a paroli at Faro, and be reserved for another deal. Though I write oftener than usual, I have not a full cargo every time; but I have two novel events to send you. The newspapers indeed anticipate many of my articles; but, as I suppose you pay me the compliment of opening my letters before the Gazettes, I shall be the first to inform you, though but by five minutes. Lord Chatham has again appeared in the House of Lords, and probably for the last time. He was there on Tuesday against the earnest remonstrance of his physician; and, I think, only to make confusion worse confounded. He had intended to be very hostile to the Ministers, and yet to force himself into all their places by maintaining the *sovereignty* of America, to which none of the Opposition but his own few followers adhere; and they cannot, like a strolling company in a barn, fill all the parts of a drama with four or five individuals. It appeared early in his speech that he had lost himself; he did not utter half he intended, and sat down: but rising to reply to the Duke of Richmond, he fell down in an apoplectic fit, and was thought dead. They transported him into the Jerusalem Chamber, and laid him on a table. In twenty minutes he recovered his senses, and was carried to a messenger's house adjoining, where he still remains. The scene was very affecting; his two sons, and son-in-law, Lord Mahon, were round him. The House paid a proper mark of respect by adjourning instantly.*

The same incertitude remains on our general situation. I pretend to tell you facts only, not reasonings; and therefore will say no more now on the public. One event, indeed, of Parliamentary complexion touches my private feelings very particularly. The King has demanded a provision for his younger children, and has been so good as to add the Duke's to the list—nobly too, both from the proportion of the allowance, and the circumstances of the times. The King's sons are to have ten thousand a-year each, his daughters six, Prince William eight, and Princess Sophia four.† Thus both income and rank are ascertained. This is a great thorn extracted from all our

* On the 6th of April, Lord Chatham had addressed a note to the Duke of Richmond, expressive of his concern at finding himself under so very wide a difference with his Grace, as between the *sovereignty* and *allegiance* of America, that he despaired of bringing about successfully any honourable issue. He added, that "he was inclined to try it, before *this bad* grew worse, and hoped to be in town on the morrow." Accordingly, on the morrow, Lord Chatham appeared in the House of Lords for the last time; when the affecting scene above described took place.—See Chatham Correspondence, vol. iv. p. 548.—Ed.

† A message from the King to this effect had been brought down to the House of Commons by Lord North on the 8th of April.—Ed.

sides, and I trust will have good influence on his Royal Highness's health.

I was *débarrassé'd* (not in so comfortable a way) of my nephew. He has resumed the entire dominion of himself, and is gone into the country and intends to command the militia. I have done all I could, when scarce any thing was in my power, to prevent it; but in vain. He has even asked to be a major-general, which officers of militia cannot be. What a humiliation to know he is thus exposing himself, and not dare to interpose! Yet he is not ignorant of his situation. He said the other day to his Dalilah, speaking of Dr. Monro, "Patty, I like this doctor! don't you? We will have him *next time.*" What an amazing compost of sense, insensibility, and phrenzy! Adieu!

LETTER CCLXXXIV.

Strawberry Hill, May 9, 1778.

As I have engaged myself to stock your impatience with frequent intelligence, you may think a month's interval a breach of promise; but though I write to display my diligence, it is not to convey any event. You yourself have told us all the fact we know; at least, the newspapers have done *you* the honour of sending the information of the sailing of the Toulon squadron—not in terms; but they say an express arrived from Sir H. Mann without eating, drinking, or sleeping; and we know nothing else—I mean we, the people,—that corresponds with the date of such importance. Pray can you tell whether our fleet is gone after it? For the newspapers would persuade us that Lord Sandwich has detained it at Portsmouth, to divert their Majesties, as if they loved shows better than dominions.*

We shall be in no want of sights this summer; every county will have a camp of its own; the coasts will be amused with sieges. An American privateer has attempted Whitehaven, and plundered Lord Selkirk's house.† This is a little ungrateful, for the Americans cer-

* To stimulate the seamen and artificers at their different occupations, the King and Queen visited the dock-yards and shipping at Chatham, Sheerness, and Portsmouth. At the latter place, they remained a week; during which time the King held a levee on board Admiral Keppel's ship, the Prince George.—Ed.

† This privateer was commanded by the celebrated Paul Jones, a native of Selkirk, who, going to America when very young, became a denizen of that country. On the 23rd of April, he made a descent at Whitehaven; where he destroyed the shipping in the harbour. He afterwards landed on the western coast of Scotland, and pillaged the house of Lord Selkirk, near Kirkcudbright, of plate, jewels, and other moveables of value. The Earl was in London, but his lady and family were in the house. It is said that Jones's design was against the liberty, and not the property of his lordship, and that he purchased the booty from his crew and returned it to the Countess. There is reason to believe that such was the fact; as Dr. Franklin, in a letter addressed to him from Passy, on the 27th of May, says, "I received yours of the 18th, enclosing one for the Countess of Selkirk, which I forward this

tainly owe their independence to the Scots; though, to be sure, in strictness it was not what the Scots intended for them. They have done, or will do us some good too, though perhaps with as little design; for I think we shall be forced to come to our senses. Great countries ought always to be physicked and dieted after long peace or a course of victories; for prosperity either breeds humours in the body, or flies to the head: the first produce tumours, and the latter *absolute* madness.

Lord Chatham has been at the point of death, but is said to be better. It is not very likely, however, that he should recover enough to come forth again. You tell me his sister is at Florence. Her friends, the Butes, have a new calamity in their family, for which I pity them: Lady Percy is *enceinte*, and the suit for a divorce is commenced.* Lady Bute has been very unfortunate in her children, though there never was a better or more discreet mother. Lady Percy is very weak; and some time ago, when Lady Bute received some intimation on her conduct, she said, "Upon my word, I have not room in my head for that misfortune!"

Though I write this on the Saturday, it cannot depart till Tuesday. Probably, I shall have little to add. Next month will be more prolific of intelligence. Yet make no account of my auguries. I have lived too long, and have been too often mistaken in my calculations, to trust my own reason or that of others. Half our conjectures are built on Ignorance, and her sister Chance governs the rest. My mind is a little one, and apt to fluctuate. I answer for nothing but my principles, and never committed them to the guidance of events; so, though my letters may have been affected by the weather glass, the sum total has been uniform. I have hoped or feared; but always in the same spirit—the liberty and happiness of England.

Arlington Street, 11th.

I must unsay a material passage in my letter: Lord Chatham died this morning!† I am of opinion that Lord Temple died at the same moment, or had better think he did. We shall have opportunities of seeing whether the mantle of the former is descended upon any body! Lord Shelburne will probably pretend that it was a legacy to him; but, without Lord Chatham's *fortune* too, a *cloak* will be of little use. Well! with all his defects, Lord Chatham will be a capital historic figure.‡ France dreaded his crutch to this very moment; but I

day by way of Holland, as you desire. It is a gallant letter, and must give her ladyship a high and just opinion of your generosity and nobleness of mind."—Ed.

* Earl Percy first married, in July 1764, Lady Anne Stuart, third daughter of the Earl of Bute; by whom he had no issue, and from whom he was divorced in 1779. In the same year, he married Frances-Julia, third daughter of the late Peter Burrell, Esq., and sister to Lord Gwydir.—Ed.

† The Earl of Chatham died, at his seat at Hayes, on the 11th of April. He had not quite completed his seventieth year.—Ed.

‡ Mr. Burke, in his celebrated speech on American taxation, in alluding to Lord

doubt she does not think that it has left a stick of the wood!—no offence to Mrs. Anne, who, I allow, has great parts, and not less ambition: but *Fortune* did not treat her as a twin.

Tuesday morning.

Last night the House of Commons voted a funeral and monument to Lord Chatham at the public expense, and the members are to walk at the burial.

LETTER CCLXXXV.

Strawberry Hill, May 31, 1778.

I AM forced to look at the dates I keep of my letters, to see what events I have or have not told you; for at this crisis something happens every day; though nothing very striking since the death of Lord Chatham, with which I closed my last. No?—yes, but there has. All England, which had abandoned him, found out, the moment his eyes were closed, that nothing but Lord Chatham could have preserved them. How lucky for him that the experiment cannot be made! Grief is fond, and grief is generous. The Parliament will bury him; the City begs the honour of being his grave; and the important question is not yet decided, whether he is to lie at Westminster or in St. Paul's; on which it was well said, that it would be robbing Peter to pay Paul.* An annuity of four thousand pounds is settled on the title of Chatham, and twenty thousand pounds allotted to pay his debts. The Opposition and the Administration disputed zeal; and neither care a straw about him. He is already as much forgotten as John of Gaunt.

General Burgoyne has succeeded and been the topic, and for two days engrossed the attention of the House of Commons; and probably will be heard of no more. He was even forgotten for three hours while he was on the tapis, by a violent quarrel between Temple Luttrell, a brother of the Duchess of Cumberland, and Lord George Germain;† but the public has taken affection for neither them nor the Ge-

Chatham, describes him as "a great and celebrated name; a name that keeps the name of his country respected in every part of the globe; it may be truly called

Clarum et venerabile nomen
Gentibus, et multum nostræ quod proderat urbi."—ED.

* The House had voted, that the remains of Lord Chatham should be interred in the collegiate church of St. Peter's, Westminster; upon which, the Common Council petitioned that they might be deposited in St. Paul's as a mark of their gratitude and veneration.—ED.

† On General Burgoyne's return to England, on his parole, in May, the King refused to see him, and he in vain solicited a court-martial. Under these circumstances, he threw himself upon Parliament, and a motion was made in the House of Commons, on the 26th, for an inquiry into the Convention at Saratoga; which was got rid of by the previous question. Mr. Temple Luttrell, in the course of the de-

neral; being much more disposed at present to hate than to love—except the dead. It will be well if the ill-humour, which increases, does not break out into overt acts.

I know not what to say of war. The Toulon squadron was certainly blown back. That of Brest is supposed to be destined to invade some part of this country or Ireland; or rather, it is probable, will attempt our fleet. In my opinion, there is no great alacrity in France—I mean, in the Court of France—for war; and, as we have had time for great preparations, their eagerness will not increase. We shall suffer as much as they can desire by the loss of America, without their risk, and in a few years shall be able to give them no umbrage; especially as our frenzy is still so strong, that, if France left us at quiet, I am persuaded we should totally exhaust ourselves in pursuing the vision of reconquest. Spain continues to disclaim hostility, as you told me. If the report is true of revolts in Mexico, they would be as good as a bond under his Catholic Majesty's hand.

We shall at least not doze, as we are used to do, in summer. The Parliament is to have only short adjournments; and our senators, instead of retiring to horse-races (*their* plough,) are all turned soldiers, and disciplining militia. Camps every where, and the ladies in the uniform of their husbands! In short, if the dose is not too strong, a little adversity would not be quite unseasonable.—A little! you will cry; why what do you call the loss of America? Oh! my dear sir, do you think a capital as enormous as London has its nerves affected by what happens beyond the Atlantic? What has become of all your reading? There is nothing so unnatural as the feelings of a million of persons who live together in one city. They have not one conception like those in villages and in the country. They presume or despond from quite different motives. They have both more sense and less, than those who are not in contact with a multitude. Wisdom forms empires, but folly dissolves them; and a great capital, which dictates to the rest of the community, is always the last to perceive the decays of the whole, because it takes its own greatness for health.*

Lord Holdernesse† is dead; not quite so considerable a personage as he once expected to be, though Nature never intended him for any thing that he was. The Chancellor, another child of Fortune, quits the Seals;‡ and they are, or are to be, given to the Attorney-General, Thurlow, whom no body will reproach with want of abilities.

bate, having made a personal attack on Lord George Germain, who replied, that "old as he was, he would meet that fighting gentleman and be revenged," the House interfered; and Mr. Luttrell was about to be taken into the custody of the Sergeant-at-arms, when the affair was got rid of by both parties making an apology to the House, and engaging that the dispute should go no farther.—Ed.

* When Constantinople was taken by Mahomet II., the whole empire of the East had been long reduced to the capital itself.

† Robert Darcy, last Earl of Holdernesse, had been Ambassador, Secretary of State, and Governor to George Prince of Wales. [Afterwards George IV.]

‡ Lord Bathurst resigned his high office in the following month, and in November 1779 was appointed President of the Council. He died in 1794.—Ed.

As the Parliament will rise on Tuesday, you will not expect my letters so frequently as of late, especially if hostilities do not commence. In fact, our newspapers tell you every thing faster than I can: still I write, because you have more faith in my intelligence; yet all its merit consists in my not telling you fables. I hear no more than every body does, but I send you only what is sterling; or, at least, give you reports for no more than they are worth. I believe Sir John Dick is much more punctual, and hears more; but, till you displace me, I shall execute my office of being your gazetteer.

LETTER CCLXXXVI.

Strawberry Hill, June 16, 1778.

As I have just received yours of May 30th, I will begin to answer it, though I wrote to you on the first of this month, and think I shall not have enough additional to fill a whole letter yet.

The public imagined there would have been some changes* on the rising of the Parliament; but they began and ended in the Law, and with bestowing the three vacant Garters. The Toulon squadron is certainly gone to America; if to Boston, it is possible with the immediate view only of getting sailors and two ships that are building there for France. If they can resist the temptation of burning Halifax, attacking Lord Howe, or the West Indies, they are as great philosophers as Sir William Howe, who has twice gazed at General Washington. The last account from that quarter had a little spirit in it; they have burnt above forty American sloops and fry in the Delaware. For these last days there have been rumours of disposition in the Americans to treat; but they do not gain much credit. Admiral Byron is sailed to America, and Admiral Keppel is at sea. At home we are spread with camps. This is all that amounts to facts, or to the eggs of facts. Sir William Howe is expected in a week or ten days. As the Parliament is not sitting, that topic may be suspended. Next we are to await the news of the reception of the Commissioners;† perhaps,

* The rumour of changes in the Administration is thus adverted to in a letter from James Hare, Esq., to George Selwyn, of the 27th of June: "A great part of the Opposition have certainly had offers of coming in, but not on terms that they like. Charles [Fox] eats and drinks and talks, and, though he never loses sight of the Treasury, confesses it is rather a distant prospect at present. I do think it does him, or ought to do him, great credit, that under all his distresses he never thinks of accepting place on terms that are in the least degree disreputable; and I assure you, upon my honour, that he has had very flattering offers made him more than once of late, and has never for a moment hesitated about rejecting them." Selwyn Correspondence, vol. iii. p. 292.—Ed.

† The following interesting account of the treatment of the Commissioners by Congress, on their arrival at Philadelphia, is contained in a letter from the Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn, dated Wednesday, June 10th: "We arrived at this place after a voyage of six weeks, on Saturday last, and found every thing here in great confusion; the army upon the point of leaving the town, and about three thou-

their return. It would be easy to dilate reflections on all this suspense; but I do not write to display my sagacity, but to inform you.

The meteor of the reading world is dead, Voltaire.* That throne is quite vacant. We shall see whether his old friend of Prussia† maintains that of war, or cedes it to a young Cæsar.‡ He seems to me to be aiming at a more artful crown—that of policy; and, in all probability, will attain it; at least, I am not much prejudiced yet in favour of his competitor. It is from beyond the Atlantic that the world, perhaps, will see a genius revive. They seem to set out with a politeness with which few empires have commenced. We have not shown ourselves quite so civilized. We hectored and called names, talked fire and sword, but have made more use of the first than of the second. Our Generals beg to be tried, and our Ministers not to be tried. This does not sound well when translated into other languages. For my part, who hold that Chance has much more to do in the affairs of the world than Wisdom, I wait to see what the first will ordain. This belief is a sovereign preservative against despondency. There have been very gloomy moments in my life; but experience has shown me, either that events do not correspond to appearances, or that I have very little shrewdness; and, therefore, I can resign the honour of my penetration with satisfaction, when my foresight augurs ill. If Lord Chatham knew that he should conquer the world, or Dr. Franklin that he should reduce us lower than Lord Chatham found us, I should respect their penetration indeed! But, without detracting from their spirit or abilities, I do not believe the first expected half the success he met with, or the latter half the incapacity that has been exerted against, and, consequently for him.

sand of the miserable inhabitants embarked on board our ships to convey them from a place where they conceive they would receive no mercy from those who will take possession after us, to follow the army, and starve when we can no longer continue to feed them. Our letters are sent to Congress this morning. We have thought fit to bring forward at once all the powers delegated to us.—I am lodged in one of the best houses in the town; and, indeed, it is a very excellent one, perfectly well furnished. I am not, I own, quite at my ease; for coming into a gentleman's house without asking his leave, taking possession of all the best apartments, and placing a couple of sentries at the door, using his plate, &c. &c. are very repugnant to my disposition. I make him and his wife a visit every day; talk politics with them; and we are the best friends in the world. They are very agreeable, sensible people, and you never would be out of their company.—I have this morning, at five o'clock, been taking a ride into the country, about ten miles; grieved am I to say, eight miles beyond our possessions. Our lines extend only two, and the provincial army is posted very strongly about six and twenty miles distant. We have had no answer from the Congress. They may send us one to New York; for which place we must instantly embark. Things go ill, and will not go better. We have done our duty; so we ought not to be involved with those who have *lost* this country." Selwyn Correspondence, vol. iii. p. 283.—Ed.

* In consequence of the refusal of the Archbishop of Paris to allow Voltaire Christian sepulture, his body, after being embalmed, was interred in the Benedictine Abbey of Scellières, in the diocess of Troyes; whence it was brought in 1791, by a decree of the National Assembly, and interred at St. Génévieve.—Ed.

† Frederick III.

‡ The Emperor Joseph II.

LETTER CCLXXXVII.

Strawberry Hill, July 7, 1778.

You tell me in yours of the 23rd of last month, which I received to-day, that my letters are necessary to your tranquillity. That is sufficient to make me write, though I have nothing very positive to tell you. I did not mention Admiral Keppel's skirmish with and capture of two frigates of the Brest squadron;* not because I thought it trifling, but concluding it would produce immediate declaration of war; and, for the fact itself, I knew both our papers and the French would anticipate me. Indeed, Sir John Dick has talked to me so much of his frequency and punctuality with you, that I might have concluded he would not neglect so public an event; not that I trust to any body else for sending you intelligence.

No Declaration has followed on either side. I, who know nothing but what every body knows, am disposed to hope that both nations are grown rational; that is humane enough to dislike carnage. Both Kings are pacific by nature, and the voice of Europe now prefers legislators to *heroes*, which is but a name for destroyers of their species.

It is true, we are threatened with invasion. You ask me why I seem to apprehend less than formerly? For many reasons. In the first place, I am above thirty years older. Can one fear any thing in the dregs of life as at the beginning? Experience, too, has taught me that nothing happens in proportion to our conceptions. I have learnt, too, exceedingly to undervalue human policy. Chance and folly counteract most of its wisdom. From the Mémoires de Noailles I have learnt, that, between the years 1740 and 1750, when I,—ay, and my Lord Chesterfield too,—had such gloomy thoughts, France was trembling with dread of us. These are general reasons. My particular ones are, that, if France meditated a considerable blow, she has neglected her opportunity. Last year, we had neither army nor a manned fleet at home. Now, we have a larger and better army than ever we had in the island, and a strong fleet. Within these three days, our West-India and Mediterranean fleets, for which we have been in great pain, are arrived, and bring not only above two millions, but such a host of sailors as will supply the deficiencies in our unequipped men-of-war. The country is covered with camps; General Conway, who has been to one of them, speaks with astonishment of the fineness of the men, of the regiments, of their discipline and manœuvring. In short, the French Court has taught all our young nobility to be soldiers. The Duke of Grafton, who was the most in-

* La Licorne and La Belle Poule. From papers taken on board these frigates, Admiral Keppel found to his astonishment, that the French had thirty-two sail of the line, besides ten or twelve frigates, in Brest Roads. He also found written orders, "not to molest that useful navigator, Captain Cook, on any account whatever."—Ed.

dolent of ministers, is the most indefatigable of officers. For my part, I am almost afraid that there will be a larger military spirit amongst our men of quality than is wholesome for our constitution:* France will have done us hurt enough, if she has turned us into generals instead of senators.

I can conceive another reason why France should not choose to venture an invasion. It is certain that at least five American provinces wish for peace with us. Nor can I think that thirteen English provinces would be pleased at seeing England invaded. Any considerable blow received by us, would turn their new allies into hauty protectors. Should we accept a bad peace, America would find her treaty with them a very bad one: in short, I have treated you with speculations instead of facts. I know but one of the latter sort. The King's army has evacuted Philadelphia, from having eaten up the country, and has returned to New York.† Thus it is more compact, and has less to defend.

General Howe is returned, richer in money than laurels. I do not know, indeed, that his wealth is great.

Fanaticism in a nation is no novelty; but you must know, that, though the effects were so solid, the late appearance of enthusiasm about Lord Chatham was nothing but a general affectation of enthusiasm. It was a contention of hypocrisy between the Opposition and the Court, which did not last even to his burial.‡ Not three of the Court attended it, and not a dozen of the minority of any note. He himself said, between his fall in the House of Lords and his death, that, when he came to himself, not one of his old acquaintance of the Court but Lord Despencer so much as asked him how he did. Do you imagine people are struck with the death of a man, who were not struck with the sudden appearance of his death? We do not counterfeit so easily on a surprise, as coolly; and, when we are cool on surprise, we do not grow agitated on reflection.

The last account I heard from Germany was hostile. Four days ago both the Imperial and Prussian Ministers expected news of a battle. O, ye fathers of your people, do you thus dispose of your children? How many thousand lives does a King save, who signs peace! It was said in jest of our Charles II., that he was the real *father* of his people, so many of them did he beget himself. But tell me, ye divines, which is the most virtuous man, he who begets twenty bastards, or he who sacrifices a hundred thousand lives? What a contradiction is human nature! The Romans rewarded the man

* In reference to the prevalence of this military spirit amongst the higher orders, Gibbon wrote to Mr. Holroyd, "Their conversation at Almack's is about tents, drill-sergeants, subdivisions, firings, &c., and I am revered as a veteran."—Ed.

† Philadelphia was evacuated by the British army on the 18th of June; which passed the Delaware on the same day, under dispositions made for the purpose by the Admiral, Lord Howe.—Ed.

‡ "Lord Chatham's funeral," says Gibbon, in a letter to Mr. Holroyd, "was meanly attended, and Government ingeniously contrived to secure the double odium of suffering the thing to be done, and of doing it with an ill grace."—Ed.

who got three children, and laid waste the world. When will the world know, that peace and propagation are the two most delightful things in it? As his majesty of France* has found out the latter, I hope he will not forget the former.

LETTER CCLXXXVIII.

Arlington Street, Aug. 4, 1778.

For these three weeks I have been constantly waiting for news from sea; for to tell you that nothing had happened, was telling you nothing. We are in the oddest situation that can be; at war, in fact, but managed like a controversy in divinity: we and France write against each other, and do each other all the hurt we can, but do not own we are enemies. The communication is open, the packet-boats pass as usual, and French and English are allowed to go to Paris and to come to London, as if to compare notes on all that happens. I am not sorry that this Christian plausibility is preserved; it may facilitate peace without the tediousness of a formal treaty. The two countries have nothing to do but to declare hostilities are at an end.

On Saturday last we thought we had gained a double festival for the 1st of August. Admiral Keppel's captain arrived, and a rumour spread that he had taken or destroyed seventeen of the Brest fleet.† It was not for want of will or endeavours that if he has not. He had placed himself between that squadron and port, and tried to force them to battle; which they obstinately declined, till he came

* The unfortunate Marie-Antoinette was then *enciente* for the first time. On the 19th of December, she was delivered of a Princess named Marie-Therèse Charlotte. The Rev. Dr. Warner, then at Paris, thus wrote on the 20th to George Selwyn, "Yesterday the beauteous Majesty of France underwent the pangs of childbirth. The agony of her regret that it is not a dauphin has thrown her into such strong convulsions, that her life is thought to be in danger. She had a fine time, as the goodies say, and it is a fine child. I hope the fine woman will do well, and have a dauphin another time. There were bonfires and sky-rockets; but the whole thing was wretched and poor. The public offices, such as the Hotel des Fermes, the Post-office, and some of the Financiers, or as Boileau calls them, 'Commis engraissés des malheurs de la France,' gave some of their tallow: but scarce a candle, even of the diminutive size that is burnt to the lousiest saint in the calendar, was to be seen amongst the lean and little folks." Selwyn Correspondence, vol. p. 372.—Ed.

† The Duc de Chartres, afterwards the infamous Egalité, who was on board of one of the French ships, took occasion to acquaint Sir George Rodney, that he was to have a command in the fleet which was to be opposed to that under the command of Admiral Keppel, and with an insulting air asked him, what he thought would be the consequence of their meeting? That my countryman will carry your Royal Highness home with him to learn English," was the spirited reply. During the action of the 27th of July, the Duke retired into the hold of the ship, and refused to come on deck until the engagement was over. See Keppel's Life, vol. ii. p. 36.—Ed.

so near that they fired on him. He desired no more, and the fight began smartly; but the wind favouring the French, they kept sailing away, but pouring all their broadsides on his masts and rigging, which they damaged a good deal. This flying fight lasted two hours and our admiral promised himself a complete battle the next day: but, as the French meant mischief and not glory, at day-break they were vanished—in short, got into port; and Keppel is returned to Plymouth, heartily chagrined that his enemies are so little ashamed of running away.*

There is as little prospect of laurels from Byron's squadron. Both his fleet and D'Estaing's have suffered by a great storm. Nor are we likely to have more olives than laurels. The Congress has treated our Commissioner with sovereign contempt;† and the Commissioners themselves have quarrelled, and are coming home. Thus we have begged peace of those we bullied, and only been laughed at. We seem to have wearied Fortune in the last war.

Cæsar seems to have made as bad a figure as we. After usurping Bavaria, he is forced to beg peace too. They say he is convinced of having been in the wrong, by a renunciation that has been found of the Emperor Albert. It is the first time a hero at the head of two hundred and twenty thousand men was ever convinced by an old parchment! His Imperial reason did not deign to listen to law and equity in the dismemberment of Poland; nor would he now, I ween, if Lord Chief Justice Frederic had not enclosed him with more numerous armies. We did not pay much regard to the charters of America, till France helped the latter to carry on the suit.

* Admiral Keppel, finding it in vain to attempt a general or partial chase, determined to return to England to repair the heavy damages his fleet had sustained. He arrived at Plymouth on the 31st of July. Amongst the numerous letters of congratulation received by the Admiral on this occasion, was one from Mr. Burke: "You have," he says "saved us twice in one summer; once by retreating, and once by fighting. The disciplined mob of court-runners in the City thought proper, for some time, to censure the conduct to which we owe it; but the appearance of the French fleet off Ushant has shown you wisdom and their folly. Every honest man, every man of judgment, congratulates you and himself, with a sedate joy, on this great and eminent advantage. The designs which this fleet of the enemy was meant to second are defeated, and the honour of our flag completely secured." Life of Keppel, vol. ii. p. 57.—Ed.

† The condition of the Commissioners on the 22nd of July is thus feelingly depicted by Lord Carlisle, in a letter to George Selwyn: "When you see before you the list of our misfortunes, I think I shall have your compassion. 1. We are blocked up by a French fleet. 2. We are kept in prison, as we dare not ride beyond our posts towards the country. 3. If any attack is made, either by sea or land, we wish more than we are likely to gain. 4. If certain events, which are not improbable, should take place, we shall be inevitably starved. 5. We have tried the Congress, and you will think with me that, in our present circumstances, they will not depart from their resolution in refusing our offers. 6. Our packet is taken, which would perhaps have relieved me from a state of suspense, that I have not public virtue enough not to think more bitter than many of those misfortunes which my country must feel as well as myself. I own fairly we have nothing to do here; but we must not quit the business till that point is so clear as not to admit of two opinions." Selwyn Correspondence, vol. iii. p. 301.—Ed.

I am very anxious for the confirmation of this pacification in Germany; for the Duke of Gloucester was just setting out to make the campaign under the King of Prussia. It was worthy of his spirit, and no body dared to remonstrate against it; and yet the physicians think he could not support an autumnal campaign. The Duchess herself has only shed floods of tears, but not murmured. The behaviour of both does them infinite honour.

Your friends the Mackenzies,* are arrived, and Mrs. Anne Pitt is expected daily. Mrs. Foote's friend, old Lady Westmoreland,† is dead, and the ancient beauty, Lady Fanny Shirley,‡ she had lost her head some time, and her senses before, for she has made Lady Huntingdon§ her heir, having turned Methodist when she was no longer admired.

Our summer is as Italian as yours: I do not remember such a one. Adieu!

LETTER CCLXXXIX.

Arlington Street, Aug. 25, 1778.

You tell me, my dear sir, that you depend so entirely on me for intelligence, at least for the confirmation of public events, that I must not let yesterday's Gazette go away to-night without writing you a line. Military narratives are apt to be a little oracular, and ours of late have wanted some additional obscurity. You will collect from yesterday's, that General Clinton's army did get to New York, though with some difficulty, which, ministerially, you are to take for a victory; and, wherever any darkness hangs over it, you must clear it up on our side. I divine that Washington was ill served, for he has brought two of his Generals to a court-martial; and the excessive heats seem to have fought against both armies. This is the quintessence of what I know of the matter; and, upon the whole, the Royal army has gained an escape—I doubt, not much to their comfort; for they find no plenty at New York, and Monsieur D'Estaing blocks up the fleet there: so, probably, accounts will not mend.

Our fleet at home has not sailed again. There are rumours of dissensions between Admiral Keppel and Sir Hugh Palliser, and even of a duel between them; which, however, I have heard from no good authority; in short, I have nothing agreeable to tell you, and I do not love to send any thing that is not to the glory of my country 'cross the Channel.

* James Stuart Mackenzie, only brother of Lord Bute, married Lady Elizabeth Campbell, third daughter of John, Duke of Argyll.

† Daughter of a son of the first Duke of Devonshire.

‡ Formerly a great beauty, admired and celebrated by Lord Chesterfield, who wrote on her the well-known song, "When Fanny, blooming fair."

§ Lady Selina Shirley, niece of Lady Fanny, and patroness of the Methodists.

The German peace seems to halt. I should think it, however, still in agitation; as no considerable action has happened. The Duke of Gloucester has yet received no answer from the Prussian, but expects it this week. He is determined to go if he is accepted—to every peril indeed, for his strength is not equal to it.

We have had the most marvellous summer that I ever remember in all my days. It is still sultry; and I am suffering, though I write between every open door and window in a back-room where the sun never enters. The harvest is prodigious; and we might have wine and oil, had we made preparations for them.

The Duke of Ancaster is dead, and the Mastership of the Horse to be disposed of.* This would have been an object in some summers; but we do not want topics of conversation at present. I used to make excuses for the shortness of my letters at this season. That is not the case at present. I have given you the reason at the top of this page.† Adieu!

LETTER CCXC.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 17, 1778.

Your last is of August 22nd, and mine of the 25th. Since then I could have told you nothing but expectations; nor are they realized yet. Admiral Keppel has been hunting for the Brest fleet, which has either gone southward, or is dodging in and out of their ports: at least he had not found it. But if the god of sea-fights does not smile, the god of merchantmen has wrought miracles: all our fleets are come in from Portugal, the West Indies, and every other mart: he has been as cunning as if he were the demon of smugglers.

Letters are arrived, too, from New York. D'Estaing had quitted that blockade, and was thought to be sailed to attack Rhode Island. Lord Howe was gone after him with an inferior force, but, they say, hoping to be joined by six of Byron's squadron; which six are come to light again, and were not far off. Of that Admiral not a word. This is the quintessence of all I know.

In my family we are very happy that the King of Prussia has sent the Duke a most handsome excuse, being afraid of exposing a constitution so delicate as his Royal Highness's to the fatigues of a latter campaign; so, *that* anxiety is at an end! Prince Henry's success has not availed much. Having devoured the country, the Prussians have been forced to step back. The people that have been devoured count for nothing.

Your Duchess of Kingston is a paltry mountebank. It is too ridiculous to have airs after conviction. Mrs. Anne Pitt, I hear, is

* The situation was conferred on the Duke of Northumberland.—Ed.

† *Vide* end of the second paragraph.

arrived. Her nephew, Mr. Thomas Pitt, I believe, you will see ere long. A weakness is fallen on his knees, and made him a cripple. He is, I think, set out for Italy, like Æneas, with his Creusa, her father of eighty-seven, and two sucking babes.* Let me give you a caution: he and I have never been on more than civil terms since Mr. Grenville's reign. He now swears by the ghost of his uncle Chatham, whom in those days he detested.

I saw Mr. Mackenzie last week, who spoke of you with the heartiest kindness; and so does Lady Bett.† Lady Chesterfield is dead, at above fourscore. She was not a girl when she came over with George I.

What can I tell you more? My politics, beyond facts, would be but the conjectures of a private dreamer. Yet I am ashamed to send such a sippet of a letter; especially when you are impatient for mine, and reckon on and depend upon them. But you would not trust to them, if I were not cautious not to send you any thing but truths; no easy task, if I were not brief. Ten thousand lies are propagated every week, not only by both sides, but by stock-jobbers; for those grave folks, moneyed citizens, contribute exceedingly to embroil and confound history, which was not very authentic before they were spawned. Newspapers, that ought to facilitate intelligence, are the vehicles of lies, and blunders, and scandal; and Truth, which formerly could trudge ten miles on foot, cannot now get along the road for the crowds of counterfeits. An historian, who shall consult the gazettes of the times, will write as fabulous a romance as Gargantua.

You will wish to know something of Spain's intentions. I am sure I cannot satisfy you. She has a fleet, and she arms; but her Ambassador‡ is here—if to blind us, his purpose is not quite answered, for many have no faith in him. On the other hand, though at war with France, neither country takes notice of it. The English pass through Calais as quietly as just after a peace.

The Spanish Ambassador, whose size makes him look as if he represented the King of Lilliput, diverts the town with his gallantries, which are not at all in the style of the novels of his country, nor consist in mere serenades. He made a visit lately to a house of ill odour, and, though they say his wife is jealous, he left his two footmen at the door with flambeaux. His generosity, too, was not of a piece with the masters of Peru. He gave the nymph but half guinea, and a shilling to the maid. As a pigmy does not pay with his person, the damsels made much noise against the receipt of silver pennies, which might be in proportion to his stature, but not to his character.

* Mr. Thomas Pitt, in 1783 created Lord Camelford, married, in 1771, the daughter and co-heir of Pinkney Wilkinson, Esq., of Burnham in Norfolk; by whom he had one son, Thomas, his successor, who was killed in a duel in 1804, and one daughter, who, in 1792, was married to William, Lord Grenville.—Ed.

† Lady Elizabeth Campbell, third daughter of John Duke of Argyll.

‡ Count Almodovar.

To stifle their clamours, he declared he was the Venetian Resident; and now he has a quarrel on his hands with that Minister for the double scandal.

LETTER CCXCI.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 8, 1778.

As you are so earnest for news, I am concerned when I have not a paragraph to send you. It looks as if distance augmented your apprehensions; for, I assure you, at home we have lost almost all curiosity. Though the two fleets have been so long at sea, and though, before their last *sortie*, one heard nothing but *What news of the fleets?* of late there has been scarcely any inquiry;—and so, the French one is returned to Brest, and ours is coming home.* Admiral Keppel is very unlucky in having missed them, for they had not above twenty-five ships. Letters from Paris say that their camps, too, are to break up at the end of this month: but we do not intend to be the dupes of that *finesse*, if it is one, but shall remain on our guard. One must hope that winter will produce some negotiation; and that peace. Indeed, as war is not declared, I conclude there is always some treating on the anvil; and should it end well, at least this age will have made a step towards humanity in omitting the ceremonial of proclamation, which seems to make it easier to cease being at war. But I am rather making out a proxy for a letter than sending you news. But, you see, even armies of hundred thousands in Germany can execute as little as we; and you must remember what the grand Condé, or the great Prince of Orange,—I forget which,—said, that unmarried girls imagine husbands are always on duty, unmilitary men that soldiers are always fighting. One of the Duke of Marlborough's generals dining with the Lord Mayor, an alderman who sat next to him said, "Sir, yours must be a very laborious profession."—"No," replied the general, "we fight about four hours in the morning, and two or three after dinner, and then we have all the rest of the day to ourselves."

The King has been visiting camps,—and so has Sir William Howe, who, one should think, had had enough of them; and who, one should think too, had not achieved such exploits as should make him fond of parading himself about, or expect many hosannahs. To have taken one town, and retreated from two, is not very glorious in military arithmetic; and to have marched twice to Washington, and returned without attacking him, is no addition to the sum total.

Did I tell you that Mrs. Anne Pitt is returned, and acts great grief for her brother? I suppose she was the dupe of the farce acted by

* After a fruitless search of two months for the enemy, Admiral Keppel returned with his fleet, on the 26th of October, to Portsmouth.—Ed.

the two Houses and the Court, and had not heard that none of them carried on the pantomime even to his burial. Her nephew* gave a little into that mummery even to me; forgetting how much I must remember of his avertion to his uncle. Lord Chatham was a meteor, and a glorious one; people discovered that he was not a genuine luminary, and yet every body in mimickry has been an *ignis fatuus* about him. Why not allow his magnificent enterprises and good-fortune, and confess his defects: instead of being bombast in his praises, and at the same time discover that the amplification is insincere? A Minister who inspires great actions must be a great Minister; and Lord Chatham will always appear so,—by comparison with his predecessors and successors. He retrieved our affairs when ruined by a most incapable Administration; and we are fallen into a worse state since he was removed. Therefore, I doubt posterity will allow more to his merit, than it is the present fashion to accord to it. Our historians have of late been fond of decrying Queen Elizabeth, in order if possible to raise the Stuarts: but great actions surmount foibles; and folly and guilt, would always remain folly and guilt though there had never been a great man or woman in the world. Our modern tragedies, hundreds of them, do not contain a good line; nor are they a jot the better, because Shakspeare, who was superior to all mankind, wrote some whole plays that are as bad as any of our present writers.

I shall be very glad to see your nephew, and talk of you with him; which will be more satisfactory than questioning accidental travellers.

LETTER CCXCII.

Arlington Street Oct. 30, 1778.

Pray allow that I am a miracle of attention, when I have the courage to begin a letter that is, I know, to contain little or nothing, and which is the quintessence of two very long gazettes. We had been amused with a notion that Lord Howe was blocking up M. D'Estaing in Boston, and would certainly take him and his whole fleet. Lest we should build too much on that idea, Lord Howe himself arrived on Monday, having taken nothing but his leave. Being modest he owns that he had no mind to encounter the French squadron. A violent storm solved his difficulties, and dispersed both fleets. The Americans, deprived of thier allies, quitted Rhode Island: and then Sir Harry Clinton raised a contribution of ten thousand sheep and some oxen, which intimates a little want of provisions. However, these escapes have raised our spirits so much that we are going to send twelve thousand men more to America—where they may banquet on mutton. Still, as it is good to have two strings to our

* Mr. Thomas Pitt.

bow, the Governor Johnstone is returned* the two other commissioners remain to make peace,† to which we are told the Americans are disposed; a proof of which is our sending another army thither.

* Governor Johnstone had been charged by the Congress with an attempt to corrupt and bribe General Reed with the sum of ten thousand pounds and a public situation in the colonies; to which offer the General is said to have answered, "that he was not worth purchasing, but, such as he was, the King of Great Britian was not rich enough to do it." In consequence of this, the Congress interdicted all intercourse and correspondence with the Commissioners while Governor Johnstone continued one of them. He therefore resigned, and returned to England. In a letter to George Selwyn, of the 6th of November, Mr. Charles Townshend says, "Governor Johnstone is as mad as a bull. He foams at the mouth, and swears that he will impeach Lord Howe and Sir William for not reducing America. Wedderburn says he talks in a very manly style; and he is much caressed by Ministers, whom he has abused in so coarse a style to the Americans: you may be sure he caresses them in his turn. He puts me in mind of a character of King James I., given by an old Scotch Lord at his accession: 'Ken you an ape! If I'se hold him he will bite you; if you hold him, he will bite me.'"—Selwyn Correspondence, vol. iii. p. 347.—Ed.

† On the 3rd of October, the Commissioners, preparatory to their quitting America for England, published a Manifesto. "Having amply and repeatedly," they said, "made known to the Congress, and having also proclaimed to the inhabitants of North America in general, the benevolent overtures of Great Britain towards a reunion and coalition with her colonies, we do not think it consistent either with the duty we owe to our country, or with a just regard to the characters we bear, to persist in holding out offers which, in our estimation, required only to be known to be most gratefully accepted: and we have accordingly, excepting only the Commander-in-chief, who will be detained by military duties, resolved to return to England a few weeks after the date of this Manifesto and Proclamation." In enclosing a copy to George Selwyn, Lord Carlilse thus speaks of it, and of the country and people he was about to leave: "Tis a sort of last dying speech of the Commission; an effort from which I expect little success; an experiment and duty to our country and ourselves, from which, however, in our circumstances, I fear will originate little public advantage. Our weather is pleasant, and the appearance of the country about us infinitely more beautiful than in summer; for there are some trees, when touched by the night frosts, that have their leaves turned to a bright red, which has a very extraordinary effect among the different shades of green and yellow which predominate in autumn. Every thing is upon a great scale upon this continent. The rivers are immense; the climate violent in heat and cold; the prospects magnificent; the thunder and lightning tremendous. The disorders incident to the country make every constitution tremble. We have nothing on a great scale with us but our blunders, our misconduct, our ruin, our losses, our disgraces and misfortunes, that will mark the reign of a Prince who deserves better treatment and kinder fortunes. Whatever may be our reception at home, I think I have strength of mind enough to stem the torrent, let it set against me with all its fury. I have served my King with zeal and attachment for his government and person. If I had succeeded, my country would have reaped the benefit of my labours; as I have not, I only hope the approbation of the attempt will not be refused me."—Selwyn Correspondence, vol. iii. p. 339. As if this unfortunate Commission was to be distinguished from all others, Lord Carlisle, as chief Commissioner, received, a few days before his departure, a challenge to single combat, from the Marquis de La Fayette, for some harshness of reflection upon the conduct of the French court and nation, which had appeared in one of the public instruments issued by the Commissioners in their political capacity. The proposal, which could only be excused by national levity or the heat of youth, was calmly replied to by the noble Lord: "I confess," he said, "I find it difficult, to return a serious answer. I am solely responsible to my country and King,

Admiral Keppel is returned to Portsmouth, and the Brest squadron is again at sea; taking it by turns to take an airing.

One advantage we certainly have, having taken to the value of two millions in prizes; on the strength of which we shall fling away about double that sum. But we never proposed to be gainers by the war: we had nothing to do, and so we played against ourselves.

The Duke of Queensberry is dead, at fourscore; and leaves a great estate to Lord March, the new Duke. There is a much more melancholy loss, the death of Lord Lincoln.* He was sent abroad at the last gasp, and died two posts from Calais. You know he married one of my cousins, a daughter of Lord Hertford. She is a pretty, sensible, amiable young woman, and passionately fond of him. She returned last night with the body.

I came to town on Monday for a day or two, and have been caught by the gout in my foot; but it is very slight, and with very little pain, so that I hope it will be of short duration. It is amazing what the bootikins have done for me by diminishing the mass of the gout. I have had no fit for nearly two years, and the three last were very inconsiderable. As I have worn the bootikins constantly every night ever since my great fit, it is demonstration how serviceable they are to me at least.

Mrs. Anne Pitt, I hear, is in a very wild way, and they think must be confined. She is not the only one I know that ought to be,—but I hold my peace. Indeed in this country it would be partiality to shut up only one or two here and there.

I make no excuse for being so short. I am tired of lamenting; and still live, I doubt, to see the completion of all the ruin I have foreseen,—and then one has lived too long!

LETTER CCXCIII.

Arlington Street, Nov. 16, 1778.

I THINK I luckily wrote to you just as I was seized with the gout, and told you so. I am sure I have not been able to write since, for I am confined to my bed; and have been above this fortnight with the gout in every hand, elbow, knee, and foot belonging to me, and not one of the eight is yet recovered. This is so terrible a state to suffer, and so tiresome to hear from any body else, that I shall say as little upon it as possible. There is no danger in it: in every other light it is deplorable.

and not to any individual, for my public conduct and language. The injury alluded to is not of a private nature; and I conceive all national disputes will be best decided by the meeting of Admiral Byron and Count d'Estaing."—ED.

* Lord Lincoln was the eldest son of Henry, first Duke of Newcastle. He married, in 1775, Lady Frances Seymour, daughter of the Earl of Hertford.—ED.

This confinement has cost you no news but the loss of Dominica;* and you saw as much of that in the newspaper, at least as I could tell you. I have this moment received yours of the 27th of last month, in which you again petition for good news, that you may silence the impertinent buzzes in your part of the world; but in truth I don't know how you will stop their throats, but by the quantity and richness of the captures made from the French. The King's Speech, I doubt, must have great recourse to the same anodyne. Nothing of consequence has been done anywhere, by fleets or armies; and the notion is, that our own returned commanders are likely to be warmer with one another, than they have been with the enemy; but, indeed, I believe reports of what is to come still less than what is past, neither of which have I for some time seen come to any thing;—then it is not difficult to foresee the consequence.

I am surprised at the Hibernian family you mention being arrived at Florence so soon: you are very welcome to show them as many civilities as you please, and set them down to my account; but do not receive every thing they say of me as coming from the heart. They know your partiality to me, and they mean to pass their time every where as agreeably as they can. For the other lady,† and her daughter Chance, be doubly upon your guard against the mother. There is nothing so black of which she is not capable. Her gallantries are the whitest specks about her.

I have heard nothing of your nephew's arrival; but shall be very impatient when he does come to see him as soon as I can see any body. I shall long to hear his account of you, and good accounts of you; at least, I shall not hear that you are little more than a mummy, as I am. Adieu!

LETTER CCXCIV.

Arlington Street, Nov. 27, 1778.

In my present situation, lying on a couch in my bed-chamber, with not a single limb free but my left hand, I certainly did not expect any singular pleasure to-day; and yet I had the great and unexpected one of seeing your nephew, who, though another, is a true Sir Horace. He had called here a few days ago, when I was able to see scarcely anybody; and, not being expected, he was not admitted. I was heartily chagrined, and did not know whither to send to

* The island of Dominica was taken, on the 7th of September, by the Marquis de Bouille, Governor-General of Martinico.—Ed.

† Elizabeth Drax, Countess-Dowager of Berkeley, afterwards married to Robert Nugent, Esq., since created Earl of Clare. During her latter marriage she had two daughters, the younger of whom Mr. Mugent disavowed for his. The elder was married to the second Earl Temple.

him. He was so kind as to come again to-day, when you may be sure he was not refused. As I can only dictate, I must retrench a thousand things I would say; but one word will paint my contentment with him. He loves you as much as he would have loved his father, if he had known him as well. Indeed, it is the same thing; as I told him, there were two you's or two he's. Your nephew says he would not but visit you every year for the world, which you may be sure I did not discourage; though I must naturally wish just the reverse, *i. e.* that you should visit him, at least for once. He tells me you are very plump and portly, and in most admirable health. Poor young man! he had a little gout in one foot, and I presented but a sad perspective to him. But I begged him not to bring the gout into his stomach, by being persuaded to keep it out by strong wines. Though I have been so often afflicted by severe fits for these twenty years, I never had it but one-half hour in my head, and never once in my stomach. In this fit, though I kept my bed within three days of a month, perspired immoderately and almost constantly, yet I drank nothing but cold water the whole time; and every morning, as soon as I wake, have my face and neck washed with cold water. No fit ever came so rapidly and regularly, nor went off more kindly—thanks to the bootikins, and to cold water and air; which two last, I am persuaded by long experience, will never hurt *me*, though very likely my system would kill a Hercules, who all his life kept a fiery furnace in his stomach. For your nephew, he seems to have acquired the only thing he wanted, and which was very excusable to want at his age,—prudence. And he feels it still more on your account than his own.

I beg the nation's, but not your pardon, for indulging myself in giving the precedence to your nephew.—Now for the other.

Our Parliament opened yesterday. The Speech did not display very promising prospects, but the debates and events in neither House were remarkable: prodigious bickerings were expected between generals, admirals, commissioners, and ministers; but some of the points in contestation were alone touched, and nothing probed, though probably only deferred.

It is said and believed, that Sir Harry Clinton had embarked a body of troops for our West Indian islands, but has disembarked them again; so, the merchants concerned in those islands are in the highest alarms. Spain, I doubt, grows less and less to be depended upon; and the French party in Holland have carried some strong questions against our seizure of their ships, though we have offered reasonable indemnification. In short, I have neither good news nor good prognostics to send you. All these things are public; and secrets I should not utter even to you at this distance, if I knew any.

You shall hear again as soon as I am able to write, or sooner, if there is any thing material to send you. Your nephew will help me out; though in the hurry of a fresh arrival, and with his attendance

on Parliament, you cannot justly expect him to be very punctual at first, till he is got *en train:* however, I am sure his heart will not let him be remiss.* Adieu!

LETTER CCXCV.

Arlington Street, Dec. 18, 1778.

Having so many lonely vacant hours (if pain leaves vacancy,) I should seem unpardonable in having left such a chasm in our correspondence, when I know you are extremely impatient for news. Solitary hours, to be sure, I have had innumerable, even in my best intervals; for fashion has pushed the day so far into the night, that I have been forced to conform my sick regularity a little to the watches of the town, and dine later than I choose, or dine in public; for nobody will make me a morning's visit before two in the afternoon, nor leave me to go home to dress for dinner before four. They come not again till eight or nine at night when they would keep me out of bed till twelve, if I would let them.

But I have had more grievous reasons for not writing; though free from pain for this week, I have not yet at all recovered the use of my right hand. But I have had a more serious and more dangerous complaint, and the consequence of my gout; such a weakness in my breast, that an inflammation on it was apprehended, and I was absolutely forbidden to see company, or even speak, which I must do to dictate. This codicil to my gout, I confess, was owing to this my second childhood; in short, my spirits ran away with me, and I talked without ceasing. Even a child is cunning enough to make excuses: mine was, that I could have gone about the town for three days without speaking three words, for I might not have met with three persons to whom I wished to speak; but in my own room, where I see nobody but those I choose to see, and many friends whom I had not seen for six months, one must have the continent tongue of Lord Abercorn† to be silent. Well! I am recovered of that danger, and am recovering of all the rest; and you shall hear no more of me, who am not politics, which are what you want to know.

Of them I know not what to write. The Parliament is unshaken, though it has had rough concussions. The rash proclamation‡ in America alarmed much, and I fear will have bitter consequences: but all is swallowed up by the new court-martial on Admiral Keppel; as rash an act in its kind, and the deed, it is said, of that black man, Sir Hugh Palliser alone.§ Its consequences may be many, various,

* Sir Horace Mann the younger was member for Maidstone.—Ed.

† James Hamilton, eighth Earl of Abercorn, remarkable for his taciturnity.

‡ The Manifesto of the Commissioners, referred to at p. 80.

§ The court-martial was ordered for the 7th of January. On receiving the notice, Admiral Keppel repaired to the House of Commons, where Mr. Temple

and fatal; but I neither love to foresee, nor to spread misfortunes of my country, when my letter must pass through the ordeal of as many hostile post-houses as formerly galant ladies passed over burning plough-shares.—Let us talk rather of *galant* ladies—but no, I hate scandal; and, besides, our greatest dames are no longer galant, but errant street-walkers, and I have never promised to send you the register of Doctors' Commons: our news-writers are the proper secretaries of that tribunal, and can scarcely outstrip the truth.

What I have long apprehended is on the point of conclusion, the sale of the pictures at Houghton: the mad master has sent his final demand of forty-five thousand pounds for them to the Empress of Russia, at the same time that he has been what he calls improving the outside of the house; *basta!* Thus end all my visions about Houghton, which I never will *see*, though I must go thither at last; nor, if I can help it, think of more.

Your old acquaintance, Mr. Worseley,* is dead, and in a shocking way to us moderns, though *à la Romaine*: he had such dreadful internal complaints, that he determined to starve himself, and for the four last days tasted exactly nothing.

My newly recovered voice will not permit me to dictate: your nephew and the newspaper can tell you as much more as I could. If I have any judgment, which I doubt, the tragedy is coming rather to the fifth act than to the conclusion. Hitherto the drama has been carried on by relation, or—behind the scenes; now the *dénoument* may be on the stage. Adieu! I am quite tired.

Lattrell moved an address to the King, praying him to order a court-martial on Sir Hugh Palliser. Upon this, Sir Hugh rose, and with much acrimony attacked the Admiral's conduct; who, in answer, professed his readiness to meet inquiry. "Thank God," he said, "I am not the accuser, but the accused. I was called to serve my country at a very critical period; I have performed my duty to the best of my abilities, and whatever the issue may be, I have one consolation, that I have acted strictly to the best of my judgment." He was greeted with the loudest applause, and retired from the House, accompanied by a large body of the members. In consequence of Admiral Keppel's bad state of health, a bill was brought in to allow the court-martial to be held on shore. It passed the Commons without opposition, but was opposed in the Lords by Lord Thurlow, on the plea that the Admiral's bad state of health had not been proved. Upon which, the Marquis of Rockingham observed, "that he had seen him the other evening leave the House of Commons, with a glory of conscious innocence around his head: no person could have quitted it with more seeming celerity, strength, dignity, and manly vigour; yet he dined with him the same evening, and such was the strange precariousness and vicissitude of his spirits, though only an hour elapsed since he saw him leave the House of Commons, that he took half an hour to get up from the ground-floor to the dining-room, being in the interim afflicted with the severest pains from cramp in both his legs." See the very able and interesting "Life of Viscount Keppel," by the Hon. and Rev. Thomas Keppel, vol. ii. p. 83.—Ed.

* James Worseley, Master of the Board of Works.

LETTER CCXCVI.

Strawberry Hill, Jan. 5, 1779.

Old women—our only remaining prophets, except the Opposition and a little common sense,—prognosticate great woes for the coming year, from the omens of its first day. A tempest at the instant of the new year made terrible havoc of tiles, chimneys, and trees; and at night great part of Greenwich Hospital was burnt. I doubt casualties will not be the sole completion of the augury. There is actually great apprehension for Jamaica, or, at least, some of the West Indian Islands. I believe there are no eggs laid for achievements on our side, but some for discontent. The trial of Admiral Keppel is most unpopular, especially with his own profession. Lord Hawke and eleven other Admirals have presented to the King a remonstrance against the precedent, on the lateness of the complaint, on the impropriety of it as subjecting Commanders-in-chief to the uncertainty of opinion, and on the precipitation of the Admiralty in ordering the trial. A draught of the Remonstrance was shown to Mr. Keppel himself; he tore it, and desired it might not be presented. This did him great honour, but did not prevent the delivery.* I should think the Parliament would meet again in cloudy weather, though they may vote it is fair.

I came hither on New Year's Day to try change of weather, as I mend very slowly, or not at all. In truth, I expect but little melioration. My natural weakness, with so many attacks, so much gout in my constitution, and sixty one—no elastic age, make me conclude that I shall not pass much of my remaining time out of my own houses. It is a doom I shall not struggle with: I have no idea of forcing a helpless skeleton upon other people, nor can see myself but what I am. It seems strange to me that so many decrepit cardinals should have accepted the tiara, when they were as likely to be buried as crowned.

I shall carry this letter to town with me to-morrow, and add any news, if I hear any, before Friday. I might, from the little I had to say, have waited till the Parliament met next week; but it seems as if I had not written to you for some time. Your nephew, I conclude, is out of town, for I have seen him but the once I told you. But I am still more impatient to hear from you again, as your last left you with remains of fever. I know you are not rash, and know how to manage yourself in fevers; but you have not good Dr. Cocchi to watch you, and I have no opinion of Italian Galens. I think, too, that there was low-spirited accent in your style, but trust

* The conduct of the Admiralty in appointing the court-martial gave the highest disgust to all ranks in the navy. Twelve British Admirals, at the head of whom was Keppel's old commander, the veteran Hawke, drew up a memorial, which was presented to the King by the Duke of Bolton.—Ed.

it was the effect of the times. I impute to that habit an expression, which though the effusion of your friendship and tenderness for me, I must reclaim against. You say, you *love* and *adore* me. Jesus! my dear sir! What an object of adoration! You put me in mind of what I have read in some traveller, who, viewing some Indian temple that blazed with gold and jewels, was at last introduced into the *sanctum sanctorum*, where behind the veil sat the object of worship—an old baboon! and, perhaps, poor pug's inside, as well as out, was fairer than mine.

8th.

I have no news to add: all eyes are now on Portsmouth, where the trial began yesterday. Prudence is not gone thither, nor had any hand in the business: but she has been out of fashion for some time; and her mimic, Cunning, does not act her part with success. Adieu!

LETTER CCXCVII.

Jan. 29, 1779.

Suspense still! The court martial continues, and every thing respectfully awaits its determination: even France and America seem to lie upon their oars till the oracle at Portsmouth has pronounced.* The response, however, is not likely to be ambiguous. There has been such juggling to warp the judgment of the priests of Neptune; and the frauds have been so openly detected, and salt water Flamens are so boisterous when they can see through an imposition; that Palliser and his accomplices, high and low, will probably rue the tempest they have brewed. I hinted in my last that there is a man,† whom you once knew well, that prefers cunning to prudence: he will not exult in the choice he has made. The Duke of Marlborough and Lord Pembroke declare against the First Lord of the Admiralty; the second is expected to be less out of humour with the Court-martial than with being denied the Mastership of the Horse; but, when a tide turns, it sweeps many along with it. I will say no more of politics; the horizon does not clear—but I have no events to tell you. I write only to amuse your impatience.

Garrick is dead; not a public loss, for he had quitted the stage.‡

* Gibbon, writing at this time to Mr. Holroyd, says, "Portsmouth is no longer an object of speculation. The whole stream of all men and all parties runs one way. Sir Hugh is disgraced, ruined, &c. In a night or two we shall be in a blaze of illumination, from the zeal of naval heroes, land patriots, and tallow-chandlers; the last are not the least sincere."—Ed.

† Lord Sandwich, First Lord of the Admiralty.

‡ David Garrick died on the 20th of January, at his house on the Adelphi Terrace, in the sixty-third year of his age. His widow survived him forty-three years, and died in 1822, in her ninety-ninth year. Dr. Johnson pays the following high

He is to be buried on Monday in great ceremony in Westminster Abbey;* but not having been so attentive to worldly riches as Lord Chatham, his family will not be provided for by Parliament. They had both great merit in their different walks, and were both good actors; but we are Athenians enough to be full as fond of the stage as of the State. Both, at present, are a little in want of a genius.

There is a report that the poor simple Lord Maynard† has shot himself at Naples—is it true? The Duke of Dorset is almost in as bad a scrape as if *he* had married Lady Maynard. He is waiting for a Duchess till Lady Derby‡ is divorced. He would not marry her before Lord Derby did, and now is forced to take her, when he himself has made her a very bad match. A quarter of our Peeresses will have been wives of half our living Peers.

You must be content with these brief letters, while I write for your satisfaction rather than for your information. I am recovered enough to go to a few places; but I do not, nor can expect to mend so fast as when younger.

tribute to the memory of the great actor, in the concluding passage of his Life of Edmund Smith, the Poet: "At this man's table I enjoyed many cheerful and instructive hours, with companions such as are not often found; with one who has lengthened, and one who has gladdened life; with Dr. James, whose skill in physic will be long remembered, and with David Garrick, whom I hoped to have gratified with this character of our common friend; but what are the hopes of man! I am disappointed by this stroke of death, which has eclipsed the gaiety of nations, and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasures."—Ed.

* Hannah More, in a letter to her sister, gives the following striking account of Garrick's interment: "The bell of St. Martin's and the Abbey gave a sound that smote upon my very soul. We were put into a little gallery directly over the grave, where we could see and hear every thing as distinctly as if the Abbey had been a parlour. We were no sooner recovered from the first burst of grief, than I cast my eyes, the first thing on Handel's monument and read the scroll in his hand, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.' Just at three the great doors burst open with a noise that shook the roof; the organ struck up, and the whole choir, in strains only less solemn than the 'archangel's trump,' began Handel's fine anthem. The whole choir advanced to the grave, in hoods and surplices, singing all the way; then Sheridan, as chief mourner; then the body, (alas! whose body?) with ten noblemen and gentlemen pall-bearers; then the rest of the friends and mourners; hardly a dry eye—the very players, bred to the trade of counterfeiting, shed genuine tears. As soon as the body was let down, the Bishop began the service, which he read in a low, but solemn and devout manner. Such an awful stillness reigned, that every word was audible. How I felt it! Judge if my heart did not assent to the wish, that the soul of our dear brother now departed was in peace. And this is all of Garrick! Yet a little while and he shall say to the worm, 'Thou art my brother;' and to corruption, 'Thou art my mother and my sister.' So passes away the fashion of this world."—Life, vol. i. p. 157.—Ed.

† He had married the well-known Nancy Parsons, who had been kept by the Dukes of Grafton, Dorset, &c.; but it was not true that he had killed himself.

‡ Lady Elizabeth Hamilton. The divorce did not take place.

LETTER CCXCVIII.

Arlington Street, Feb. 11, 1779.

I am only getting ready this letter for to-morrow, when it is to set out with the full triumph of Admiral Keppel, which is expected in town to-night from Portsmouth. The fronts of several houses are already decorated with lamps, and, as soon as the courier arrives, I suppose the whole town will be in a blaze—I hope, only of light; but, when a mob expresses its joy, one may always fear lest it should mistake mischief for merriment. The guards are ordered to be doubled: I fancy, a few of them will not be far from the Admiralty.*

The good people of Edinburgh have set but an ugly example. There has been a serious insurrection against the Papists, and two mass-houses were burnt; and the Provost quieted the tumult only by promising that the toleration of Popery should not be extended to Scotland. This will be agreeable news to the Americans, who did not expect to see the Administration reproved by Scots.

You will not be agitated by popular rumours. If I repeat them to you, it is, that if any thing should happen, you may not be surprised. In a word, some changes at least are expected, particularly in the Admiralty, the rudder of which, it is said, has been offered to Lord Howe,—some say, and refused by him; others, that he objected to Lord George Germain; and others, that he demands an inquiry on himself and his brother. Lord Suffolk is certainly to retire on the plea of infirmity, which is a reason why he should not come into place; and Lord Buckingham is to quit Ireland, and, I believe, is allowed to say, at his own request too—he also might have had an earlier plea:—in short, difficulties at present are more plentiful than recources. *Per contra*, Spain is said to have offered us her mediation, and to have it accepted. Yesterday I heard that the Duke of Medina Sidonia had actually set out for Paris on that errand, but was dead on the road. The want of a successor will not be an impediment, if there is no other.

This minute I receive your tender letter of the 16th of last month: but pray, my dear sir, be easy about me; I am as much recovered as probably I shall be. I go out, and walk tolerably with a cane. To be sure, another severe fit may confine me at home; but, as I do not indulge distant hopes, why should I disturb myself with future fears? I have patience and submission, and they are at least as potent as care. Of every thing I make the best I can. Immediate vexations one cannot easily divert; but gloomy thoughts that are resident, and return only when the mind is vacant, I remove by any amusement that offers. This is my case about my nephew and Houghton. I forget them as fast as possible, though I own they frequently return. It is very true, I did desire the pictures should be sold, as I preferred

* Lord Sandwich, Keppel's enemy, was First Lord of the Admiralty.

his paying his grandfather's and father's debts to false splendour; but that is not the case now. As he is not legally obliged, he does not think of acquitting his father's debts; and, as he has compounded his grandfather's unsatisfied debts for fifteen thousand pounds, he does not want forty thousand. In short, I am persuaded that the villainous crew about him, knowing they could not make away clandestinely with the collection in case of his death, prefer money they can easily appropriate to themselves. Whether the price affixed is adequate, or too low, is difficult to say. Imaginary value depends on circumstances and times. I once should have thought forty thousand pounds a high price: the whole collection made by my father, of which there have already been three sales, cost but that sum. Five years ago, with the opulence and rage for *virtù*, they would have produced more. At present, not so much. Last night I heard the bargain is not concluded. Cipriani was desired to value them, and has called in West. To be sure, I should wish they were rather sold to the Crown of England than to that of Russia, where they will be burnt in a wooden palace on the first insurrection: here they would be still Sir Robert Walpole's collection. But my grief is that they are not to remain at Houghton, where he placed them, and wished them to remain. Pride and pity leave me but that desire.

At midnight.

I am this moment come in, and may as well write to you as to go to bed; for it is impossible to sleep, from the noise of squibs and crackers. The sentence arrived at half-an-hour after nine, and in two hours the whole town was illuminated.* I drove with two la-

* No sooner was it known that Admiral Keppel was fully and honourably acquitted, than a general illumination took place: Sir Joshua Reynolds, in a letter to the Admiral, says—"They were universal, I believe, without the exception of a single house. Poor Sir Hugh's house in Pall Mall was entirely gutted, and its contents burnt in St. James's Square, in spite of a large party of horse and foot, who came to protect it. Lord North and Lord Bute had their windows broke. The Admiralty gates were unhinged. To-night, I hear, Sir Hugh is to be burnt in effigy before your door. I have taken the liberty to lend your picture to an engraver to make a large print from it." From the following passage in Mr. Burke's "Letter to a Noble Lord," it will be seen, that this picture had been presented to him by the Admiral at Portsmouth: "It was but the other day, that, in putting in order some things, I looked over a number of fine portraits, most of them of persons now dead, but whose society, in my better days, made this a proud and happy place. Amongst them was the picture of Lord Keppel. It was painted by an artist worthy of the subject, the excellent friend of that excellent man from their earliest youth, and a common friend of us both, with whom we lived for many years without a moment of coldness, of peevishness, of jealousy, or of jar, to the day of our final separation. I ever looked upon Lord Keppel as one of the greatest and best men of his age; and I loved and cultivated him accordingly. He was much in my heart, and I believe I was in his to the very last beat. It was at his trial at Portsmouth that he gave me this picture. With what zeal and anxious affection I attended him through his agony of glory; what part my son took in the early flush and enthusiasm of his virtue, and the pious passion with which he attached himself to all my connexions; with what prodigality we both squandered ourselves in courting almost every sort of enmity for his sake; I believe he felt, just as I should have felt, such friendship

dies from Grosvenor Square to Spring Garden, to wish old Lady Albemarle* joy. She had just been blooded, for she is seventy-five, but you may imagine was in happy spirits; for the Sentence is as honourable as possible, and terms the accusation unfounded and malicious in every article. Palliser escaped from Portsmouth this morning at five, and arrived in a hired post-chaise at the Admiralty; but was known as he entered, and was pulled by the populace by the coat, but got in safe. We passed twice by his house in Pall Mall just now, and found a mob before it, but a strong guard of soldiers and constables. The people have not been riotous yet: but as they are flinging squibs, and the streets are full, there will be accidents, if no determined mischief. I hope to-morrow morning to hear that the night has passed quietly, which will be to the honour of the Opposition. The Opposition in my father's time were not of so harmless a complexion; but as he was guiltless, which is known and allowed now, malevolence could only keep up a spirit against him by clamour. But, good night! I will reserve the rest of my paper for to-morrow.

Friday morn, 12th.

My servants who have been out this morning, tell me that about three o'clock the mob forced their way into Palliser's house, in spite of the guards, and demolished every thing in it; and that they broke the windows of Lord George Germain and of Lord North, and that

on such occasion."—It may not be improper to add, that the counsel employed by Admiral Keppel were, Mr. Dunning, Mr. Lee—and the Hon. Thomas Erskine; who finding neither the naval nor military service congenial to his taste, had, only in the Trinity term of the preceding year, been called to the bar. As a mark of the high sense he entertained of the zeal and indefatigable industry shown by Mr. Erskine upon this occasion, the Admiral enclosed him two bank-notes of five hundred pounds each. The future Lord Chancellor of England called in Audley Square, to acknowledge the receipt of them; but, not finding Admiral Keppel at home, he wrote a note in the porter's hall, which it would be an act of injustice to his memory not to subjoin:—"You must, no doubt, my dear Sir, have been very much surprised at receiving no answer to your most generous letter; but I trust you are well enough acquainted with my temper and feelings to find out the reason, and to pardon me. I was, indeed, altogether unable to answer it. I could not submit to do injustice to my gratitude and affection, and was therefore obliged to be silent till I could wait upon you in person; and, having missed you, must be silent still. I shall, therefore, only say, that the generous present you have sent me is out of all kind of bounds and measure, even if the occasion had afforded an opportunity of rendering them; how much the more when your own ability and the absurdity of the occasion wholly disappointed my zeal! At all events, the honour of attending Admiral Keppel would have been in itself a most ample reward; an honour which, whatever my future fortunes may be, I shall ever consider as the brightest and happiest in my life, and which my childrens' children will hereafter claim as an inheritance. I do most sincerely pray God that every blessing may attend you, and that you may be spared for the protection of a country which has proved itself worthy of protection. My heart must ever be with you." Lord Keppel's Life, vol. ii. p. 218.—Ed.

* Lady Anne Lennox, youngest daughter of Charles Lennox first Duke of Richmond, widow of William-Anne second Earl of Albemarle, mother of George third Earl, and of Admiral Augustus Keppel.

several of the rioters are taken up. How wise in an unsuccessful Administration to have commenced accusation!

You talk of skating on the Arno—it is hot enough here to bathe in the Thames. I was literally forced to throw off the quilt of my bed the night before last—the women are afraid of an earthquake. I will write again soon, for I think there will be matter.

P.S. The mob entirely gutted Sir Hugh Palliser's house but the furniture had been removed.

LETTER CCXCIX.

Arlington Street, Feb. 18, 1779.

I PROMISED you a sequel to my history of illuminations, and here it is. They were repeated on Friday night, the 12th; and were more universal than on the preceding evening, but without the least disorder or riot.* The day before yesterday the Admiral himself arrived, as privately as he could; but at night all Westminster was again lighted up and part of the City, and guns and crackers were fired till morning, and yet no mischief done. The two houses have voted compliments to him,† and the City its freedom. Palliser has resigned his seat at the Admiralty,‡ and vacated that in Parliament for fear of being expelled. He has demanded a trial; but the Admiralty is accused of being less eager to order it than they were that of Keppel. The latter had not been at Court yesterday, nor in the House; but there have been motions in both Houses leading to the attack on Lord Sandwich. It is not known whether he will be removed or not. The town believes there have been negotiations with the Opposition, but that the terms offered were not satisfactory. I assert so little, that I shall certainly draw you into no rash credulity. Were you here, you might believe twenty false reports every hour. It is not always the case of persons at a distance to be the best informed; but you have a very cautious historian.

I shall reserve the rest of my paper till to-morrow; for, though I send you nothing but facts, every day may produce some event at present. The times have a bag of eggs like a pullet.

19th.

The Admiral was at the House yesterday, when the Speaker harangued him in a fine oration, they say; to which he made a very

* Many gentlemen of rank took part in these rejoicings. Mr. Pitt is said to have assisted in breaking windows, and the young Duke of Ancaster was actually taken amongst the rioters, and passed the night in the watch-house.—ED.

† In the Lords, the vote of thanks was moved by the Marquis of Rockingham, and seconded by the Duke of Bolton; in the Commons by Colonel Barré, who was seconded by Sir George Savile.—ED.

‡ Admiral Mann was appointed to fill the vacant situation.—ED.

modest and pathetic answer.* To-morrow he is to be congratulated and banqueted by the City, on which, I hear, we are again to be illuminated; but I am tired of crackers, and shall go quietly to Strawberry. There was to be a motion in the Commons to-day for addressing the King to remove Palliser from his other posts of General of the Marines and Governor of Scarborough;† but I shall know the result before the post is gone out, and must refer you to the newspapers.

The French will not like the *éclaircissement* of the Court-martial, by which it is clear they were beaten and fled. The City, which does not haggle, has expressed this a little grossly in their address to Keppel.‡ I do not love exultation. There is no grace but in silent victory. Our insults to the Americans at the outset of the war were not in the character of this country; and double the shame on those who have certainly not been victorious over them! The authors of the war have made a woful figure from the beginning to this day!

LETTER CCC.

Feb. 25, 1779.

Your veritable nephew brought me, yesterday, your letter of the 6th, which came by the courier, and he has just sent me a message that your servant is to set out on his return at three o'clock. It is now noon, and I am expecting a person on business, so that I shall have but a minute to write.

My last letters have hinted at the disgraces Lord Sandwich's artifices have brought on the Court by the absurd persecution of Admiral Keppel. It was very nearly overturning the Administration; and the Chancellor, Lord Weymouth, and the Paymaster,§ (a little faction of themselves,) would have tumbled the rest down, could they have offered enough to content the Opposition. I think the present system will hold together something longer, though their credit is much shaken. The Opposition is not very able, the session is far advanced, and a little success has arrived to prop them. St. Lucia is taken, secures St. Vincent's, and, if Byron joins that expedition unhurt by D'Estaing, the West Indies will be saved. These are "Ifs;" but yet more than the Ministers have had for some time. The other expedition to Georgia has prospered too, but is too small, and with the winter

* After making it, the Admiral was so overcome by that extreme sensibility that characterized him, that he immediately retired from the House.—Ed.

† A motion was made on the following day, by Mr. Fox, for the dismissal of Sir Hugh Palliser from all his military employments; but on his being informed, by Lord North, that Sir Hugh had resigned the above situations, and was to be tried by a court-martial, Mr. Fox consented to withdraw it.—Ed.

‡ The Address stated, "that the spirit and intrepidity of our officers and seamen had conveyed terror to our enemies, and obliged them to seek shelter in their own ports by an ignominious flight."—Ed.

§ Mr. Rigby.

to struggle through, to be of much consequence: and you see we have not as yet sent a man to America of late, nor can get a thousand. In short, what I would not mention but by your own courier, nothing can be more deplorable than our prospect. It was but yesterday Lord North could tell the House he had got the money on the loan, and is happy to get it under eight per cent. Then the new taxes are to come, and new discontent; the ill-humour certainly rises very little in proportion to the distresses; yet even that has a bad cause—the indifference and dissipation of the whole country. I fear it must be some great blow that will rouse us. I doubt whether the French will think of Minorca. Our greatest felicity is, that they seem to have *thought* as little as we. Is it credible that they should have attempted nothing? The war hitherto has been a war of privateering, in which France has suffered most. In one word, the backwardness of Spain has saved us. Their junction with France had given the finishing blow.

This is but a sketch, and as much as I have time to tell you. I do not say so much, nor any thing to your nephew that might give him an impression that might recoil on you. Indeed, I do but look on and lament the fall of England. Easy I am so far, that the ill-success of the American war has saved us from slavery—in truth, I am content that liberty will exist any where, and amongst Englishmen, even 'cross the Atlantic. The Scots, who planned our chains, have, as formerly, given the Court some heart-aches, and would be the first to give more if the tide should turn. I think the King will support Sandwich still; though the load on him is heavy. Admiral Keppel has behaved with much decency, and more temper than could be expected. There was more riot on Saturday, when he dined in the City, and much fracture of windows; but it is generally believed that the Court hired the mob, to make the other side sick of rejoicing. The Admiral has declined another dinner, with the West India merchants, to prevent more tumult;* and, now St. Lucia is taken, I believe they are glad to be rid of him.

This is enough for a comment on my late letters. You know, I never shift my principles with times.† The times, alas! have shifted their principles; but I am interrupted, and must seal my letter, lest it be too late.

* "I cannot," said the Admiral, in his letter to the chairman of the West India Company, in which he declined this invitation, "but be proud of the demonstrations of joy so generally expressed; yet I should feel myself much reprehensible, if I afforded a pretence to any to say that I encouraged any excesses at a late hour of the night, which tend to alarm and disturb the quiet of the town; and I can truly say that I did all in my power to prevent the last instance of it."—Ed.

† "Manners with fortunes, humours turn with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times."—Pope.

LETTER CCCI.

Arlington Street, March 9th, 1779.

There has been a moment in which the scales have been more equally balanced than for some years; but the fluctuation has not lasted a week. On Wednesday, the Opposition in the House of Commons mounted to 170, and the Majority sunk to 34. Yesterday, though the former mustered four more votes, the Administration rejected the motion by a majority of 72. The questions both days related to the Fleet.* Yesterday Admiral Keppel and Lord Howe declared they could not serve under the present Ministers; yet I think the latter will stand their ground, even to Lord Sandwich, though the general opinion is that he will have the Seals, which Lord Suffolk's death has vacated.† He died at the Bath on Saturday, whither he was but just arrived in a desperate state. His death is no blow but to his family. Seldom was he able to do any business; and had no talents when he could.

While I am writing to you, I am wishing for some member of the House of Commons to come in, to give me an account of your nephew; for one of the morning papers says he spoke yesterday for the Court; and, though I am persuaded well, I want to be told so; and, as I dine abroad, I am at least as eager to be able to tell you so, and am afraid of not knowing it in time. I did write to you by your courier, but believe he did not set out by some days so soon as I expected; however, he must arrive before this.

We have, undoubtedly, made a great number of French prises; and D'Estaing, in particular, has made a woful figure. They say at Paris, that, if ever he is Marshal of France, "au moins son bâton ne sera pas du bois de Sainte Lucie." There do not seem to spring many heroes out of this war on either side. Fame has shut her temple, too, in Germany: yet I think both the Emperor and King of Prussia have some claim on history; the latter by clipping Cæsar's soaring wings, and Cæsar by having kept so old and so able a professor at bay for a whole campaign. Still the professor has carried a great point by having linked his interests with those of the Empire. The gratitude of those princes might soon wear out; but it is their interest to maintain a great, though new, power, that can balance the House of Austria.

We have no private news of any sort. As, by your desire, I write more frequently than formerly, you must be content with shorter letters; for distance and absence deprive us of the little incidents of com-

* Both the motions were made by Mr. Fox. The first was a motion of censure on the Admiralty, in sending out Admiral Keppel with too small a force; the second related to the state of the navy on the breaking out of the war with France. The first division was a most unusual one on the side of the minority. During the debate, Lord North is said to have showed a degree of passion and vehemence not at all customary with him.—Ed.

† The vacancy occasioned by the death of the Earl of Suffolk was not filled up till October; when Lord Stormont was appointed one of the principal Secretaries of State.—Ed.

mon correspondence. I am forced to write to you of such events only as one would write to posterity. One cannot say, "I dined with such a person yesterday," when the letter is to be a fortnight on the road; still less when you know nothing of my Lord or Mr. Such-an-one, whom I should mention.

Your nephew desired me to give him a list of pamphlets for you; I told him, as is true, that there is scarcely any such thing. The pamphleteers now vent themselves in quotidian letters in the newspapers. Formerly you know, there were only weekly essays in a Fog's Journal or Craftsman: at present every morning paper has one page of political invective at least, and so coarse, that they would be as sour as vinegar before they reached Florence: you would *cross* yourself at reading them.

I asked you about a report of Lord Maynard's sudden death. We know it was false, and that his wife, who has always some fascinating power, has established herself at the Court of Naples, by dispensing James's. They say she is universally visited, except by those English prudes, the Countesses of Berkeley and Orford. I should not wonder if the former was to dethrone Lady Maynard by distributing Keyser's pills.*

P.S. I kept my letter open to the last minute, and am now vexed to tell you that the Public Advertiser misled me. Your nephew did speak yesterday and very well; but not for the Administration.† It surprises me much; for the last time I saw him, not a fortnight ago, his language was very different, as it was before Christmas; and I told you how much I encouraged him in those sentiments on your account; not that I think any man could be so unjust as to impute his deviations to you, who would be the last man upon earth to instil opposition into him. I hope he has no such intention, and that this sally will have no suite. It would be impossible for me, and so out of character that it would have no weight, to argue with him, when I have ever so totally condemned the American war, which has undone us; but I shall entreat him not to frequent the House, and to return to you, rather than to act a part that would be unpleasing to you. I think if, in your gentle way, you lamented yourself to him, his congenial nature would be more struck than even if he had not acted contrary to your wishes. I have not time to say a word more —but do not torment yourself. Trust to your own merit; and, if your modesty is too great for that, call in philosophy, that is a real comforter when coupled with the consciousness of having done our duty.

* For the cure of a disgusting disease.

† Though Sir Horace Mann, the younger, had voted against Mr. Fox's motion on the third instant, for a censure on the conduct of the Admiralty, he said he felt himself bound to give his full assent to an inquiry into the state of the Navy; seeing that the facts stated in the motion were matters of public notoriety, as well known without the house as within.—Ed.

LETTER CCCII.

Arlington Street, March 22, 1779.

If your representative dignity is impaired westward, you may add to your eastern titles those of "Rose of India" and "Pearl of Pondicherry."* The latter gem is now set in one of the vacant sockets of the British diadem.

I have nothing to subjoin to this high-flown paragraph, that will at all keep pace with the majesty of it. I should have left to the gazette to wish you joy, nor have begun a new letter without more materials, if I did not fear you would be still uneasy about your nephew. I hear he has, *since his parenthesis*, voted again with the Court;† therefore he has probably not taken a new *part*, but only made a Pindaric transition on a particular question. I have seen him but twice since his arrival, and from both those visits I had no reason to expect he would act differently from what you wished. Perhaps it may never happen again. I go so little into the world, that I don't at all know what company he frequents. He talked so reasonably and tenderly with regard to you, that I shall be much deceived if he often gives you any inquietude.

The place of Secretary of State is not replenished yet. Several different successors have been talked of. At least, at present, there is little chance of its being supplied by the Opposition. Their numbers have fallen off again, though they are more alert than they used to be. I do not love to foretell, because no Elijah left me his mantle, in which it seems the gift of prophecy resides; and, if I see clouds gathering, I less care to announce their contents to foreign post-offices. On the other hand, it is no secret, nor one to disguise if it were, that the French trade must suffer immensely by our captures.

Private news I know none. The Bishops are trying to put a stop to one staple commodity of that kind, Adultery.‡ I do not suppose

* After a most gallant defence by M. de Bellecombe, Pondicherry capitulated to the conjunct British forces under the command of Major-General Monroe and Sir Edward Vernon, on the 17th of October, 1778.—Ed.

† This was on Mr. Dunning's motion, on the 15th, condemnatory of the Board of Admiralty, in so immediately directing a court-martial upon Admiral Keppel. In the course of this debate Mr. Fox declared, "that the man, the Earl of Sandwich (he named him,) who deprived the country of two of her bravest Admirals, Keppel and Howe, was a greater traitor to the nation than the man who, last year, set fire to the dock-yards."—Ed.

‡ The object of this bill was to discourage the crime of adultery, by fixing a brand of infamy on the adulteress, that might operate as a terror upon the mind. It was introduced by Dr. Shute Barrington, Bishop of Llandaff; who stated, that as many divorces had occurred in the seventeen years of his Majesty's reign, as had taken place during the whole recorded history of the country. The bill passed the Lords, but was strongly opposed in the Commons by Mr. Fox, and thrown out by a majority of 51 against 40. In announcing the result to George Selwyn, Mr. Hare thus writes, "Charles Fox made a very fine speech, abounding in excellent morality. We are all beggars at Brookes's, and he threatens to leave the house, as it yields him no profit."—Ed.

that they expect to lessen it; but, to be sure, it was grown to a sauciness that did call for a decenter veil. I do not think they have found out a good cure; and I am of opinion, too, that flagrancy proceeds from national depravity, which tinkering one branch will not remedy. Perhaps polished manners are a better proof of virtue in an age than of vice, though system-makers do not hold so: at least, decency has seldom been the symptom of a sinking nation.

When one talks on general themes, it is a sign of having little to say. It is not that there is a dearth of topics; but I only profess sending you information on events that really have happened, to guide you towards forming a judgment. At home, we are fed with magnificent hopes and promises that are never realized. For instance, to prove discord in America, Monsieur de la Fayette was said to rail at the Congress, and their whole system and transactions. There is just published an intercourse between them that exhibits enthusiasm in him towards their cause, and the highest esteem for him on their side.* For my part, I see as little chance of recovering America as of re-conquering the Holy Land.† Still I do not amuse you with visions on either side, but tell you nakedly what advantage has been gained or lost. This caution abbreviates my letters; but, in general, you can depend on what I tell you. Adieu!

Tuesday 24th.

I hear this moment that an account is come this morning of D'Estaing with sixteen ships being blocked up by Byron at Martinico, and that Rowley with eight more was expected by the latter in a day or two. D'Estaing, it is supposed, will be starved to surrender, and the island too. I do not answer for this intelligence or consequences; but, if the first is believed, you may be sure the rest is.

* The Marquis de la Fayette arrived in Paris, from America, in February. Speaking of the return of the Marquis, Mr. Cooper, in a letter to Dr. Franklin, says, "He will do me the honour to be the bearer of this letter. This young nobleman has done honour to his nation, as well as himself, by the manner in which he has served these States. His intrepidity and alertness in the field are highly distinguished. His prudence and good temper are equally remarkable. He is highly esteemed and beloved in Congress, in the army, and through the States; and though we are not without parties, and his situation has been sometimes very delicate, I have never heard that he has made a single enemy. He has gone through great fatigues, he has faced uncommon dangers, he has bled for our country, and leaves it, as far as I am able to find, with universal applause."—Ed.

† In answer to a proposition for quitting the alliance with France, Dr. Franklin had, on the 3rd of February, thus written to David Hartley, "There does not appear any more necessity for dissolving an alliance with France, before you can treat with us, than there would of dissolving your alliance with Holland, or your union with Scotland, before we could treat with you! Thanks to God, we have long since settled all the account in your own minds: we know the worst you can do to us, if you have your wish, is, to confiscate our estates and take our lives, to rob and murder us; and this we have shown we are ready to hazard, rather than come again under your detested government."—Ed.

LETTER CCCIII.

Strawberry Hill, April 17, 1779.

I AM grieved to hear of your having the rheumatism so acutely in your head. Though it is not dangerous, like the gout, its duration is more fluctuating, and not consistent in a fit. I trust it will be gone long before I hear again; but the suspense will be very uneasy to me, and one of the evils of such great distance.

I was glad to hear your nephew had himself given you an account of his parenthesis of opposition, as you can speak more freely to him than if you had learnt it only from me. Very uncertain it is when I shall see him again, which I have done but thrice; nor could I expect more from so much younger a man. We live in very different worlds, or rather I live almost out of it, and he quite in it, and yet not where I do. At this time of year, too, I am here half the week. I hope he will give you no more uneasiness; but you must have patience if he does. Nephews and nieces are not very tractable. My own uncle did not find *me* so; and I do not wonder at others. One must wrap one's self up in one's self. People have difficulty enough of conducting their own children—mercy on us, were we to answer for collaterals!

There have been no Parliamentary clouds, because during the holidays there has been no Parliament: but the political horizon does not clear up. I bade you a little expect the conquest of Martinico; but that prospect seems pretty much vanished. If the letters yesterday from France speak truth, our trust in Spain is dispelled likewise: it is said she has declared for the Americans too, and it has been whispered here for these two days:—there is no occasion to comment on that addition to our load!—nor shall I tell you other ugly symptoms. A Spanish war is as much as you can digest at once. If I alarm you on bad grounds, it will make amends for my having vainly promised you Martinico—though I never warrant but what is actually passed.

Though Sir Hugh Palliser's trial has been begun this week,* the public does not honour it with the same attention as Keppel's. It does not brighten for the Vice-Admiral.

For the last week all conversation has been engrossed by a shocking murder, committed on the person of a poor woman connected with a most material personage now on the great stage. You will have seen some mention of it in the papers; I mean the assassination of Miss Ray, Lord Sandwich's mistress, by a clergyman, who had been an officer, and was desperately in love with her, though she is between thirty and forty, and has had nine children.† She was allowed

* Sir Hugh Palliser's trial commenced at Portsmouth, on board the Sandwich, on the 12th of April.—ED.

† For several interesting letters in reference to the tragical fate of this unfortunate lady, see the Selwyn Correspondence, vol. iv. p. 59.—ED.

to be most engaging; and so was the wretched lover, who had fixed his hopes of happiness on marrying her, and had been refused, after some encouragement; I know not how much. On his trial yesterday he behaved very unlike a madman, and wishes not to live. He is to suffer on Monday, and I shall rejoice when it is over; for it is shocking to reflect that there is a human being at this moment in so deplorable a situation. It would be foolish to repeat, that we are a nation of lunatics; yet, with so many outward and visible signs can one avoid thinking so? Alas! we are likely to undergo sharp purgations, that may bring us to our senses again! The loss of blood has not yet cured us. For the loss of money, it has had but the same effect on the nation as on our youthful gamesters—it has made us more extravagant.

I shall reserve the rest of my paper till Tuesday—perhaps I may be able to contradict the Spanish article.

Tuesday.

No; I do not affirm nor deny: however, nothing is yet public, and I imagine there is still some negotiation going on, as the Spanish Ambassador receives frequent couriers, and writes much.

The poor assassin was executed yesterday.* The same day Charles Fox moved for the removal of Lord Sandwich, but was beaten by a large majority;† for in Parliament the Ministers can still gain victories. Adieu!

LETTER CCCIV.

Strawberry Hill, April 24, 1779.

I Begin my letter here, because I am alone and have leisure, of which I cannot be sure in town; and, should I have any sudden news to send, I might not have time to add the trifles I may wish to add.

I met your nephew the other night at the Duchess of Montrose's,‡

* In a letter to George Selwyn, who had an unaccountable passion for witnessing criminal executions, but who happened to be absent at Paris when the poor wretch suffered, the Countess of Ossory wrote thus on the following day: "Mr. Hackman's behaviour was glorious yesterday. Jack Ketch deserves to be hanged, for when the poor man dropped the handkerchief, it fell under the cart, and he ran to pick it up, so by that means kept the poor wretch some moments in that horrid state." Selwyn had also the pleasure of receiving another letter, on the same subject and day, from Dr. Warner: "Mr. Hackman," writes the reverend gentleman, "has been tried, condemned, and executed, and is now *a fine corpse* at Surgeons' Hall, where I saw him yesterday, a genteel, well-made young fellow of four and twenty." Correspondence, vol. iv. p. 95.—Ed.

† The numbers on the division were 221 against 118.—Ed.

‡ Lady Lucy Manners, daughter of the Duke of Rutland. Lady Lucy Mann, Sir Horace's wife, was related to her.

and was happy to hear he had received a more recent and better account of you than what you gave me of the rheumatism in your head. I will send you by him bootikins for both hands and feet. I sometimes have rheumatic pains in the shoulder in the evening, and a bootikin on my hand immediately removes it. I should hope it would be as efficacious for the head, should it return thither, contrary to my earnest wishes.

The decision of Spain is not publicly known yet. In France they expect it in their favour.* Some here still think if will be a neutrality. Did one judge any longer by the Stocks, the augury would be good. They cannot reasonably have risen, as they have done, on the diminutive success in Georgia, which has not even encouraged the victors to hope to advance, without what they are far from receiving, a reinforcement. Nor are we more prosperous against D'Estaing; nor is the capture of eight or nine Domingomen very beneficial to stockholders: but so much industry is used of late in bolstering up the Stocks, that they are no longer the weather-glass of fortune, but part of the mask employed to disguise the nation's own face to itself.

There has been a motion in each House this week for the removal of Lord Sandwich; but both Houses think him as white as snow.† Palliser, probably, will be equally blanched. The Howes, on the other hand, will come immaculate out of the furnace: I believe, if the Duchess of Kingston was to return, she might be voted into her old post of Maid of Honour. Lord Lyttelton,‡ who thinks he has talents for Secretary of State, and that want of principles is no impediment (it was not to his being Justice in Eyre,) has again turned against the Court on obtaining the Seals. The grass would grow in our Temple of Virtue, if it was the sole vestibule to our Temple of Honours. Governor Johnstone, having had such clumsy success as Ambassador of peace to America, has made his bargain, and is turned into a commodore of a cruising squadron.§ It is judicious

* The looked-for accommodation did not take place.

† The motion in the House of Lords, which was made by the Earl of Bristol, was rejected by 78 against 39.—Ed.

‡ Thomas, second Lord Lyttelton, who was married, in June 1772, the daughter of Broome Watts, of Chipping Norton, Esq., and relic of Joseph Peach, governor of Calcutta. His remarkable death, which took place in the following November, will be hereafter noticed. The following striking character is drawn of him, by the Rev. Montagu Pennington, in his Life of Mrs. Carter: "With great abilities, generally very ill applied; with a strong sense of religion, which he never suffered to influence his conduct, his days were mostly passed in splendid misery, and in the painful change of the most extravagant gaiety and the deepest despair. The delight, when he pleased, of the first and most select societies, he chose to pass his time, for the most part, with the most profligate and abandoned of both sexes. Solitude was to him the most insupportable torment; and, to banish reflection, he flew to company whom he despised and ridiculed."—Ed.

§ The Governor was sent out as commander-in-chief to the Lisbon station, with the rank of established Commodore. On his passage thither, two of his squadron, the Tartar and the Rattlesnake, captured the Santa Margaretta, a Spanish frigate. His own ship, the Romney, had no share in the action.—Ed.

enough, I think, to convert such men as go upon the highway of fortune into privateers; but what a figure do we make in Europe! Unable to raise the sums we want for the war, the members of that Parliament that is told so, are yet occupied in preying on the distresses of the Government! What comments must Dr. Franklin make on every newspaper to the French Ministers!

27th.

I find nothing new in town. Rumours of peace continual. I doubt it is easier for both sides to be sick of the war, than to know how to agree. I doubt, too, that *we* want peace more than we desire it; and as we must buy it dear, we shall not be so ready to pay the price. It will not be very sincere to the Americans, if we do conclude; and the intentional insincerity often promotes peace, and at least makes the sufferers shut their eyes to their own loss. We have betrayed such propensity to duplicity, that the other side will aggravate the bargain; for, as cunning is no new invention, it is equally in the power of both parties to employ it.* Mankind will not remember that honesty cannot be detected.

I should not send away this scrap, and with so little intelligence, if I were not glad to tell you that I am easier about your disorder. I will not write again soon without more substantial news.

LETTER CCCV.

Strawberry Hill, May 9, 1779.

An invasion announced by the common post from Paris, attempted, repulsed, given up, and known here: all this has happened in eight days, and in miniature; but it was a large object, and a long and anxious interval to me, for the object was Jersey, Mr. Conway's government, and he went post to defend it. He has no idea of danger, and has the strongest one of doing his duty to a scruple; but I will now be methodical, for *you* want information, not a rhapsody on my sensations.

On the 1st of May, yesterday sevennight, there were forty letters

* "We have no kind of faith in your Government," wrote Dr. Franklin at this time to Mr. Hartley; "it appears to be as insidious and deceitful as it is unjust and cruel: its character is that of the spider in Thomson,

'Cunning and fierce,
Mixture abhorred!'

Besides, we cannot see the necessity of our relinquishing our alliance with France in order to a treaty, any more than your relinquishing yours with Holland."—Ed.

in town that proclaimed an intended attack on Jersey, of fifteen hundred men commanded by a Prince of Nassau, who was to be declared King of the island. A secret expedition advertised with so slender a force, exceeded by the troops on the isle, to say nothing of the ridicule of such a Roi d'Yvetot, did not make much impression: however, Mr. Conway spread his wings, with my approbation; and on, confirmation arriving on Monday, set out that night.* It seems the islanders, besides provoking France by their privateers and numerous captures, had imprudently advertised a sale, in August next, of prizes, to the amount of a vast sum, which would have been a kingdom indeed to a little necessitous Prince. He collected a small army of vagabonds, like his predecessor Romulus; but who had so little taste for the adventure when its destination was known, that he was forced to select fifty men from his more regular regiment to defend his person against the companions of his armament. It happened that Admiral Arbuthnot, who was going to convoy four thousand recruits to America, had been detained, though probably the French thought him sailed; and, hearing of the invasion, immediately sailed to Jersey, without staying for orders. The attack, however, had been made on the 1st of the month: the French had attempted to land, but Lord Seaforth's new-raised regimen of seven hundred Highlanders, assisted by some militia and some artillery, made a brave stand and repelled the intruders; and, and as every *Nassau*† does not conquer a British island merely by his presence, the visionary Monarch sailed back to France on the 2nd, and King George and Viceroy Conway remain Sovereign of Jersey—whom God long preserve!

We herd of the repulse on Thursday; but it was not till late in the night of Friday that an account came of the retreat, and I did not learn it till Saturday morning; in which interval there seemed to be twice eight-and-forty hours, and yet I had concluded that the French would be retired before Mr. Conway could reach his dominions. We had reports of the Brest fleet being sailed, and this little episode does look like a feint. Negotiation is said to be at an end or a pause. Arbuthnot's activity, though greatly commendable, is a detrimental delay; and we have reason enough to expect other damage. I did hint to you that we had more thorns than one in our pillow: it is now too publicly known to be disguised any longer, that Ireland has much the air of Americanizing. Our oppressive partiality to two or three manufacturing towns in England has revolted the Irish, and they have entered into combinations against purchasing English goods, in terms more offensive than the first associations of the Colonies.‡

* Gibbon, in a letter of the 7th to Mr. Holroyd, says, "You have heard of the Jersey invasion: every body praises Arbuthnot's decided spirit. Conway went last night to throw himself into the island."—Ed.

† The Prince of Nassau, who commanded the attack upon Jersey, claimed relationship to the great house of Nassau.—Ed.

‡ "When the people of Ireland," says Hardy, in his Memoirs of Lord Charlemont, "found the session closed in England, and nothing substantial accomplished, they

In short, we have for four or five years displayed no alacrity or address, but in provoking our friends and furnishing weapons of annoyance to our enemies; and the unhappy facility with which the Parliament has subscribed to all these oversights has deceived the Government into security, and encouraged it to pull almost the whole fabric on its own head. We can escape but by concessions and disgrace; and, when we attain peace, the terms will prove that Parliamentary majorities have voted away the wisdom, glory, and power of the nation.

The House of Commons has exposed itself wofully these last days in a less affair. They have refused, voted, unvoted, and revoted an inquiry into the conduct of the war; and all the Generals at the bar have declared the impossibility of conquering America: so, the House has nothing to do to preserve its consequence, but to vote it *shall* still be conquered.

Palliser's trial has ended as shamefully.* He is acquitted, *with honour*, of not having obeyed his Admiral's signals; which is termed blamable for not having given the reason why he did not; and that reason was the rottenness of his mast, with which he returned to Portsmouth, without its being repaired yet. The world is expecting his restoration; for, when Keppel risked his own reputation to save Palliser's, ought not the latter to be recompensed for accusing his benefactor? But I am sick of specifying all our ignominy; I wish I had any tittle-tattle of less consequence to fill my letters with. I will go answer yours, and try to forget England, as it has forgotton itself! Oh! but you ask if Byron has beaten D'Estaing and taken Martinico?† Not quite; on the contrary, our conquerors are swept

did not fold their arms in foolish despair. They were then taught, as distress will indeed effectually teach any nation or individual, that their best dependence was on themselves. They had recourse to that policy which Swift had in vain advised half a century before. They not only used their own manufactures, but entered into a non-importation agreement of any whatever from England. This resolution was embraced with the usual characteristic ardour of the Irish. The despondency of the manufacturers, of the lowest order, was changed to thanksgiving; some of the fashionable gentry, who had been more supine than others, were reanimated to a sense of their duty; while the volunteer bands increased not more in numbers than in spirit." Vol. i. p. 389.—Ed.

* Sir Hugh Palliser's trial lasted three-and-twenty days, twenty of which were spent in examining witnesses, and three in debating upon the sentence; during which time it is said the members of the court were sometimes so loud in dispute, that the people were obliged to be turned off the deck of the Sandwich to prevent their overhearing it. In announcing Sir Hugh Palliser's acquittal to George Selwyn, Dr. Warner writes, "Here are the exact and all the words which the King said to him the first time he was at Court, 'Sir Hugh, how does your leg do?'"—Ed.

† Lord Carlisle, speaking of his relation to the Admiral, in a letter to George Selwyn, says, "Byron's situation is a very hard one; for ignorant people conceive it is as easy to hinder D'Estaing from coming out of Martinique, as it would be to hinder the Duke of Northumberland driving out of his gate, supposing you was superior in coal-carts and hackney-coaches to make a blockade."—Ed.

away by a mortality in Santa Lucia and in Georgia. Content yourself with privateering; we have no other success.

The Presbyterians of Scotland will not condole with you on the Pope's illness; they forswear him tooth and nail.* Mrs. Anne Pitt is confined, and, the last time I heard of her, was very bad. Make many compliments, pray, for me to the House of Lucan; but, between you and me, I am not at all delighted with their intending to bring me a present. I do not love presents, and much less from any body but very dear friends. That family and I are upon very civil terms; our acquaintance is of modern date, and rather waned than improved. Lady Lucan has an astonishing genius for copying whatever she sees.† The pictures I lent her from my collection, and some advice I gave her, certainly brought her talent to marvellous perfection in five months; for before she painted in crayons, and as ill as any fine lady in England. She models in wax, and has something of a turn towards poetry; but her prodigious vivacity makes her too volatile in every thing, and my lord follows wherever she leads. This is only for your private ear. I desire to remain as well as I am with them; but we shall never be more intimate than we are. I am not at all acquainted with your Lord Bishop‡ and my lady, his wife. His

* Walpole here alludes to a motion made on the 5th of this month by Lord George Gordon, that a petition of the Papists of Scotland, which had been recommended by the King to the House through Lord North, might be thrown over the table. As the motion was not seconded, the Speaker declined to read it. The Earl of Carlisle says, in a letter of the 7th, "Lord George Gordon made a speech upon the state of Scotland, for which he ought to be shut up; he wept several times in the course of it, produced an old print of the Marquis of Huntley, offered to make Lord North a present of it, and called upon twenty members by their names."—Ed.

† Lady Lucan was the daughter and co-heiress of James Smith, Esq., of Cannons Leigh, Devon. She was married, in 1760, to Sir Charles Bingham, who in 1776, was created Baron Lucan, and, in 1795, advanced to the earldom of Lucan. In 1781, her daughter Lavinia was married to John, first Earl Spencer. She died in 1814. In a notice of Walpole's "Anecdotes of Painting," which appeared in the Annual Register for 1780, Lady Lucan is said to have arrived at copying the most exquisite works of Peter Oliver, Hoskins, and Cooper, with a genius that almost depreciates those masters."—Ed.

‡ The Honourable and Reverend Frederick Hervey, in 1767 presented to the bishoprick of Cloyne, and in 1769 promoted to the see of Derry. In the December of 1779, he succeeded his brother Augustus as fourth Earl of Bristol. His wife was the daughter of Sir Jermyn Davers, Bart. Hardy in his Memoirs of the Earl of Charlemont, gives the following striking account of this eccentric nobleman: "In one respect he was not unlike Villiers, Duke of Buckinham, 'Every thing by starts and nothing long.' Generous, but uncertain; splendid, but fantastical; an admirer of the fine arts, without any just selection; engaging, often licentious in conversation; extremely polite, extremely violent. His distribution of church livings must always be mentioned with warm approbation. Though he scarcely ever attended Parliament, and spent most of his time in Italy, he was now (1763) called upon to correct the abuses of Parliament, and direct the vessel of state in that course, where statesmen of the most experience, and persons of the calmest judgment, have had the misfortune totally to fail. His progress from his diocess to the metropolis, and his entrance into it, were perfectly correspondent to the rest of his conduct. Through every town on the road he seemed to court, and was received with all warlike honours; and I remember seeing him pass by the Parliament-house in Dublin, (Lords

mother, who was much my friend, I believe, did not highly reverence his sincerity; I never in my life met him at her house.

Adieu! my dear sir. Do not let rumours good or bad agitate you. Bear public misfortunes with firmness. Private griefs hurry away our thoughts, and belong solely to ourselves; but we may be excused taking more than our share in general calamities.

LETTER CCCVI.

Arlington Street, May 29, 1779.

I HAVE two letters from you unaswered of the 14th and 15th of this month. I begin to reply to them; though I believe my response will not set out before June for want of corporality. The best news I know is what you tell me of the Spanish monarch's resolution of remaining neuter. We seem able to cope with France, who makes war in our own piddling style. We both fish for islets that used to escape through the meshes of former military drag-nets. Some attempt on Ireland we expect; I hope the Prince of Nassau will command it. All this last week we were whispered ministerially into a belief of Byron having demolished, taken, and killed D'Estaing and all his squadron. Some doubted whether it was not an artifice to fill the loan; and so it has proved. The two Admirals looked at one another, but did not hurt a pendant of each other's head. The house of Commons sits from day to day, examining into the conduct of all the other Generals and Admirals that have been looking at the Americans and French for these five years, and of the Ministers who sent them to look the colonies into unlimited submission. Future historians will have a brave collection of papers to revel in.

You shall certainly have my tragedy* when your nephew returns; but I doubt it will shock more than please you, for nothing can be more disgusting than the subject. I approve and exhort you not to preach to your nephew. Wait till you see him, and then you can instil your sentiments by degrees. As he has already corrected many effervescences, I trust to his good sense and good heart for his still improving; but, believe me, there must be a very solid fund to resist the depravation of this country. It is lost, it is distracted. It sinks every day, and yet its extravagance and dissipation rather augment than subside. Though we have danced like Bacchanals all the winter, there is a new subscription on foot for a sumptuous ball at the Pantheon. We are like the Israelites that capered round the golden

and Commons were then both sitting) escorted by a body of dragoons, full of spirits and talk, apparently enjoying the eager gaze of the surrounding multitude, and displaying altogether the self-complacency of a favourite Marshal of France on his way to Versailles, rather than the grave deportment of a Prelate of the Church of England."—ED.

* The Mysterious mother.

calf, though they were to fight their way out of the Desert. I check my hand; it is grievous to condemn one's country! I ask myself, if I am not grown old and splenetic; but alas! America is lost, credit supported by gross falsehoods, all comfort hanging on a King of Spain's mood: one had need be very young to dance without reflection!

May 31st.

I must finish my letter to-night, for I go out of town to-morrow for the summer, and leave the Parliament to give balls or supplies as it pleases. Lord Cornwallis sails to-day to command America, but the fleet is not yet gone. I remember, when I was a boy, hearing that it had been a great joke in Queen Anne's war, that Lord Peterborough* was galloping about in Spain inquiring for his army—Lord Cornwallis will have none to hunt for.

The old Duke of Rutland is dead, at eighty-four. I think he had been Knight of the Garter above fifty years.

The Irish do not grow into better humour†—I know nothing that is improved but our climate—so, I hope we shall preserve *this part* of the island at least.

P.S. Do not expect me to be so assiduous in summer as I have been of late; nay, you may wish I should have no occasion to be so.

*Charles Mordant, Earl of Peterborough, who, in 1705, took Barcelona, and in the following winter, with only 280 horse and 900 foot, enterprised and accomplished the conquest of Valentia. Walpole, in his Royal and Noble Authors, describes him as having been "gallant as Amadis, and as brave, but a little more expeditious in his journeys; for he is said to have seen more kings and more postilions than any man in Europe." In the latter part of his life he was the intimate friend and companion of Pope—

> "Know, all the distant din that world can keep
> Rolls o'er my Grotto, and but soothes my sleep;
> There, my retreat the best companions grace,
> Chiefs out of war, and statesmen out of place.
> There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl
> The feast of reason and the flow of soul;
> And He, whose lightning pierc'd th' Iberian lines,
> Now forms my quincunx, and now ranks my vines,
> Or tames the Genius of the stubborn plain,
> Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain."—Ed.

†In a letter of the 3rd of June to Selwyn, Dr. Warner says, "The increase of secret armed associations throughout Ireland, the non-importation agreement, and the success which attended the intrigues of the American agents in their endeavours to stir up an inflammable and depressed people, were sufficient to justify the alarm of the ministry and the people at large, and to threaten to add the misfortune of a civil war in Ireland to the hazardous and momentous contests in which England was already engaged with France, Spain, and America."—Ed.

LETTER CCCVII.

Strawberry Hill, June 16, 1779.

Alas! my dear sir, you have been mistaken, and must no more put your trust in the obstinacy of Princes: at least, that of one can surmount that of another. The King of Spain's rescript is arrived and delivered, and the Brest fleet is sailed with both white and red cockades. The declaration is said not to be very injurious; but, after all possible endeavours at pacification, his Catholic Majesty is obliged to take his part, especially as we have made some captures on his subjects. The Ministers were urged even late last night* on the hostility of Spain, but would own nothing. This morning they avow every thing; and, to your great surprise probably, the Parliament is to rise to-morrow or next day! As events have not proved the wisdom of measures, one can recollect no great confidence from such a step: but I don't pretend to reason on what I do not understand; my business is to tell you facts. In short, the Brest fleet has been sailed many days. The Prince of Beauvau†—if destined for Ireland, we should probably have heard it by this time; if to meet the Spanish fleet, the object might be Gibraltar.‡

I shall not boast of having been a better soothsayer than you, when I foretold that the American war would be of short duration. It is a *trieste* honour to be verified a prophet of woes. Were I vain of the character, a Spanish war, added to an American one, were a fine field; but I do not ambition being a Jeremiah, though my countrymen are so like the Jews. Nor does it require inspiration to prophesy, when one has nothing to do but to calculate. Were you here, you would not be alarmed. You would see no panic; you would hear of nothing but diversions. The Ministers affirm the majority of America is with us, and it is credited. Were they to tell us half the Spanish fleet would come over to us, it would be credited too. When it does not, perhaps they will tell us it has.—Well! what is most to be dreaded is the dissipation of our delusion. When the *réveil* comes, it will be serious indeed!

You see I am not likely to be barren of matter, and you will be sorry that I write oftener than I foresaw. The middle period of our correspondence was the most agreeable. Its early part was the journal of a civil war, and of no glorious one in Flanders. Fifteen years after I sent you victory upon victory, and conquest upon conquest. For the last five years, my letters have been the records of a mouldering empire. What is now to come I know not: we have, they say, maintained ourselves against France and Spain; true, but

* In the course of the debate on Mr. Thomas Townsend's motion for an address to the King to defer the prorogation.—Ed.

† He did not go.

‡ The French fleet, consisting of about twenty-eight sail of the line, under the command of M. D'Orvilliers, sailed from Brest on the 4th of June.—Ed.

with the trifling difference of having America in our scale—now it is in theirs. We had too a Lord Chatham; who does not seem to have been replaced.

I tell you nothing of Parliamentary debates, for I really do not attend to them; especially not to the details of the war, and the conduct of the Generals, who have made a very silly figure. There are far mightier objects in question than speeches and votes, and which I *must* learn even here, quiet and abstracted as I sit. My consolation is that I have no particular friend responsible for any thing that has happened; and, when one's passions are not concerned, an individual of my age must have learnt to look on the great drama of the world with some indifference. My pride, I own, made me pleased when my country was the most splendid in Europe: I did not imagine I was so singular as I find I was, or we should not have run wild after a phantom of absolute power over a country whose liberty was the source of our greatness. A pretty experiment we have made; and, when ever the hour of peace shall arrive, we shall be able to compute what it has cost us *not* to compass it.

Methinks, if the accounts of all wars were to be stated, it would be worth ambition's while to examine the sum total, and calculate whether the object aimed at is not ten thousand times too dear. I doubt I must not propose examining the mere *cash* account. The lives, alas! go for nothing. We have sent fifty thousand men to America, and recruits! How many will ever return? And where are all the children that would have been begotten in six years of peace? Oh! and now here is a new account to be opened!

These would be called at present the gloomy speculations of a solitary man. Posterity would think there was some sense in them—and yet posterity will perhaps be as foolish on some other point. We condemn the wars of the Guelfs and Ghibellines, and do not conceive what they quarrelled about; yet we, who are at war with France and Spain because we would not be content to let America send us half the wealth of the world in its own way, shall not be deemed very wise hereafter. We not only killed the hen that laid a golden egg every day, but must defend the very shop at home where we sold our eggs.—I have nothing more to say, and three parts of England do not yet think there is a word of sense in what I have said: France and Spain know there is; but I shall not canvass for their approbation.

LETTER CCCVIII.

Strawberry Hill, June 30, 1779.

This letter will be of very ancient date when you receive it, and not have one very near it perhaps when it sets out. Your nephew called here two days ago, just as I was going to town on business, and told me, to my joy on your account, that he was going in a fortnight to

make you another short visit—a very meritorious one when the journey is so long. He has promised to come and dine here *tête-à-tête* before he goes; but, lest he should surprise me, I prepare this, which therefore shall not contain news that would be antiquated, but give you as just a picture as I can in few words of our situation and prospect, and as impartial one as I can, considering my indignation at the ruin brought upon my country by both as worthless and incapable a set of men as ever had the front to call themselves politicians. They have hurried us, and then blundered us, into a civil war, a French war, a Spanish war. America is lost; Jamaica, the West Indian islands, Gibraltar, and Port Mahon, are scarcely to be saved; Ireland is in great danger, either from invasion or provocation. Of this country I should have little fear, if men who conducted themselves so wretchedly were not still our governors! We are at this instant expecting a sea-battle between our fleet and the united one of France and Spain; in which, if the latter, who are the stronger by a matter of nine ships, have the decided advantage, we conclude they will pour in troops, considerably into Ireland,—here probably in less detachments, to distract us.* The nation is not so much alarmed as might be expected.† What is infinitely more astonishing is, that the Spanish war, on which the Ministers lulled the country asleep even *till two days* before the declaration, has not excited general, scarcely any, indignation against the criminals. In short, the Court, aided by the Tories and clergy, the worst Tories, have infatuated the nation; and though the Opposition have yearly, daily, hourly, laboured to prevent, and foretold every individual step that has happened, the money of the Treasury, the industry of the Scotch, and the rancour of the Tories have persuaded the majority of the people that the Opposition have almost conjured up the storm; though they have not been strong enough to carry a single question, have deprecated every measure pursued, and have had every one of their prophecies verified.—I, who affirm all this, and appeal to facts, am still not partial to the Opposition. So far from thinking they have gone too far, I know they have been too inert, and, early at least in the American war, might have stemmed some of the torrent. Yet I will do them justice,—the fairness of their characters checked them; a less conscientious Opposition might have saved the nation.

In this predicament then we stand; a good man scarcely knows what to wish. New misfortunes would level us to the dust. Success in such

* The French and Spanish fleets conjoined made a tremendous appearance; amounting to between sixty and seventy line-of-battle ships, besides a cloud of frigates and fire-ships.—Ed.

† "I never," writes Lord Carlisle to Selwyn on the 18th, "saw less despondency and more spirit manifested in a difficult moment than at the present. We have voted unanimous addresses of lives and fortunes. We are in earnest, and shall sell ourselves very dear. A single vote double the militia, and gives the Government credit and money, to resist every attack that may be made from any quarter. Spirit and decision must govern our measures. The people are awake, and seem willing to facilitate any measures that have spirit and decision."—Ed.

hands as we are in, would blow them up to the *acmè* of insolence; and, as the whole scope of all our errors was despotism, it is greatly to be feared that, with the loss of our outlying dominions, our trade, influence, and credit, we might lose our freedom too.

There is the true secret. Prerogative has been whispered into the nation's ear, and taken root. The Tories scruple not to call for it. The Ministers, worthless and incapable wretches, and ill-connected with each other, and cohering from common danger, have little or no credit with their Master; and, no one being predominant, no particular odium rests on any one. Thus, though I am persuaded almost every one condemns the measures he promotes, and must have foreseen the precipice, not one has had the honest courage to withstand the Spanish war; which I firmly believe was by no means the Spanish King's intention, but turned solely on the refusal of the Closet to relinquish American dependence. Every thing has been risked rather than waive prerogative; and so abandoned are the higher orders, that, for the emolument of salaries, they have staked their children and the future security of their estates!

Our late prodigious wealth, and our dissipation, have concurred to facilitate this delusion. We have excellent orators both in the Administration and Opposition, but no great man, and few, very few virtuous men, even in the latter; who, though impudently charged still with acting from interested motives, have over and over rejected every offer of advantage. I mean, personally. Any thing would have been granted to divide them. You will say, good sense, not integrity, checked their acceptance. Perhaps so: yet, as the Court would never have changed its system, nor would part with the lead; it is plain the Opposition did not attend to individual lucre, as every Minister had been gained by it. I believe that neither Lord Rockingham nor Lord Shelburne would be content without being first Minister; but honesty must have been the motive of the rest.

This, though short, is a comprehensive abstract of my ideas on our situation. I cannot precisely say what I wish; because I cannot decide between contradiction, nor can expect that miracles should *dovetail* themselves in such a manner, as, by intersecting one another, to form a compact establishment. Thus my fears and hopes are suspended, and I sit with folded arms waiting events. It would be idle and impertinent to say this but to you, my dear sir, who wish to know my opinion, when I could speak it fairly and truly. I have done so most religiously; I firmly believe every tittle I have uttered. Never have I deceived you knowingly. I mean, when I have written by a safe hand—by the post, one colours over some things, even because one's letters may be opened by foreign enemies: but I have ever been rather too frank for my own interest, and have never talked seriously contrary to my opinion, though I may not have uttered it fully. I wish you to return me this letter by your nephew: it is too explicit to be exposed to any hazard of publication, and is impartial enough to please no set of men upon earth.

Pray send me back by your nephew what other letters, too, you have of mine. On perusing the whole series, I can safely repeat, that, as far as I knew at the time, I have never given you false information, nor acted sentiments which you afterwards found had not been mine; but, as my life has been uniform to its first and only principles, it was not likely that I should go farther than being prudent (not the colour of my character,) and, had I talked differently, my conduct at the very time would have contradicted my assertions.

LETTER CCCIX.

Strawberry Hill, July 7, 1779.

How much larger the war will be for the addition of Spain, I do not know. Hitherto it has produced no events but the shutting of our ports against France and the junction of nine ships from Ferrol with the French squadron. They talk of a great navy getting ready at Cadiz, and of mighty preparations in the ports of France for an embarkation. As all this must have been foreseen, I suppose we are ready to resist all attacks.

The Parliament rose last Saturday, not without an open division in the Ministry: Lord Gower, President of the Council, heading an opposition to a bill for doubling the Militia, which had passed the Commons, and throwing it out; which Lord North as publicly resented. I make no comments on this, because I really know nothing of the motives. Thoroughly convinced that all my ideas are superannuated, and too old to learn new lessons, I only hear what passes, pretend to understanding nothing, and wait patiently for events as they present themselves. I listen enough to be able to acquaint you with facts of public notoriety; but attempt to explain none of them, if they do not carry legibility in the van. Your nephew, who lives more in the world, and is coming to you, will be far more master of the details. He called here some few days ago, as I was going out to dinner, but has kindly promised to come and dine here before he sets out. His journey is infinitely commendable, as entirely undertaken to please you. It will be very comfortable too, as surely the concourse of English must much abate, especially as France is interdicted. Travelling boys and self-sufficient governors would be an incumbrance to you, could you see more of your countrymen of more satisfactory conversation. Florence probably is improved since it had a Court of its own, and there must be men a little more enlightened than the poor Italians. Scarcely any of the latter that ever I knew but, if they had parts, were buffoons. I believe the boasted *finesse* of the ruling clergy is pretty much a traditionary notion, like their jealousy. More nations than one live on former characters after they are totally changed. I have been often and

much in France. In the provinces they may still be gay and lively; but at Paris, bating the pert *étourderie* of very young men, I protest I scarcely ever saw any thing like vivacity—the Duc de Choiseul alone had more than any hundred Frenchmen I could select. Their women are the first in the world in every thing but beauty; sensible, agreeable, and infinitely informed. The *philosophes*, except Buffon, are solemn, arrogant, dictatorial coxcombs—I need not say superlatively disagreeable. The rest are amazingly ignorant in general, and void of all conversation but the routine with women. My dear and very old friend* is a relict of a better age, and at nearly eighty-four has all the impetuosity that *was* the character of the French. They have not found out, I believe, how much their nation is sunk in Europe;—probably the Goths and Vandals of the North will open their eyes before a century is past. I speak of the swarming empires that have conglomerated within our memories. *We* dispelled the vision twenty years ago: but let us be modest till we do so again.

I just now receive two letters from you at once, which I suppose came by Mrs. Pitt's messenger, with Sir William Hamilton's assurances of the good disposition of the King of Spain: but they have proved as vain as the letters to the Grand-Duchess; yet I still think we might have kept him in temper if we had so pleased.

9th.

The Duke of Ancaster is dead of a scarlet fever contracted by drinking and rioting, at two-and-twenty. He was in love with my niece Lady Horatia, the Duchess's third daughter, and intended to marry her. She is a beautiful girl, like her mother, though not of so sublime a style of beauty. I much doubt whether she would have been happy with him; for, though he had some excellent qualities, he was of a turbulent nature, and, though of a fine figure, his manners were not noble.† Fortune seems to have removed him, to complete her magnificent bounties to one family. Do you remember old Peter Burrell, who was attached to my father? His eldest granddaughter is married to a Mr. Bennet, a man of large estate; the second, to Lord Algernon Percy; the third, to Lord Percy; and the youngest, the only one at all pretty, to Duke Hamilton. Lady Priscilla Elizabeth Bertie, eldest sister of the Duke of Ancaster, fell in love with their brother, and would marry him, not at all at his desire; but her father, the Duke of Ancaster, had entailed his whole estate on his two daughters, after his son, to the total disinherison of his

* Madame du Deffand.

† During the rejoicings for the acquittal of Admiral Keppel in the preceding February, the youthful Duke was taken amongst the rioters, and passed the night in the watch-house. The most amiable and engaging manners were nevertheless said to have distinguished his private life, and the expectations of his country were raised high from the experience which the short period of his public conduct had given.—See Life of Keppel, vol. ii. p. 192.—Ed.

brother Lord Brownlowe, the present Duke;—and the grandson of Peter Burrell, a broken merchant, is husband of the Lady Great Chamberlain of England, with a barony and half the Ancaster estate. Old Madam Peter is living, to behold all this deluge of wealth and honours on her race. The Duchesses of Ancaster have not been less singular. The last three were never sober. The present Duchess Dowager was natural daughter of Panton, a disreputable horse-jockey of Newmarket; and the new Duchess was some lady's woman, or young lady's governess. Fortune was in her most jocular moods when she made all these matches, or had a mind to torment the Heralds' office.*

11th.

Last night I received from town the medal you promised me on the Moorish alliance.† It is at least as magnificent as the occasion required, and yet not well executed. The medallist Siriez, I conclude, is grandson of my old acquaintance Louis Siriez‡ of the Palazzo Vecchio.

Yesterday's Gazette issued a proclamation on the expected invasion from Havre, where they are embarking mightily.§ Some think the attempt will be on Portsmouth. To sweeten this pill, Clinton has taken a fort and seventy men—not near Portsmouth, but New York; and there were reports at the latter that Charlestown is likely to surrender. This would be something, if there were not a French war and a Spanish war in the way between us and Carolina. Sir Charles Hardy is at Torbay with the whole fleet, which perhaps was not part of the plan at Havre: we shall see, and you shall hear, if any thing passes.

Friday night, July 16th.

Your nephew has sent me word that he will breakfast with me to-morrow, but shall not have time to dine. I have nothing to add to the foregoing general picture. We have been bidden even by proclamation to expect an invasion, and troops and provisions have for this week been said to be embarked. Still I do not much expect a serious descent. The French, I think, have better chances with less risk. They may ruin us in detail. The fleet is at present at home or very near, and very strong; nor do I think that the French plan is activity:—but it is idle to talk of the present moment, when it will be some time before you receive this. I am infinitely in more pain

* For an extended notice of the Burrell family, see Wraxall's Posthumous Historical Memoirs, vol. i. p. 21.—Ed.

† Between the Great-Duke of Tuscany and the Emperor of Morocco.

‡ A French silversmith settled at Florence.

§ D'Orvilliers, having effected a junction with the Spanish fleet, and appeared off Plymouth with sixty sail of the line, a proclamation was issued on the 9th of July, commanding all horses and cattle to be driven from the coast. Great consternation prevailed along the whole line of the coast, and many who had the means withdrew into the interior.—Ed.

about Mr. Conway, who is in the midst of the storm in a nutshell, and I know will defend himself as if he was in the strongest fortification in Flanders—and, which is as bad, I believe the Court would sacrifice the island to sacrifice him. They played that infamous game last year on Keppel, when ten thousand times more was at stake. They look at the biggest objects through the diminishing end of every telescope; and, the higher they who look, the more malignant and mean the eye.

I send you "The Mysterious Mother," and a pair of bootikins; you shall have large supplies if they prove of service—yet I would not have you even try them, unless attacked in your head or stomach. You can never have much gout in your limbs, as it attacks you so late, and little fits will prolong your life. You must put them on at night and tie them as tight as you can bear, the flannel next to your flesh, the oilskin over. In the morning before you rise, you must dry your feet with a hot napkin, and put on a pair of warm stockings freshly aired; over the bootikins at night, a pair of thread stockings.

The Duchess Dowager of Ancaster, Lady Elizabeth Burrell, and the new Duke and Duchess, have all written to Lady Horatia, acknowledging that the late Duke was to have married her. The two first have expressed themselves in the tenderest manner; the others wrote only for form. The Mother-Duchess approves of my niece going into mourning, which she does for six months. The poor young man, his father's absurd will not standing good, made a new, and most rational one four years ago, in which he gives the seat of the family and 5000*l.* to the present Duke and to the title, and adds 1800*l.* a-year to his mother's jointure. Such symptoms of sense and feeling double the loss.

Adieu! my dear sir. In what manner we are to be undone, I do not guess; but I see no way by which we can escape happily out of this crisis—I mean, preserve the country and recover the Constitution. I thought for four years that calamity would bring us to our senses: but alas! we have none left to be brought to. We shall now suffer a great deal, submit at last to a humiliating peace, and people will be content.—So adieu, England! it will be more or less a province or kind of province to France, and its viceroy will be, in what does not concern France, its despot—and will be content too! I shall not pity the country: I shall feel only for those who grieve with me at its abject state; or for posterity, if they do not, like other degraded nations, grow callously reconciled to their ignominy.

LETTER CCCX.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 4, 1779.

I EMPLOY a secretary, to spare one of my eyes, which is tormented with an inflammation. As it comes by fits, I impute it to my old ene-

my the gout; who, of all distempers, is the greatest harlequin. This charge is not made to avoid an unwillingness of owning that the breach may have been made by the general foe, old age; though its ally, the gout, may take advantage of the weak place.

I sent you a long letter by your nephew: it leaves me nothing to add but events, and of them there have been none, except the safe arrival of our great West Indian fleet, worth between two and three millions. I don't know why the fleets of Bourbon suffered it to pass quietly, unless to return the compliment of our not meddling with their Domingo fleet. We heard last week that Gibraltar was invested: not more is confirmed than that great preparations are making in Spain for the siege. We, or at least I, do not know what numbers of the latter's ships have joined the French: they certainly out-number Sir Charles Hardy's squadron; yet so noble a navy as his we never set forth, and it will cost them destruction to master it. They threaten us mightily from Havre and St. Maloes; but we are prepared, and I think they will prefer cheaper laurels elsewhere.

This is but a negative description; and merely in compliance with your desire of frequent letters. Private news we have none, but what I have long been bidden to expect, the completion of the sale of the pictures at Houghton to the Czarina. The sum stipulated is forty or forty-five thousand pounds, I neither know nor care which; nor whether the picture-merchant ever receives the whole sum, which probably he will not do, as I hear it is to be discharged at three payments —a miserable bargain for a mighty empress! Fresh lovers, and fresh, will perhaps intercept the second and third payments. Well! adieu to Houghton! about its mad master I shall never trouble myself more. From the moment he came into possession, he has undermined every act of my father that was within his reach, but, having none of that great man's sense or virtues, he could only lay wild hands on lands and houses; and, since he has stripped Houghton of its glory, I do not care a straw what he does with the stone or the acres. The happiness my father entailed on this country has been thrown away in as distracted a manner, but his fame will not be injured by the insanity of any of his successors. We have paid a fine for having cut off the entail, but shall not so easily suffer a recovery.

General Conway is still in his little island, which I trust is too diminutive to be descried by an Armada. I do not desire to have him achieve an Iliad in a nutshell.

5th.

You perceive my eye is better, but I must not use it much. Yesterday came an account of the conquest of St. Vincent by the French.*

* In June, during the absence of the British fleet, a handful of French from Martinico under the command only of a naval lieutenant, estimated at four hundred and fifty men, not above half of whom were regulars, having ventured to land upon the island of St. Vincent, garrisoned by seven companies of regular troops, the island was delivered up to them, without the firing of a single shot on either side.—Ed.

The poor Caribs assisted them, and are revenged on us: I cannot blame them. How impolitic is injustice, when man cannot command fortune! I still cannot help conjecturing that France will prefer demolishing all our outworks to attempting invasion here, where we are so mightily prepared. We fear they will not engage Sir Charles Hardy, though superior in number; as he has at least thirty-eight such ships, and such able and tried captains in them, as they cannot match. By thus detaining all our force at home, distant quarters are half at their mercy. They themselves think America much disposed to return to us, and therefore will probably not hasard a defeat here, which would leave us time to treat with the Colonies. But I must not let my eye talk of politics. Good night!

LETTER CCCXL

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 19, 1779.

The French and Spanish squadrons, of sixty sail, passed by Sir Charles Hardy without meeting; and on the 14th, chased three of our men-of-war, that were going to join him, into Plymouth. To-day an account is come that the enemy's fleet of fifty-six sail, is *anchored* before that fleet. Whether hoping to burn it, or to wait for their transports I do not pretend to say, as there are different opinions. Hardy will undoubtedly attack them as soon as he can; but the easterly wind keeps him out at sea.

I would write to you, to mark my constant attention; but it is difficult for one so totally uninformed as I am to speak on such great events when pending, and as improper when the sea swarms with privateers, and my letter must pass through so many post-offices. You know me well enough to guess at my sentiments. You know me an unalterable Englishman, who loves his country and devoutly wishes its prosperity. Such I am, ardent for England, and ever shall be; it is all a useless old man can do, to pray for its lasting prosperity. The events of war must be accepted with constancy, good or bad. You, a minister of peace and at a distance, will be anxious for every post. Good news you shall have instantly: I hope I shall have nothing sinister to send you. I may not be at hand immediately to tell you every thing; I have female relations whose husbands may be in action, whose spirits I must keep up, and who are in different counties; but I shall never be long from home. Every man must do the utmost he can in his sphere when his country is concerned, and private duties must be attended to too. I have lived long enough to possess calmness enough for my use. It has long been my maxim, that most things are excusable in the passions of youth; but that an old man is bound to think of nothing but what is right, and to be serviceable to others. Virtues, if one has any, shine brightest when put to the trial; but ostentation may taint even them. My father is ever

before my eyes—not to attempt to imitate him, for I have none of his matchless wisdom, or unsullied virtues, or heroic firmness; but sixty-two years have taught me to gaze on him with ten thousand times the reverence that—I speak it with deep shame—I felt for him at twenty-two, when he stood before me! I must check this theme, it would carry me too far; and it is at midnight I am writing, and my letter must go to London at eight in the morning. Adieu! my dear sir: may I send you victories while we are at war; but being no military man, I may be allowed to wish I could send you peace!

LETTER CCCXII.

Strawberry Hill, Sep. 5, 1779.

If I tell you nothing but truth, my letter will be wondrously short. Since my last, there have been no events but what in modern phrase, are called *movements*. The combined fleets appeared before Plymouth, and disappeared. Sir Charles Hardy was driven westward. The Ardent, mistaking enemies for friends, fell among them; but Captain Boteler was thrown so little off his guard, that it took four ships to master him, and his own sunk as soon as he and his men were received on board the victors. Monsieur D'Orvilliers, admiring his gallantry, applauded it. He modestly replied, "you will find every captain in our fleet behave in the same manner."* *Un tel déportement donne á penser.* At last we heard of Sir Charles Hardy off Plymouth, and yesterday at Portsmouth. Where the combined are, I know not precisely; but, that such extended lines should not have caught the eye of each other, is very surprising to us inexpert in winds and tides. On those I never allow myself to conjecture or reason; and thus I have told you all the little I know, disrobed of the reports and lies of each new day. Opinions, were I informed enough to frame them, would be stale ere they could reach you. I write rather to extract the small truth there is in newspapers and interested relations, than to swell your imagination. My letter must pass through so many inquisitions, that it is necessary it should be able to stand the test.

There is not a word of private news. All the world are politicians, or soldiers; or, rather, both. I hope they will improve more in the latter profession than they have done in the former. Even this little quiet village is grown a camp. Servants are learning to fire all day

* Captain Boteler had orders to join Sir Charles Hardy's fleet supposed to be cruising in Channel soundings. He had received no intimation that the enemy had put to sea, when he suddenly fell in with a fleet which made him the private signal. So little idea had he of its being the enemy, that he was occupied in reefing his topsails, when a frigate poured her broadside into him. At once engaged with four of the enemy's frigates, and a powerful force coming up to their support, he was compelled to strike, and for this—*he was dismissed the service*!"—Life of Keppel, vol. ii. p. 257.—Ed.

long, and I suppose soon will demand their wages *le pistolet à la main*. I could draw other reflections; but a man who in a month will enter on his grand climacteric, and should busy himself with visions of what may happen when he is in his grave, would resemble Hogarth's debtor, who, in prison, is writing a scheme for paying the debts of the nation.

I forgot to tell you, that the moment I received your letter to your nephew, I sent it to his house in town—where he was not; and the servant believed he was to set out the next morning, but would send it to him. I have not been able to learn since whether he is gone or not; for your sake I own I wish he may be.

LETTER CCCXIII.

Sep. 16, 1779.

I HAVE received your letter by Colonel Floyd, and shall be surprised indeed if Cæsar does not find his own purple a little rumpled, as well as his brother's mantle. But how astonished was I at finding that you did not mention the dreadful eruption of Vesuvius. Surely you had not heard of it! What are kings and their popguns to that wrath of Nature! How Sesostris, at the head of an army of nations, would have fallen prostrate to earth before a column of blazing embers eleven thousand feet high![*] I am impatient to hear more, as you are of the little conflict of us pigmies. Three days after my last set out, we received accounts of D'Estaing's success against Byron and Barrington, and of the capture of Grenada. I do not love to send first reports, which are rarely authentic. The subsequent narrative of the engagement[†] is more favourable. It allows the victory to the enemy, but makes their loss of men much the more considerable. Of ships we lost but one, taken after the fight as going into port

[*] An eruption of Mount Vesuvius had taken place in August, which, for its extraordinary and terrible appearance, is considered the most remarkable of any recorded concerning this or any other volcano. An account of it was published in October by Sir William Hamilton, in a letter to Mr., afterwards Sir Joseph, Banks: —"In an instant," says Sir William, "a fountain of liquid transparent fire began to rise, and gradually increasing, arrived at so amazing a height as to strike every one who beheld it with the most awful astonishment. I shall scarcely be credited when I assure you, sir, that the height of this stupendous column of fire could not be less than three times that of Vesuvius itself, which, as you know, rises perpendicularly 37000 above the level of the sea!—

'Se tu se' or, lettore, a creder lento
Còi ch' io dirò, non sarà maravigilia,
Che io, che 'l vidi, appena il mi consento.' "—ED.

[†] The unsatisfactory engagement which took place on the 6th of July between Admirals Byron and Barrington, and Count D'Estaing; in which the latter, though considerably superior in force, eluded every effort which was made by the British commanders to bring on a close and decisive battle.—ED.

to refit. Sir Charles Hardy and D'Orvilliers have not met; the latter is at Brest, the former at Portsmouth. I never penetrated an inch into what is to be; and into some distant parts of our history, I mean the Eastern, I never liked to look. I believe it an infamous scene; you know I have always thought it so; and the Marattas are a nation of banditti very proper to scourge the heroes of Europe, who go so far to plunder and put themselves in their way. Nature gave to mankind a beautiful world, and larger than it could occupy, —for, as to the eruption of Goths and Vandals occasioned by excess of population, I very much doubt it; and mankind prefers deforming the ready Paradise, to improving and enjoying it. Ambition and mischief, which one should not think were natural appetites, seem almost as much so as the impulse to propagation; and those pious rogues, the clergy, preach against what Nature forces us to practice, (or she could not carry on her system,) and not twice in a century say a syllable against the Lust of Destruction! Oh! one is lost in moralizing, as one is in astronomy! In the ordinance and preservation of the great universal system one sees the Divine Artificer, but our intellects are too bounded to comprehend any thing more.

Lord Temple is dead by accident.* I never had any esteem for his abilities or character. He had grown up in the bask of Lord Chatham's glory, and had the folly to mistake half the rays for his own. The world was not such a dupe; and his last years discovered to him, too, that no mortal regarded him but himself.

The Lucans are in my neighbourhood, and talk with much affection of you. Adieu!

LETTER CCCXIV.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 11, 1779.

It is very difficult to write at such a time as this, when there have been no events, are no good prospects, and when we have not abundance of friends in the post-offices abroad, through which one's letters are to pass. You must remember this position, and curb your impatience when you do not hear from me often.

Nothing has happened since my last, though near a month ago, but the surprisal of Stony Point by the Americans, where they made eight hundred prisoners. These events seem trifles to me, who look on America as totally lost, and do not take account of the modes by which we part with the ruins.

D'Orvilliers is certainly laid aside, though his disgrace is palliated. The combined fleets have as surely lost many thousands by the small-

* The Earl was thrown from his phæton; by which melancholy accident his skull was fractured.—Ed.

pox.* We are bidden at this very time to expect their re-appearance. The year is so far advanced that we must know soon, whether any blow will be attempted, or the campaign conclude. In my own opinion, the principal effort will be against Ireland; but I do not trust my guesses a yard out of my sight, and keep still closer guard upon my ears, for almost every body's mouth seems to have a design on one's senses. They tell one lies as solemnly as Swift related his voyages to Brobdignag and Lilliput.

Notions there are, or have been lately, that the two Empresses wish to mediate a peace. I do believe that on France notifying to the Emperor that she should send some troops to Flanders to impose neutrality on the Dutch, he replied, *à la bonne heure;* but, for every squadron, he would despatch two. It cannot be the interest of the rest of Europe that the Bourbons should be sole sovereigns of the ocean; nor should I think that, so excellent a milch-cow as England has been to Germany, the latter would like to see the pail demolished, though the cow has kicked it down herself, when it was out of reach of every body else. But adieu retrospect! it is as idle as prophecy, the characteristic of which is, never to be believed where alone it could be useful—*i. e.* in its own country.

I complained unjustly of your silence on Vesuvius, having since received the view of its terrors in the compass of a card, excellently done. I thank you much for it.

Of late—indeed, for the entire summer—I have been much out of order, and thought my constitution breaking fast; but it exerted its internal strength, and, when I was lowest, threw out the gout in several joints. In short, I have stamina of iron, in a case, as I used to call yours, of wet brown-paper. I am now taking the bark, and find great benefit from it: nay, I am removing into a new house in London, that I bought last winter, as if I believed I had several years to come. It is in Berkeley Square, whither for the future you must direct. It is a charming situation, and a better house than I wanted —in short, I would not change my two pretty mansions for any in England: but I do not shut my eyes on the transitory tenure of them; though, if mortals did not coin visions for themselves, they would sit with folded arms, and take no thought for the morrow! I hold visions to be wisdom; and would deny them only to ambition, which exists by destruction of the visions of every body else. Like Vesuvius, it overwhelms the fair face of the world, though to reign over cinders, and only lift its head above the desolation it has occasioned and cannot enjoy.

* Dreading the effects of the approaching equinoctial gales, D'Orvilliers withdrew his vast armament into Brest harbour, where it remained useless and inactive. On board the Spanish ships three thousand men were swept away by disease, and the mortality among the French is considered to have been still more formidable. Thus ended the expectations of the enemy, and the apprehensions of the people of England.—Ed.

LETTER CCCXV.

Berkeley Square, Oct. 14, 1779.

I HAVE been desired, and never acquiesced with more pleasure, both for the sake of the recommended and of yours, to give a recommendatory letter to you for Mr. Windham, a gentleman of large fortune in Norfolk, who is obliged to go to Italy for the recovery of his health, which I most earnestly wish he may retrieve there.* He is

* William Windham, Esq., of Felbrigg in the county of Norfolk, the subject of this high but strictly merited eulogium, was born in London in 1750, and sent in his seventh year to Eton; whence he was removed in 1766 to the University of Glasgow, and in the following year to University College, Oxford. In 1773 his love of adventure and thirst of knowledge induced him to accompany his friend, Constantine Lord Mulgrave, in his voyage towards the North Pole; but sea-sickness compelled him to land in Norway, and abandon his purpose. The ill-health referred to by Walpole, was occasioned by riding, in a sort of frolic, through a deep rivulet, and remaining for several hours in wet clothes. With a view to its restoration, he, in 1779, proceeded to the Continent; where he remained for two years. In 1782, he came into Parliament; where he sat for twenty-eight years. In 1783, he was appointed Chief Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland; upon which occasion, on his expressing to Dr. Johnson, of whose Literary Club he was a member, some doubts that he should be called on in his new office to sanction practices of which he could not approve, "Don't be afraid, sir," said the Doctor, with a smile, "you will soon make a very pretty rascal." It appears that Mr. Windham's doubts were not ill-founded, as he yielded up his secretaryship four months after his appointment. He sided with Opposition until the celebrated secession from the Whig party in 1793; when he followed the lead of Mr. Burke. In 1794, he was appointed Secretary at War, with a seat in the cabinet. In the same year, he took his degree of LL.D. at Oxford; upon which occasion, on his entering the theatre, the whole assembly rose, and greeted him with loud acclamations. When Mr. Pitt resigned, in 1801, Mr. Windham retired from office; but on the death of that great man, in 1806, he again took it, as Secretary of State for War and the Colonies, and on the dismissal of the Grenville Administration, returned to the ranks of Opposition which he never afterwards quitted. His death was occasioned by the following circumstance. About midnight, on the 8th of July 1809, in walking home from an evening party, he observed a house in Conduit Street on fire. He hastened to the spot to render his assistance, and found that the House in flames was so near to that of his friend, the Honourable Frederick North, (afterwards fifth earl of Guildford,) as to threaten its destruction. Knowing that his friend possessed a very valuable library, Mr. Windham determined, with the assistance of persons whom he selected from the crowd, to make an effort for the preservation of it. After four hours' labour four-fifths of the books were saved; nor did he quit the house till the flames, which finally consumed it, had rendered farther exertions highly dangerous. Unfortunately, by a fall, he received a blow on his hip. He took no notice of the accident, until an indolent tumour had been formed, which at length compelled him to submit to a most painful and dangerous operation. The tumour was removed with success on the 17th of May, 1810; but unfavourable symptoms soon afterwards appeared, and he expired on the 4th of the following month. A Collection of his Speeches in Parliament, in three volumes, to which is prefixed a Biographical Sketch of his Life, was published in 1812 by his friend, Thomas Amyot, Esq. His talents, accomplishments, and virtues have been happily summed up, by describing him as the true model of an English gentleman; and it has been well observed, that if this country had been required to produce, in a trial of strength with another nation, some individual who was at

young, but full of virtues, knowledge, and good sense; and, in one word, of the old rock—of which so few gems are left in this wretched country! His ill-health has prevented my being much acquainted with him, which I regret; but I well know his worth, and respect him exceedingly. In short, this is not a common letter of recommendation, but one that I shall confirm in my next by the post. I do not beg attentions for him; those you have even for the least deserving, from your own good nature: but I intreat and advise you to get acquainted with Mr. Windham as fast as you can; your friendship will soon follow, and then he can want nothing in my power to ask,—unless his modesty should prevent his pressing you for letters of recommendation to other parts of Italy, and therefore I beg them for him, and indeed every service you can perform for him. My unlimited expressions will tell you how confident I am that your goodness will not be misplaced, as it has often been on travelling boys and their more unlicked governors. Mr. Windham is not so young as to want to be formed, nor so old as to be insensible to the merit of others; and, therefore, I trust you will both be mutually pleased with each other. I envy him a little the satisfaction of visiting you; and, as he is a genuine Englishman, should lament his being forced to leave his own country, if I thought its honour or principles retrievable; and if I was not sure, by what I feel myself, that his health would be but more prejudiced by his remaining spectator of its blindness and disgraces.

LETTER CCCXVI.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 31, 1779.

Your last letter was so full of encomiums on my tragedy, that, veteran author as I am, it made me blush. But I recollected your partiality, and then I accepted the motive with pleasure, though I must decline the exaggerations. It is plain that I am sincerely modest about it, for I not only never thought of its appearing on the stage, but have not published it. It has indeed received greater honour than any of its superiors; for Lady Di. Beauclerc has drawn seven scenes of it, that would be fully worthy of the best of Shakspeare's plays—such drawings, that Salvator Rosa and Guido could not surpass their expression and beauty. I have built a closet on purpose for them here at Strawberry Hill. It is called the *Beauclerc Closet;* and whoever sees the drawings allows that no description comes up to their merit—and then, they do not shock and disgust, like their original, the tragedy.*

once eminent for learning, taste, eloquence, wit, courage, and personal accomplishments, the choice must have fallen upon Mr. Windham.—Ed.

* The following is Walpole's account of these drawings in his Description of Strawberry Hill:—"The beauty and grace of the figures and of the children are

I am heartily glad you have had your nephew; I speak in the past tense, for he will certainly be set out on his return before this can reach Florence. It was uncommon merit to take so long a journey for a moment. I have sent you one to replace him, not to compensate; for a stranger cannot rival or equal your nephew: but one who, as soon as you are acquainted with him, will be a great comfort to you, from his virtues, sense, and manners. It is a young Mr. Windham, a gentleman of Norfolk, of a very considerable estate, who is in a bad state of health, and travels for it. I am not so much acquainted with him as with his character, which is excellent; and then he is a Whig of the stamp that was current in our country in my father's time. I do not always send you a tally to the letters of recommendation I am sometimes forced to give; but that which he carries to you, I confirm by this in all points. I advise you to be intimate with him; I will warrant the safety of his connexion, and I beg you to assist him with recommendations wherever you can. He is a particular friend of my great-nephew,* Lord Cholmondeley's cousin; but one I should have liked for my own friend, if the disparity of our ages would have allowed it: or if it were a time for me to make friends, when I could only leave them behind me.

Well; but you had rather I had been talking politics, or telling you news. The scene is not mended, for another is opened. Ireland, taking advantage of the moment, and of forty thousand volunteers that they have in arms and regimented, has desired—that is, demanded—*free trade*. If we are not cured of our American visions at last, I hope we have learnt wisdom enough to perceive that prerogative is the weakest of all chimeras when opposed by *free men in arms;* it has cost us the diadem of the Colonies, as it did James II. those of three kingdoms; and therefore I trust we shall have more sense in Ireland. We still kick at the independence of America, though we might as well pursue our title to the crown of France.

Our fleet is at sea, and a most noble one. They still talk of the reappearance of the combined fleets from Brest. It is probable that the winds of November will be the most considerable victors; for the season has been so very serene in general, that I think the equinoc-

inimitable; the expression of the passions most masterly, particularly in the devotion of the Countess with the Porter, of Benedict in the scene with Martin, and the tenderness, despair, and resolution of the Countess in the last scene; in which is a new stroke of double passion in Edmund, whose right hand is clenched and ready to strike with anger, the left relents. In the scene of the children, some are evidently vulgar; the others children of rank; and the first child, that pretends to look down and does leer upwards, is charming. Only two scenes are represented in all the seven, and yet all are varied; and the ground in the first by a very uncommon effect, evidently descends and rises again. These sublime drawings, the first histories Lady Di. ever attempted were all conceived and executed in a fortnight."—Ed.

* George, son of Robert Cholmondeley, second son of George Earl of Cholmondeley, by Elizabeth Woffington, sister of the distinguished actress of that name: who left the whole of her fortune, acquired by her talents, to her nephew, the person here mentioned.—En.

tial tempests, like the squadrons, have passed the autumn in harbour, and that they will all come forth together.

Lord Stormont has got the late Lord Suffolk's seals of Secretary. There were to have been other arrangements, but they are suspended; and it is said this new preferment is more likely to produce resignations than settlement: but I only tell you common report; which is not at all favourable to Lord Stormont's promotion. He has a fair character, and is a friend of General Conway; but he is a Scot, and Lord Mansfield's nephew, which the people mind much more than his character: the other advantage they will certainly pay no regard to at all. It is great pity unpopular things are done at such a moment!

Well! I trust I shall see General Conway within a week; I go to town to-morrow expecting him. He has acted in his diminutive islet with as much virtue and popularity as Cicero in his large Sicily, and with much more ability as a soldier, and a commander—I am heartily glad he was disappointed of showing how infinitely more he is a hero.—The conclusion of my letter on Tuesday from London.

Nov. 1, Berkeley Square.

My letter is concluded, for I have nothing to add, but that the town says Lord Gower, President of the Council, will resign. Mind, I do not warrant this, nor any thing that is not actually past.

LETTER CCCXVII.

Berkeley Square, Nov. 12, 1779.

I WENT this morning to Zoffadi's, to see his picture or portrait of the Tribune at Florence;* and though my letter will not put on its boots these three days, I must write while the subject is fresh in my head. The first thing I looked for, was *you*—and I could not find you. At last I said, "Pray, who is *that* Knight of the Bath?"—"Sir Horace Mann."—"Impossible!" said I. My dear sir, how you have left me in the lurch!—you are grown fat, jolly, young; while I am become the skeleton of Methusalem!

The idea I always thought an absurd one. It is rendered more so by being crowded with a flock of travelling boys, and one does not know nor care whom. You and Sir John Dick, as Envoy and Consul, are very proper. The Grand-Ducal family would have been so too. Most of the rest are as impertinent as the names of churchwardens stuck up in parishes whenever a country-church is repaired and white-washed.

* Zoffani having expressed a desire of visiting Italy, George III. is said to have kindly interested himself so far as to give directions for his being recommended to the Grand-Duke of Tuscany. Whilst he was at Florence he painted his celebrated picture of the Florence gallery, here spoken of by Walpole.—Ed.

The execution is good; most of the styles of painters happily imitated; the labour and finishing infinite; and no confusion, though such a multiplicity of objects and colours. The Titian's Venus, as the principal object, is the worst finished; the absence* of the Venus of Medici is surprising; but the greatest fault is in the statues. To distinguish them, he has made them all of a colour, not imitating the different hues of their marbles; and thus they all look alike, like casts in plaster of Paris; however, it is a great and curious work—though Zoffani might have been better employed. His talent is representing natural humour: I look upon him as a Dutch painter polished or civilised. He finishes as highly, renders nature as justly, and does not degrade it, as the Flemish school did, who thought a man vomiting, a good joke; and would not have grudged a week on finishing a belch, if mere labour and patience could have compassed it.

Mr. Windham, who I thought half-way to Florence, did not set out till last Monday. Of martial and political news I can tell you nothing new and positive. It does not appear that the combined fleets have come forth again. The mortality, I believe, has been great amongst them, and disagreement. The Spanish Admiral would not cede the post to Du Chaffaut.† Daranda‡ and Monsieur de Sartine§ were forced to go to Brest to obtain precedence for the latter. These two Civil Ministers have been principal incendiaries of the war. The present rumour is, that D'Estaing has taken Long Island, and blocked up Admiral Arbuthnot;—but the account comes from France.

The Irish seem more temperate; and, if we are so, it is to be hoped that harmony will be restored.

There have been no more resignations or promotions. Some changes are expected—but you will have no "Anticipation"‖ from my shop; I deal only in past wares—and even those one cannot always procure genuine. The Parliament is at hand, and may be a busy scene. I have had the sense to make it a season of repose to myself. It is the summer that in time of war is the high-tide of anxiety to me: then I am trembling for my friends.

Well! but are you really so portly a personage as Zoffani has represented you? I envy you. Every body can grow younger and plump, but I. My brother is as sleek as an infant, and, though seventy-three, is still quite beautiful. He has a charming colour, and not a wrinkle. I told him, when Lord Orford was in danger, that he might think what he would, but I would carry him into the court of

* This was an oversight; the Venus is in the picture.

† Immediately on his return with his fleet to Brest harbour, Vice-Admiral Count D'Orvilliers sent in his resignation, which was accepted. "Il est extrêmement regretté," writes Madame du Deffand to Walpole on the 2nd of October, "de toute la marine: c'est M. du Chaffaut qui le remplace."—Ed.

‡ The Spanish Ambassador at Paris.

§ French Minister of the Marine.

‖ In the preceding year, Tickell's pamphlet by that title, giving drafts of speeches that would probably be made in the Parliament, and burlesquing most of the speakers, was published just before the meeting.

Chancery, and put it to the consciences of the judges, which of us two was the elder by eleven years!

16th.

Yes, it is the 16th, and not a syllable of news more. *Allez vous en, ma lettre;* Sir Horace expects you.

P.S. I do allow Earl Cowper a place in the Tribune: an English earl who has never seen his earldom, and takes root and bears fruit at Florence, and is proud of a pinchbeck principality in a third country, is as great a curiosity as any in the Tuscan collection.*

Second P.S. I had just folded my letter, but not sealed it:—a knock at the door. Who do you think it was?—your nephew! Oh! how glad! Why you have flown on the wings of the winds!—So he had—in such a storm on Saturday night, that I believed it tossed him over the houses, and set him down in Berkeley Square. He looks as well as possible. I read my letter to him, and he swears your portrait is as like you as two peas! Well! then I have no idea of you!

After exhausting Florence and England, I questioned him about Vesuvius: he repeated Sir William Hamilton's account of it to you, and I long to see it. I had not heard of the insurrection and phrensy of the people.† You would oblige me much if you would let it be transcribed, and send me a copy of his letter. As your nephew said justly, it was such a wonderful picture of nature and human nature in convulsion!

Adieu! I have not time to say more.

LETTER CCCXVIII.

Berkeley Square, Nov. 28, 1779.

I DID not forget you on the Parliament meeting, though you have not received proof of my recollection. Being ill in bed, and not able to write myself, I dictated a line to your nephew, to beg that, if any thing very particular should happen on Thursday, the first day of the session, he would write to you the next day, which would have been my post-night. Your nephew was not in town, nor was expected till to-day; and, having the gout in both feet and knees, I continued in too

* The Earl married at Florence in 1775, and died in 1789. His three children were all born at Florence.—ED.

† "All public diversions," says Sir William, "ceased in an instant; and, the theatres being shut, the doors of the churches were thrown open. Numerous processions were formed in the streets, and women and children with dishevelled heads filled the air with their cries, insisting loudly upon the relicts of St. Januarius being immediately opposed to the fury of the mountain: in short, the populace began to display its usual extravagant mixture of riot and bigotry; and, if some speedy and well-timed precautions had not been taken, Naples would, perhaps, have been in more danger of suffering from the irregularities of the lower classes of inhabitants than from the angry volcano."—ED.

much pain to write myself, or even to dictate: besides that, in that situation, I had learnt few or no circumstances of the debate, except that little or no fluctuation had happened in the quintessence of debates—numbers on the division.* I remember a man of humour proposing that, for the convenience of the greater part, the division should always precede the debate; that, only they who liked to talk should stay and make their speeches, which he supposed never determined or altered the several votes: no compliment to oratory, and still less a panegyric on corruption and prejudice!

In fact, a very considerable defalcation from the standing majority had been expected. The inglorious and unprosperous events of the summer; the general discontent and dissatisfaction that are arisen; but, above all, the crack that has happened in the Administration itself by the resignations of Lord Gower and Lord Weymouth,† which at least implied apprehension in them that the edifice was falling, and which, being timed at the very eve of Parliament, were certainly not intended to prop it: and it having been as artfully divulged, that endeavours had been made to terrify Lord North from his post, by assuring him he could not maintain it: such a concurrence of untoward circumstances naturally suggested a vision of much diminution of the majority; and such a vision naturally is apt to realise it, by the caution of such prudent senators as love to proceed on sure ground, and absent themselves till the prospect is more clear.

Lord North, however, had courage to stand the issue of a battle; his troops were better disciplined than had been expected, and the Lords Gower and Weymouth found that no body had been frightened but themselves. What the latter feared, no mortal can guess; for he is actually run away to Longleate, and no persuasion could retain him. The deserted would not impeach him for what they had co-operated in; and, if beaten, the victorious would have spared him for the merit of having opened a gate to their success.—But enough of such a recreant!

The other deserter has not yet gone over to the enemy. He will wait, no doubt, till some new fact leads him to thinking it much more heinous than all that is past. In the mean time, to console themselves for the little mischief their flight has occasioned, their small squadron of friends affect to impute the bulk of the majority, on Thursday last, to the intemperance of the Amendment proposed by the Opposition to the Address. The vacancies are supplied by Lord Bathurst as President, and by Lord Hillsborough as Secretary of State. You must not expect, however, that the storm is quite dispersed. Disappointment is no composer to some minds.

* After a long debate, an Amendment to the Address of Thanks, which was proposed by Lord John Cavendish, was rejected by a majority of 233 to 134.—Ed.

† A few days before the meeting of Parliament, Earl Gower resigned his post of President of the Council, and was succeeded by Earl Bathurst; Lord Weymouth also resigned his situation of Secretary of State for the Southern Department, and was succeeded by the Earl of Hillsborough.—Ed.

Fortune has shown us some partiality. D'Estaing's fleet of twenty-two ships has been dispersed, and probably suffered considerably, by a terrible tempest that lasted for three days off Carolina. Thus, the West Indies are likely to be saved. The danger is, that this favourable event may re-invigorate our impracticable phrenzy of reconquering America; the most certain way of our not recovering it. Ireland is in great danger, if we apply our American ideas to it; but, alas! experience and misfortune have not yet operated as medicines!

That old meteor, Wilkes, has again risen above the horizen, when he had long seemed virtually extinct. The citizens, revolted from the Court on the late disgraces, have voted him into the post of Chamberlain of London; a place of fifteen hundred pounds a-year.* How Massaniello and Rienzi and Jack Cade would stare at seeing him sit down as comfortably as an alderman of London!—If he should die of a surfeit of custard at last!

I had forgotten *myself;* but you see I am much better to-day. My pains are gone off, and I rose to-day at noon, after keeping my bed three days. Sufferings have taught me to estimate their absence at the rate of health and happiness.

Thank you for the poem of Mrs. Montagu on Shakspeare, which your nephew brought me. I do not admire the poetry, though in Italian, which methinks it is difficult to prevent from sounding poetical; but I like much the author's just attack on Voltaire for having pillaged Shakspeare, at whom he died railing.

29th.

If one meteor is re-illuminated, another is extinct. Lord Lyttelton† is dead suddenly. *Suddenly* in this country is always at first construed to mean, *by a pistol.* But it is not known yet whether Mars or Venus supplied the amunition; and I may not be very accurate in dates, though they lie within the compass of three days. He had on Thursday made a violent speech against the Administration, under which he held the post of Chief Justice in Eyre; but this was not new: he was apt to go point-blank into all extremes without any parenthesis or decency, nor ever boggled at contradicting his own words. The story given out is, that he looked ill, and had said he should not live three days; that, however, he had gone to his house at Epsom that night, or next day, with a caravan of nymphs; and on Saturday night had retired before supper to take rhubarb, returned, supped heartily, went into the next room again, and died in an instant.‡ I should have said more perhaps

* Wilkes had recently been elected Chamberlain of the City of London, by a majority of 2330 to 370. He held the lucrative situation till his death, in 1797.—Ed.

† Thomas, second Lord Lyttelton. See *antè*, p. 101. His lordship had not completed his thirty-sixth year.—Ed.

‡ This is very probably the real story: another, however, of his, predicting the period of his death within a few minutes, upon the information of an apparition, has been frequently quoted as the true one. It will be found in Nash's History of Worcestershire; and Boswell states, that Dr. Johnson said he considered it the most

on Lord Lyttelton, but was interrupted, and told a fresh event, that will stifle the other. Charles Fox has been slightly wounded in the side this morning in a duel. Adam, a Scot, and nephew of the architects, a man of a very suspicious character, has for two or three years distinguished himself by absurd speeches,—often, though a Scot, pointed against Lord North: but on Thursday last he uttered a most ridiculous one, in which he said, that, though he had left the House last year prepossessed *against* Administration, yet he had been converted *to* them by reading the examinations of the Generals; who, he perceived, had been more to blame than the Ministers. This rhapsody Fox had ridiculed in the highest degree with infinite wit and argument. Adam felt the sarcasm to the quick, and after the debate asked an explanation. Fox told him he had meant no personal invective, and they parted. At three this morning Adam sent an officer to Fox, to say he had read a very injurious detail of the affair in the newspapers, and desired Fox to contradict it. He wrote an answer, saying he was not answerable for newspapers; but assured him, under his hand, that he had meant nothing injurious, and Adam might show that reply. Not content, Adam returned, that his *friends* were not satisfied, and that Mr. Fox must print the letter. "That is too much," said Fox; and at eight this morning they went into Hyde Park. Adam fired first, and the ball grazed Fox's side slightly; but he fired, and then said, "Mr. Adam, are you satisfied?" You will feel horror at the reply. "No," said Adam, "you must print your letter." Still, no, said, Fox. Adam fired again and missed; and then Fox fired in the air, and it ended.*

extraordinary thing that had happened in his day, and that he had heard it with his own ears from Lord Westcote. Wraxall's version of it, in his Historical Memoirs, is, that the dying lord heard a noise at his chamber window resembling the fluttering of a dove or pigeon, and saw a female figure, which, approaching the foot of the bed, announced to him that he would die in three days from that time. Sir Nathaniel adds, that in 1783 he paid a visit to the identical bed-chamber, where the casement at which the dove appeared to flutter was shown him; and, farther, that he had frequently seen a painting executed by the Dowager Lady Lyttelton, expressly to commemorate the event. In reference to these stories, Sir Walter Scott says, in his Demonology, "but of late it has been said and published, that the unfortunate nobleman had previously determined to take poison, and of course had it in his own power to ascertain the execution of the prediction: it was no doubt singular, that a man who meditated his exit from the world should have chosen to play such a trick on his friends; but it is still more credible that a whimsical man should do so wild a thing, than that a messenger should be sent from the dead to tell a libertine at what precise time he should expire."—Ed.

* This is not correct. The following is the statement of the two seconds, General Fitzpatrick and Major Humberston:—"Mr. Adam fired, and wounded Mr. Fox, which we believe was not at all perceived by Mr. Adam, and it was not distinctly seen by either of ourselves. Mr. Fox fired without effect; we then interfered, asking Mr. Adam if he was satisfied. Mr. Adam replied, 'Will Mr. Fox declare he meant no personal attack upon my character?' Upon which Mr. Fox said, this was no place for apologies, and desired him to go on. Mr. Adam fired his second pistol without effect; Mr. Fox fired his remaining pistol in the air; and then saying, as the affair was ended, he had no difficulty in declaring that he meant no more personal af-

P.S. As my letter was sealing, to which my paper would not let me make any conclusion, I received yours on the 13th; to which, being just got into bed, I cannot reply now. All I will say is, that great part of your news is true; many of the Spanish vessels are returned home; D'Estaing's fleet is dispersed; I know nothing of Martinico and their Domingo-men.—Your nephew was with me this morning: I rejoice in what you tell me of his views.

LETTER CCCXIX.

Berkeley Square, Dec. 20, 1779.

Since mine of the 30th of last month, I have not been able to write a line myself; nor can yet: the gout took and keeps possession of my right hand, and returned last week into the foot, knee, and wrist of the same side. I think it is again departing; but like war, it makes many skirmishes after one thinks the campaign is over. Your nephew, I hope and believe has written more than once in the interval: and, I suppose, given you a sketch of Parliamentary transactions, which, though warm enough, have produced no material event or alteration. The most important object of all even now in question has not received the least rub; and, which is better still, promises all appearance of being crowned with success. Great concessions to Ireland have been adopted, are sailing through both Houses with favourable gales, have been notified to Ireland, and have pleased there, and we trust will restore harmony between these islands. We have the sense to trespass on the formalities of Christmas, and for once prefer wisdom to going out of town the moment it is fashionable.*

The holidays, however, are not without subjects of rejoicing; we have taken from Spain a sturdy fort on the Musquito shore, two rich register ships, and prejudiced them still more by bringing off the provision of quicksilver for their mines, which the captors nobly refused to restore for the large offer of three hundred thousand pounds. The generous tars, too, have admitted their companions the landmen into

front to Mr. Adam than he did to either of the other gentlemen present. Mr. Adam replied, 'Sir, you have behaved like a man of honour.' Mr. Fox then mentioned that he believed himself wounded; and, upon opening his waistcoat, it was found it was so, but, to all appearance, slightly."—Ed.

* On the 1st of December Lord North had brought in his Propositions for the relief of the trade of Ireland. In speaking of the Minister's speech upon this occasion, Hardy, in his Memoirs of Lord Charlemont, says, "It is due to the memory of that most amiable man to state, that his speech on moving the commercial resolutions was able, liberal, and conciliatory. It contains the amplest information on the subject. The resolutions which re-opened the woollen trade to Ireland, and gave us a freedom of commerce with the British colonies, on certain stipulations, were received in this country with joy and gratitude. Dublin was illuminated, and universal satisfaction prevailed."—Ed.

a participation of the booty. One sailor shines brighter than all their constellation: one of the first to mount the scaling-ladder, he jumped on the platform with a sabre in each hand; but, finding there a Spaniard swordless, the Briton, with the air of a Paladin, tossed one of his weapons to him, and said, "Now we are on equal terms!"

Having no more public events to tell you, I am sorry I must leap to a private story, in which there is far from being either bravery or gallantry, but which is savage enough to have been transmitted from the barbarians on the Musquito shore, whether Indian or Spanish; for the latter, who had previously taken a fort from us, had acted a little in the style of their original exploits in America. Well! but my story comes only 'cross the Irish Channel. Lord C., a recent peer of that kingdom and married to a great heiress there, a very amiable woman, had, however, a more favourite mistress. The nymph, like my lord, was no mirror of constancy, but preferred a younger, handsomer swain. The peer, frantic with jealousy, discovered an assignation, and, hiring four bravoes, broke in upon the lovers; when presenting a pistol to the head of his rival, he bade him make instant option of being shot, or reduced to the inability of giving any man jealousy. The poor young man was so ungallant as to prefer a chance for life on any terms. The brutal lord ordered his four ruffians to seize the criminal, and with his own hand performed the bloody operation. The victim died the next day, the murderer escaped, but one of his accomplices is taken.

Dec. 21st.

We seem to have made a little eruption back into the year 1759, for victories have arrived, for two days together. D'Estaing is defeated, and wounded in two places, at the siege of the Savannah in Georgia, and has lost fifteen hundred men; so says the Extraordinary Gazette: but I must own there seems to be a great *hiatus* in the authority; for it comes from nobody concerned in the action, not even to those that sent it to us. Indeed there is nothing contradictory that we have not believed about D'Estaing within these forty-eight hours: he himself, with four other ships and sixteen transports was sworn to be at the bottom of the sea, by one that saw them there, or might have seen them there, as he was close by when they set out. Then he was landed in France; and then he was repulsed in Georgia; and then his whole fleet revives, and re-assembles, and blocks up the port of the Savannah: and now he himself is indubitably at Paris, as letters thence last night positively affirm.* However, the

* Count D'Estaing totally abandoned the coast of America early in November, and proceeded with the greater part of his fleet directly to France; the rest having returned to the West Indies. Such was the issue of his American campaign. The Count's character is thus drawn by Mr. Cooper, in a letter to Dr. Franklin:—"I have the greatest respect for him. His great talents as a commander; his intrepidity, vigilance, secresy, assiduity, quick decision, prudence, and unabated affection to the common cause, united with a surprising command of himself in delicate cir-

Park and Tower guns firmly believe the Gazette's account, and huzza'd yesterday morning. I hope they were in the right, excepting on the entire existence of D'Estaing's squadron.

Well! you may hold up your head a little *vis à vis de Monsieur de Barbantan*. If new triumphs do not pour in too fast, I hope to be able to write the next myself. At present I am party per pale, gout and health; but unluckily the former is on the dexter side, and makes it void.

LETTER CCCXX.

Berkeley Square, Jan. 4, 1780.

I AM going to write a short letter in quantity, but a very serious one in matter. A stroke has been struck that seems pregnant with another war—a war with Holland. Advice had been received of large supplies of naval stores being ready to sail for Brest, furnished by the warm friends of France, the Amsterdammers; stores essential to the re-equipment of the French navy, and as repugnant to the treaties subsisting between us and the States. These merchantmen proposed to take advantage of a convoy going to the Levant and other places, the States not countenancing that manœuvre. It was determined not to wink at such an outrage, but to hazard complaints or resentment, when such a blow could be given to the farther enterprises of our capital enemies. Captain Fielding with five men-of-war of the line, was ordered to seize the whole counterband trade, and has executed what he could. He has brought into Plymouth eight merchantmen and three men-of-war, with their Admiral. The latter refused to allow a search; some shot were exchanged, but in air, on both sides, and then the Dutchmen struck. Fielding desired him to re-hoist his flag, but he refused, and said he must accompany his convoy; thus creating himself a prisoner.

I have related this event as vaguely—that is, as cautiously—as I could: first, because I know no particulars from authority, for it was but yesterday at noon that the notice arrived; and secondly, because I have heard various accounts; and lastly, because I have been so steeled against sudden belief by lies from all quarters for these five years, that I do not trust my eyes, ears, or reason, and still less those instruments of any body else.

cumstances, and on the most trying occasions, I can never sufficiently commend." D'Estaing commenced his career by serving in the East Indies under the unfortunate M. Lally, when he was taken prisoner by the English, and sent home on his parole. Having engaged in hostilities again before he had been regularly exchanged, he was taken again, and imprisoned at Portsmouth. On obtaining his freedom he vowed eternal hatred to the English which he endeavoured to wreak during the American war. At the capture of the Island of Grenada he distinguished himself. Becoming a victim in the proscriptions of 1793, he suffered under the guillotine, as a counter-revolutionist, in the following year.—ED.

There are two uncomely features in the countenance of this business. The first is disappointment. Though the captured stores are counterband, they consist only of hemp and iron, not of masts and timber, as we expected, and which are what the French want. Whether the magazines of those materials have escaped, or have not sailed, we—that is, I—do not know; but, when all the Ratisbons in Europe are to discuss our enterprise, it is not pleasant to have trespassed on punctilios,—if we, and not the Dutch, were the aggressors,—and not to have been crowned with success.

Thus we have involved ourselves fruitlessly in the second inconvenience, of having, perhaps, tapped a new war, without previous indemnification. You diplomatics must canvass all this; and I hope it will be left to such quiet disputants, and not be referred to red coats and trowsers. I have given you your cue, till you receive better instructions. I am sorry to open the fortieth year of our correspondence by opening another of Janus's temples; better, however, in Holland than in Ireland, where we have got a strong friendly army instead of a rebellion.

The weakness of my hand should not serve me for an excuse, had I more to tell you. This right hand is the only limb not recovered; yet, dreading another relapse, I have not yet ventured to take the air. Perhaps age, and weariness of such frequent returns, rebate my spirit. Illness, that must be repeated, takes off the edge from the enjoyment of health; and, though I seem to have patience, it is rather a state of discomfort. No matter what, I am wearing out; yet take great care of myself, more from a dread of decrepitude than from desire of life, in which I can have few joys. I have no affected indifference; for nothing, not even indifference if affected, is becoming in the decline of life. Adieu, my good friend of above forty years! Sure Orestes and Pylades, if they were inseparable, could not pretend to compare with us, who have not set eyes on one another for nine-and-thirty years!

LETTER CCCXXI.

Berkeley Square, Jan. 13, 1780.

In consequence of my last, it is right to make you easy, and tell you that I think we shall not have a Dutch war; at least nobody seems to expect it. What excuses we have made, I do not know; but I imagine the Hollanders are glad to gain by both sides, and glad not to be forced to quarrel with either.

What might have been expected much sooner, appears at last,—a good deal of discontent; but chiefly where it was not much expected. The country gentlemen, after encouraging the Court to war with America now, not very decently, are angry at the expense. As they have long seen the profusion, it would have been happy had they murmered sooner. Very serious associations are forming in many counties;

and orders, under the title of petitions, coming to Parliament for correcting abuses.* They talk of the waste of money; are silent on the thousands of lives that have been sacrificed—but when are human lives counted by any side?

The French who may measure with us in folly, and have exceeded us in ridiculous boasts, have been extravagant in their reception of D'Estaing, who has shown nothing but madness and incapacity. How the northern monarchs, who have at least exhibited talents for war and politics, must despise the last campaign of England and France?

I am once more got abroad, but more pleased to be able to do so, than charmed with any thing I have to do. Having outlived the glory and felicity of my country, I carry that reflection with me wherever I go. Last night at Strawberry Hill, I took up, to divert my thoughts, a volume of letters to Swift from Bolingbroke, Bathirst, and Gay; and what was there but lamentations on the ruin of England, in that æra of its prosperity and peace, from wretches who thought their own want of power a proof that their country was undone! Oh, my father! twenty years of peace, and credit, and happiness, and liberty, were punishments to rascals who weighed every thing in the scales of self? It was to the honour of Pope, that, though leaged with such a crew, and though an idolater of their arch-fiend Bolingbroke and in awe of the malignant Swift, he never gave into their venomous railings;† railings against a man, who in twenty years, never attempted a stretch of power, did nothing but the common business of administration, and by that temperance and steady virtue, and unalterable good-humour and superior wisdom, baffled all the efforts of faction, and annihilated the falsely boasted abilities of Bolingbroke, which now appear as moderate as his character was in every light detestable. But alas! that retrospect doubled my chagrin instead of diverting it. I soon forgot an impotent cabal of mock-patriots; but the scene they vainly sought to disturb rushed on my mind, and, like Hamlet on the sight of Yorick's skull, I recollect the prosperity of Denmark when my father ruled, and compared it with the present moment! I look about for a Sir Robert Walpole; but where is he to be found?

* The business of the Associations for the redress of grievances was commenced during the Christmas recess; and the adoption of this mode of procuring a reform in the executive departments of the State not only becoming general, but the minds of the people being warmed by these meetings, the views of many, and those persons of no mean weight and consequence, were extended still further; and they gradually began to consider that nothing less than a reform in the constitution of Parliament itself, by shortening its duration, and obtaining a more equal representation of the people, could effectually prevent a return of similar evils. The great county of York led the way, and set the example to the rest of the kingdom.—Ed.

† The amiable character of Sir Robert Walpole in private life is thus admirably touched by Pope, in his Epilogue to the Satires—

"Seen him I have, but in his happier hour
Of social pleasure, ill exchanged for power;

This is not a letter, but a codicil to my last. You will soon probably have news enough—yet appearances are not always pregnancies. When there are more follies in a nation than principles and system, they counteract one another, and sometimes, as has just happened in Ireland, are composed *pulveris exigui jactu*. I sum up my wishes in that for peace: but we are not satisfied with persecuting America, though the mischief has recoiled on ourselves; nor France with wounding us, though with little other cause for exultation, and with signal mischief to her own trade, and with heavy loss of seamen; not to mention how her armies are shrunk to raise her marine, a sacrifice she will one day rue, when the *disciplined* hosts of Goths and Huns begin to cast an eye southward. But I seem to choose to read futurity, because I am not likely to see it: indeed I am most rational when I say to myself, What is all this to me? My thread is almost spun; almost all my business here is to bear pain with patience, and to be thankful for intervals of ease. Though Emperors and Kings may torment mankind, they will not disturb my bed-chamber; and so I bid them and you good night!

P.S. I have made use of a term in this letter, which I retract, having bestowed a title on the captains and subalterns which was due only to the colonel, and not enough for his dignity. Bolingbroke was more than a rascal—he was a villain. Bathurst, I believe, was not a dishonest man, more than he was prejudiced by party against one of the honestest and best of men.* Gay was a simple poor soul, intoxicated by the friendship of men of genius, and who thought *they* must be good, who condescended to admire *him*. Swift was a wild-beast, who baited and worried all mankind almost, because his intolerable arrogance, vanity, pride, and ambition were disappointed; he abused Lady Suffolk,† who tried and wished to raise him, only be-

> Seen him, uncumbered by the venal tribe,
> Smile without art, and win without a bribe."

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's portrait of this eminent statesman in his character as a private man, gives also a most pleasing idea of him:

> "Such were the lively eyes and rosy hue
> Of Robin's face when Robin first I knew,
> The gay companion and the favourite guest;
> Lov'd without awe, and without fear caress'd,
> His cheerful smile, and open honest look,
> Added new graces to the truths he spoke."—Ed.

* Allen, first Earl Bathurst, took an active part in the debates in the House of Lords, in 1742, for an address for the removal of Sir Robert Walpole.—Ed.

† Henrietta Hobart, sister of John, first Earl of Buckinghamshire, and mistress of George the Second. [And to whom Pope addressed the elegant lines beginning—

> "I know the thing that's most uncommon;
> (Envy, be silent and attend!)
> I know a reasonable woman,
> Handsome and witty, yet a friend."—Ed.]

cause she had not power to do so: and one is sure that a man who could deify that silly woman, Queen Anne, would have been more profuse of incense to Queen Caroline, who had sense, if the court he paid to her had been crowned with success. Such were the men who wrote of virtue to one another; and even that mean exploded miser, Lord Bath, presumed to talk of virtue too!

LETTER CCCXXII.

Strawberry Hill, Feb. 6, 1780.

I WRITE only when I have facts to send. Detached scenes there have been in different provinces: they will be collected soon into a drama in St. Stephen's Chapel. One or two and twenty counties, and two or three towns, have voted petitions. But in Northamptonshire Lord Spencer was disappointed, and a very moderate petition was ordered. The same happened at Carlisle. At first, the Court was struck dumb, but have begun to rally. Counter-protests have been signed in Hertford and Huntingdon shires, in Surrey and Sussex.* Last Wednesday a meeting was summoned in Westminster Hall: Charles Fox harangued the people finely and warmly; and not only a petition was voted, but he was proposed for candidate for that city at the next general election, and was accepted joyfully.† Wilkes was his zealous advocate: how few years since a public breakfast was given at Holland House to support Colonel Lutterel against Wilkes! Charles Fox and his brother rode thence at the head of their friends to Brentford. Ovid's Metamorphoses contains not stranger transformations than party can work.

I must introduce a new actor to you, a Lord George Gordon,—metamorphosed a little too, for his family were Jacobites and Roman Catholics: he is the Lilburne of the Scottish Presbyterians, and an apostle against the Papists. He dresses, that is, wears long lank hair about his shoulders, like the first Methodist; though I take the modern ones to be no Anti-Catholics. This mad lord—for so all his family have been too, and are—has likewise assumed the patronage of Ireland. Last Thursday he asked an audience of the King, and, the moment he was admitted into the closet, began reading an Irish pamphlet, and continued for an hour, till it was so dark he could not see; and then left the pamphlet, exacting a promise on royal honour

* These counter-protests did not oppose the prayer of the petitions; but the protestors were of opinion, that the whole ought to be left to the discretion of Parliament, in whose public spirit and integrity they thought it improper to express any sort of distrust.—ED.

† Mr. Fox took the chair at this meeting. A committee, consisting of the Duke of Portland, the Earls of Egremont and Temple, Lords John and George Cavendish, Messrs. Townshend, Sawbridge, Wilkes, and about ninety other noblemen and gentlemen, were appointed to correspond with the other committees throughout the kingdom.—ED.

that his Majesty would finish it. Were I on the throne, I would make Dr. Monro* a Groom of my Bed-chamber: indeed it has been necessary for some time; for, of the King's lords, Lord Bolingbroke is in a mad-house, and Lord Pomfret and my nephew ought to be there. The last, being fond of onions, has lately distributed bushels of that root to his militia;—Mr. Windham† will not be surprised.

By the tenor of the petitions you would think we were starving; yet there is a little coin stirring. Within this week there has been a cast at hazard at the Cocoa Tree, the difference of which amounted to a hundred and four-score thousand pounds. Mr. O'Birne, an Irish gamester, had won one hundred thousand pounds of a young Mr. Harvey of Chigwell, just started from a midshipman‡ into an estate by his elder brother's death. O'Birne said, "You can never pay me." "I can," said the youth; "my estate will sell for the debt." "No," said O.; "I will win ten thousand—you shall throw for the odd ninety." They did, and Harvey won.

However, as it is a little necessary to cast about for resources, it is just got abroad, that about a year ago we took possession of a trifling district in India called the Province of Oude, which contains four millions of inhabitants, produces between three and four millions of revenue, and has an army of 30,000 men: it was scarce thought of consequence enough to deserve an article in the newspapers. If you are so *old-style* as to ask how we came to take possession, I answer, by the new law of nations; by the law by which Poland was divided. You will find it in the future editions of Grotius, tit. "Si une terre est à la bienséance d'un grand Prince." Oude appertained by that very law to the late Sujah Dowla. His successors were weak men, which *in India* is incapacity. Their Majesties the East-India Company, whom God long preserve, have *succeeded*.

This petty event has ascertained the existence of a certain being, who, till now, has not been much more than a matter of faith,—the Grand Lama. There are some affairs of trade between the sovereigns of Oude and his Holiness the Lama. Do not imagine the East India Company have leisure to trouble their heads about religion. Their commanding officer corresponded with the Tartar Pope, who, it seems, is a very sensible man. The Attorney-General asked this officer, who is come over, how the Lama wrote. "Oh," said he, "like any person." "Could I see his letters?" said Mr. Wedderburne. "Upon my word," said the officer, "when the busi-

* Physician of Bedlam.

† Mr. Windham had been Lieutenant-Colonel of the Norfolk Militia under Lord Orford, and had resigned on the trouble he gave them. [This is not correct. Mr. Windham was Major, not Lieutenant-Colonel. His resignation is distinctly stated by his biographer to have been occasioned by a severe illness; on his recovery from which he visited the Continent.—Ed.]

‡ This young midshipman was afterwards Admiral Sir Eliab Harvey, Knt., G. C.B., and distinguished himself as one of the heroes of Trafalgar. He sat in the House of Commons for the town of Malden from 1780 to 1784, and for the county of Essex from 1802 to his death in 1830.—Ed.

ness was settled, I threw them into the fire." However, I hear that somebody, not quite so mercantile, has published one of the Lama's letters in the Philosophical Transactions.* Well! when we break in Europe, we may pack up and remove to India, and be emperors again!

Do you believe me, my good sir, when I tell you all these strange tales? Do you think me distracted, or that your country is so? Does not this letter seem an olio composed of ingredients picked out of the history of Charles I., of Clodius and Sesostris, and the Arabian Nights? Yet I could have coloured it higher without trespassing on truth; but when I, inured to the climate of my own country, can scarcely believe what I hear and see, how should you, who converse only with the ordinary race of men and women, give credit to what I have ventured to relate, merely because in forty years I have constantly endeavoured to tell you nothing but truth? Moreover, I commonly reserve passages that are not of public notoriety, not having the smallest inclination to put the credulity of foreign post-offices to the test. I would have them think that we are only mad with valour, and that Lord Chatham's cloak has been divided into shreds no bigger than a silver penny amongst our soldiers and sailors. Adieu!

LETTER CCCXXIII.

Berkeley Square, Feb. 22, 1780.

I HAVE been waiting impatiently for a confirmation of Sir George Rodney's victory over the Spaniards, that I might send it to you as a dose for Monsieur de Barbantan; but either the Admiral's messenger-sloop has been taken, or he is still pursuing the flying enemy, or gone to the West Indies. However, as both Spain and France

*The letter here spoken of was addressed by the Grand Lama of Thibet to Mr. Hastings, then Governor of Bengal, and received by him on the 29th of March, 1774. A translation of it will be found in the Philosophical Transactions for 1778. It abounds in sentiments of justice, benevolence and piety, couched in a simple style, not devoid of dignity, and in general exempt from the high-flown compliments and strained metaphors so common among the other people of the East. The following is the opening passage:—"The affairs of this quarter in every respect flourish. I am night and day employed for the increase of your happiness and prosperity. Having been informed, by travellers from your quarter, of your exalted fame and reputation, my heart, like the blossom of spring, abounds with satisfaction, gladness and joy. Praise God that the star of your fortune is in its ascension. Praise him, that happiness and ease are the surrounding attendants of myself and family. Neither to molest nor persecute is my aim: it is even the characteristic of our sect to deprive ourselves of the necessary refreshment of sleep, should an injury be done to a single individual; but, in justice and humanity, I am informed you surpass us. May you ever adorn the seat of justice and power, that mankind may, in the shadow of your bosom, enjoy the blessings of peace and affluence!—Ed.

allow that Sir George had the advantage, there is no dispute but on the more or fewer of his prizes. Well! but novel as triumphs have been of late, this naval one, and every thing else, is drowned in the present great domestic moment. I must prepare you for a new era —so new, and of such late birth, that I cannot pretend to tell you of what it will be the æra.

I have mentioned our provincial committees, petitions, and associations. They have spread into nearly half the *English* counties, and have acquired additional weight by the approach of a general election; which, in times at all difficult, always puts members and candidates upon their good behaviour. Spirit begets spirit, as lethargy is catching from lethargy. Last week Lord North was beaten at the India House on his bargain with the Company, one of the promised resources. Yesterday was much more fatal to him. Sir George Savile, to humour the committee of Yorkshire, demanded last week a list of the King's pensions. The Speaker was suddenly taken ill, and the House adjourned till yesterday. The Court, in the interval, took the resolution of resisting the demand, and a pitched battle was fought with reciprocal animosity. At one in the morning Lord North carried a softening of the question, not a rejection, but by *two* voices;* which in Parliamentary language or calculation (for in such times the calculators always desert a sinking vessel) is a defeat. The Tories, fearing their popularity in the country, had kept away. Some may return if the Crown is pressed; but it will lose as many among the *lookers-out*, who were with it yesterday, as it can recall. In short, I think the Ministers must fall, and would increase their own danger every hour if they stayed. The committees in the country will be animated by this specimen of their importance. The Opposition will be invigorated by hope, and other counties will be hurried by and into the torrent. In truth, it is to be hoped that the die *is* cast. A change of men and measures may prevent that most dreadful of evils, a civil war; and, the longer the Court attempts to stem the current, the more destructive will the deluge be. It is to be wished, too, that the tide, which has turned rapidly, may be as swift in its effects; or we shall be occupied by storms at home, and not attend to our wars without.

This is a brief picture, or sketch, which time must finish. I might expatiate, or form conjectures; but you see that I cannot tell you more than I have of what may be fact. I could make reflections backward, but those you do not want; and it is their part to make them who drew themselves into such a desperate situation from one of perfect happiness and security. If the Court is prudent, it will yield to the first necessity, rather than hazard the last; and will then have been fortunate that it arrived so speedily and at once. A change is

* Sir George Savile's motion was for an account of all places for life or lives, whether held by patent or otherwise; to which Lord North moved to add the words, "and payable at the exchequer." The amendment was carried by 188 against 186.—Ed.

preferable to impeachments or to outrages of the mob. I abhor bloodshed and violence, and heartily wish we may have a quiet revolution in the Administration. Should authority interpose to preserve them, it will risk its own annihilation and theirs; indeed, it ceases to be authority when it resorts to force. It delegates its power to force, becomes subject to force, refers the contest to the decision of opposite forces, which is choosing chance for arbiter, and never recovers till placid aquiescence gives authority its own true energy.

You shall hear again as events arise; which probably will be numerous. Things cannot remain in the present state, nor fall back into their usual channel without a change, or worse convulsions.

Lady Catharine Pelham* is dead, at four-score. We remnants of happier times should not be sorry to quit a scene so different from what we remember. We aged know how few swim through a turbulent sea to the haven where they would be. Waves press on waves; new actors thrust aside those who commenced the commotion:—but I am running into reflections. I return to pray for tranquillity for my country. If it is not my lot to see it, I shall but escape so much anguish more as I should feel if witness to its calamities.

LETTER CCCXXIV.

Berkeley Square, March 3, 1780.

As my last letter probably alarmed you, I write again to tell you that nothing decisive has happened. The troops of the Palace even rallied a little yesterday on Mr. Burke's Bill of Reformation, or Reduction, yet, with evident symptoms of *caution*; for Lord North, who wished to defer the second reading, ventured to put it only to next Wednesday, instead of to-day; and would have carried a longer adjournment with still greater difficulty, for his majority was but of 35, and the minority remained 195, a very formidable number.† The Associations in the counties increase, though not rapidly: yet it will be difficult for the Court to stem such a torrent; and, I imagine, full as difficult for any man of temper to direct them wholsomely. Ireland is still more impetuous.

Fortunately, happily, the tide abroad seems turned. Sir George

* Sister of John Manners, third Duke of Rutland, and widow of Henry Pelham, First Lord of the Treasury.

† Mr. Burke, on the 11th of February, had introduced his memorable bill for the Economical Reformation of the Civil and other Establishments. "Never can I forget," says Gibbon, in reference to Mr. Burke's speech upon the occasion, "the delight, with which that diffusive and ingenious orator was heard by all sides of the House, and even by those whose existence he proscribed." The numbers for deferring the second reading were 230 against 195.—Ed.

Rodney's victory proves more considerable than it appeared at first.* It secures Gibraltar, eases your Mediterranean a little, and must vex the Spaniards and their monarch, not satisfied before with his cousin of Bourbon. Admiral Parker has had great success too amongst the latter's transports. Oh! that all these elements of mischief may jumble into peace! Monsieur Necker alone shines in the quarter of France;† but he is carrying the war into the domains of the Church, where one cannot help wishing him success. If he can root out monks, the Pope will have less occasion to allow *gras*, because we cannot supply them with *maigre*.‡ It is droll that the Protestant Necker, and we Protestant fishmongers, should overset the system of fasting; but ancient Alcorans could not foresee modern contingencies!

I have told you that politics absorb all private news. I am going to a ball this evening, which the Duke and Duchess of Bolton give to their royal highnesses of Gloucester, who have now a very numerous Court. It seems very improper for me to be at a ball; but you see that, on the contrary, it is propriety that carries me thither. I am heartily weary both of diversions and politics, and am more than half inclined to retire to Strawberry. I have renounced dining abroad, and hide myself as much as I can; but can one pin on one's breast a label to signify, that, though one is sensible of being Methusalem in constitution, one must sometimes be seen in a crowd for such and such reasons? I do often exaggerate my pleas of bad health; and, could I live entirely alone, would proclaim myself incurable: but, should one repent, one becomes ridiculous by returning to the world; or one must have a companion, which I never will have; or one opens a door to legatees, if one advertises ill-health. Well! I must act with as much common sense as I can; and, when one takes no part, one must temper one's conduct; and, when the world is too young for one, not shock it, nor contradict it, nor affix a peculiar character, but trust to its indifference for not drawing notice, when one does not desire to be noticed. Rabelais's "Fais ce que

* On the 7th of January, Admiral Rodney fell in with a fleet of merchant-ships under the convoy of seven men-of-war; the whole of which he captured. He soon after encountered Don Juan De Langara's squadron, consisting of eleven ships of the line and two frigates, and after an action of ten hours' continuance succeeded in dispossessing the enemy of seven sail of the line.—Ed.

† In pursuance of the plan of economy proposed by M. Necker, and adopted in the King of France's household, no less than four hundred offices were this year abolished, at one stroke, in that department. In a letter written at this time by Madame du Deffand to Walpole, there is, in reference to these projected reforms of M. Necker, the following prophetic passage:—"Vous pouvez être sûr qu'il a un furieux nombre d'ennemis; d'abord tous ceux qui perdent par ses réformes, et puis ceux que produit la jalousie et l'envie. Je doute qu'on lui laisse exécuter tous ses projects. Si on les veut morceler, il ne l'endurera pas; il quittera, tout s'écroulera, le crédit sera perdu, on tombera dans le chaos, ses ennemis triompheront, ils pêcheront en eau trouble, et publieront que ses systèmes, ses opérations, n'étaient que visions chimériques. C'est le plus grand malheur qui puisse arriver à ce pays-ci."—Ed.

‡ The English supplied Leghorn with fish, till they lost the empire of the Mediterranean in the time of the American war.

tu voudras" is not very difficult when one wishes to do nothing. I have always been offended at those who will belong to a world with which they have nothing to do. I have perceived that every age has not only a new language and new modes, but a new way of articulating. At first I thought myself grown deaf when with young people; but perceived that I understood my contemporaries, though they whispered. Well! I must go amongst those I do not comprehend so well, but shall leave them when they go to supper.

LETTER CCCXXV.

Berkeley Square, March 14, 1780.

I am not going to tell you that the Administration is changed, for as yet it is not; but it is beaten. Yesterday, on Mr. Burke's bill, the Opposition carried the clause for the annihilation of the Board of Trade by a majority of eight votes, though the Lords of Trade voted in their own cause.* There was a strange scene of Billingsgate between the Speaker and the Minister; the former stooping to turn *informer*, and accusing the latter of breach of promise on a lucrative job, in which Sir Fletcher was to have been advantaged.† It is very

* On the clause for abolishing the Board of Trade, Mr. Eden having urged, rather unluckily, in its defence, the 2300 folio volumes of its labours, Mr. Burke said, "he was ready to accept his defence of the Board, but not his 2300 volumes; they would, however, serve as a monument, under which both he and his clause might be buried, and form a funeral pile for them as large as one of the pyramids of Egypt. Alas, poor clause!" he exclaimed "if it be thy fate to be put to death, thou shalt be gloriously entombed! thou shalt lie under a splendid mausoleum! the corners of thy cenotaph shall be supported by Locke, by Addison, by Prior, and by Molesworth!" Gibbon, himself a member of the Board, says that, upon this occasion, "the Lords of Trade blushed at their insignificance, and Mr. Eden's appeal to the 2300 volumes of our Reports served only to excite a general laugh: it must be allowed that our duty was not intolerably severe, and that I enjoyed many days and weeks of repose, without being called away from my library to the office." The numbers on the division were, for abolishing the Board of Trade 207, against it 199.—Ed.

† During this debate the fact first came out, that the Speaker and the Administration were not upon good terms. In the course of his speech Sir Fletcher observed, that Lord North had long withdrawn all friendship and confidence from him. Being called upon for further explanation, he stated, that upon the death of the late Speaker he had been solicited by the Duke of Grafton to accept of his present situation, with an understanding that, whenever an opportunity offered, he should hold the sinecure office of Chief Justice in Eyre, as an equivalent for the advantages he had given up: notwithstanding this compact, he had discovered, that a negotiation was in train between the Minister and the Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, by which the latter was to retire on a pension, for the purpose of appointing another person to supply his place, and to the utter subversion of his claim. He added, that money had been proposed to be given and received, to bring about the arrangement. Lord North declared, that he knew nothing of the transaction at the time, and that no such negotiation was on foot as the one which had been stated. This brought on much altercation, which ran into assertion and direct contradiction between the Speaker and the Minister, and which gave rise to a scene that had

Homeric war when demi-gods rail, and wound one another. Astrea was in the right to leave earth, when other divinities tread in mortal paths, and in such dirty ones. We, that have quitted the theatre, are a little scandalized at such doings, of whatever side one is. I wish well to my country, but I wish too that my countrymen deserved wishes a little better.

The Court still holds out; but there is no recovering the ground that is lost. An Opposition so successful will not loiter at Capua. All the mercenaries with follow Sir Fletcher, and pretend it is the cry of the nation that they obey. The longer, too, the citadel is maintained, the more impatient the people will be to have it taken, and the more they will be excited to expect it. In short, a speedy change is the best event that can happen. Passions are so heated, that a little may set them in a blaze; and, though reformation may be the cause, it is not good that reformers should be in a rage before they begin their work. They undo more than they can repair, punish without trial, and disgrace the service before they have effected it. It is the nature, too, of human torrents to turn round like whirlpools; but, as I have not time to tell you more facts, I certainly have none to make reflections, which age, taking itself for wisdom, is mighty apt to dispense. My letter is short, but that is all that is necessary to preparatives. I declare, in spite of my wisdom, that I do not guess what will happen. I pray for the peace of Jerusalem; but what the Pharisees or Sadducees will do next, I do not know.

LETTER CCCXXVI.

Berkeley Square, March 21, 1780.

The Court-stock, that last week was eight under par, is got up again to fifty-three above par. Yesterday, on Burke's Bill, the debate was on the King's Household; the clause for cashiering which was rejected at one in the morning by a majority of fifty-three,* though the moment before that question the Ministers had been forced to let the Contractor's Bill pass without a division.

Still the career of the Opposition is certainly a little checked, and I think will not recover by the recess at Easter, when the Court can work more efficaciously than they: for they will separate, and the Court can work on separate men; and will not only have recovered spirits from this last advantage, but from being thunderstruck by the rapid progress of the spirit in the country. Other causes have contributed to lower the Opposition; causes arising from themselves. The profligate and blundering impudence of the Speaker gave the

hardly ever been exhibited in the House. The complaint and conduct of the Speaker was commented upon in a strain of bitter sarcasm and ironical satire by Mr. Wedderburn, the law-officer alluded to.—Ed.

* The clause was rejected by 211 against 158.—Ed.

first shock. This was immediately followed by as dishonourable an attack on the same person, Lord North, by Temple Lutterell, one of the brothers of the Duchess of Cumberland, who brought a direct charge against the Minister for buying a borough, which Lutterell thought he himself had bought. He made his own corrupt practice very clear, and could not prove a tittle against Lord North. The accusation was voted frivolous.* The Opposition, too, had thought to carry every thing sword in hand, and, owing their late progress to the country petitions, they affected to transfer Parliamentary power to the associations, who were very ready to affect Parliamentary airs, and accordingly assumed cognizance of matters actually pending in Parliament. This has offended moderate men; and many, who approved the petitions, were alarmed at the associations—with good reason: for the deputation, composed of three members of each committee, which is assembled in London, are going to take large strides indeed, and intend to propose to their several counties to demand annual Parliaments, and to alter the mode of representation. The first would be an alteration of the Constitution, and the last a most dangerous violation of it; and very sorry should I be to see either attempted. Lord Rockingham, the Cavendishes, and that connexion, strenuously resist these innovations. Lord Shelburne and Charles Fox push them impetuously, though at first both opposed them: but the first *will* stick at nothing to gratify his ambition; and the latter *must* stick at nothing, so desperate is his situation. Thus, instead of trying soberly to correct and restore the Constitution, we are leaping at once to improving upon it; and thus the national spirit that had arisen, and might have done some service, will be wasted in chimerical projects, and only sow altercation. However, negative good it must have done, for it has checked profusion and waste; and has shown the Court that the lion was dormant, but not toothless.

You will perceive, perhaps, that my conjectures and prognostics vary; and it is natural you should conclude that I form my reasonings from the moment. So I do; that is I conjecture from present appearances, but I reason from the causes that make appearances vary. Bodies of men, multitudes, do not act upon one regular system; in the present case, the committees started out of the earth, were not set on foot by the leaders of the Opposition, and will not be led by them, at least till they have been humoured by them for some time. Besides, their own leaders may not have just the same views as the Parliamentary leaders; and, the more articles either or both frame for the political creed in which they are to agree, into the more sects they will spilt. So much the better, if any part would violate the Constitution. It is good that the Court should know it will be resisted if it attempts against the Constitution: but as no country ever yet had so good a one, though not perfect, I do

* The words of the amendment, which was moved by Mr. Holroyd, afterwards Lord Sheffield, were, "that the charge brought against Lord North was ill-founded and injurious." It was agreed to without a division.—Ed.

not desire any body should mend it; because I do not know that they will not make more errors than they found, and I have not so high an opinion of the virtue or wisdom of the present age as to discern the sublime legislators who can improve the system laid down at the Revolution. To that point let us always return when necessary. It will be time enough to make improvements afterwards.

Observe, this letter is but a week younger than my last. Your nephew says you complained of my silence, but owned it was occasioned by the delay of two or three posts. I never was so diligent. Now I shall relax a little. The Parliament will go into Easter quarters the day after to-morrow for ten days, and I shall go out of town on Friday. It will be a *grim repose** for them; but at least you will not expect events in the holidays. It will be better that we should run into speculative controversies than into a civil war;—we are every day on the point of single combats. Yesterday one was very near between Lord Shelburne and Mr. Fullarton, Lord Stormont's late secretary at Paris;† for I assure you, terms are no more managed than in the Senate of Rome, where duels were not the fashion. Well! good night; or I should be too late for the post.

LETTER CCCXXVII.

Strawberry Hill, April 8, 1780.

The return of the Parliament will naturally make you impatient for a letter, though you will not have expected so much as this will announce. As I am not going to write a romance or an epic poem, I will not keep your attention in suspense, but tell you at once that the Court has received a signal defeat already; in which, as well as in the preparations for the engagement, their generals have manifested strange negligence and want of conduct.

On Wednesday, on the question of the new-raised regiments, in

* "Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That, hush'd in *grim repose*, expects his ev'ning prey."
Gray's *bard*.

† After being Lord Stormont's private secretary at Paris, Mr. Fullarton was elevated to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in the army, and appointed to the command of a newly-raised regiment. The Earl of Shelburne animadverted severely on the circumstance in the House of Lords, and, in the course of his speech, designated Mr. Fullarton as a mere clerk, a *commis*. The latter complained of the insult in his place in the House of Commons; but, the House declining to proceed upon it, the "single combat" anticipated by Walpole took place in Hyde Park, on the 22nd of March.—Ed.

which Mr. Fullarton's was comprised, the Ministers carried them in the House of Commons by a majority of nearly forty.*

The next day was appointed for consideration of the Petitions from the counties and towns; about forty of which, on vast parchments subscribed by thousands of names, were heaped on the table. The Opposition had kept secret their intended motions. The very first, made by Mr. Dunning, was a thundering one: The words were, "That the influence of the Crown has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished." The walls could not believe their own ears; they had not heard such language since they had a wainscot. The Ministers, as if this winter were at all like the five last, poorly tried that the chairman should leave the chair; but that would not take now. Thomas Pitt, who never spoke so well before, drew a terrible picture of the difference he had felt between his former journey abroad and his last; from what he knew of the dissimilar situations of his country, then so flourishing now so fallen! and from what he heard foreigners say of it. This apostrophe, addressed very bitterly to Lord North, threw him into a rage against the Opposition, that produced mighty tumult. The details of all this, and more, you will see in the papers. I have not room for particulars. In short, late at night Mr. Dunning's motion was carried by 233 to 215, and, as uncommonly, was instantly reported to the House.†

The blow seems to me decisive; for this committee is to continue sitting on the petitions, will exclude any other business, will extract from the petitions whatever propositions it pleases, may ground on those what charges it has a mind, and will carry along all those who have already voted on that foundation; so that, if the Ministers attempt to make a farther stand, nothing seems so probable as their being personally accused. To combat on the same field of battle after being vanquished, will, in my opinion, be phrenzy. It is to prevent very great mischief that I heartily wish them to retreat before it is too late. The Constitution is vigorous enough, when a sudden turn of the tide can, in three months, sweep away a deep-rooted Administration. A torrent opposed may damage the foundation of the Constitution itself.

These are my apprehensions; but whoever would preach to two

* The numbers on the division were 102 against 66.—Ed.

† The motion made by Mr. Fox for immediately reporting the resolution, was opposed by Lord North, as being unusual, violent, and arbitrary; but the torrent was too strong to be resisted. The exultation and triumph on one side of the House was only equalled by the depression and dismay which prevailed on the side of Administration. "Indeed," says the able writer of the historical department of the Annual Register, "when the nature and the tendency of the questions are considered, and the manner in which they were carried is attentively viewed, scarcely any thing more important seems to have been so proposed and carried since the Revolution. The system of the Court was shaken to its foundation. Without doors the joy and triumph in most parts of England were great and general; and, though not displayed in the same manner, would not perhaps have been exceeded on occasion of the most decisive victory over a foreign enemy."—Ed.

heated antagonists is sure of being listened to by neither, and so am come hither quietly to ponder my own reflections.

Whoever has seen much, and has read a little, must know that human affairs are subject to these returns of troubles. Great or little, they strike the present spectator as infinitely more momentous than any greater crisis, of which he has only read coolly. I do not pretend that this is a common or small moment; nay, it may have very distant consequences. But one so calm as I am grown, and so retired as I live, knows that even the disorders of nations subside after a time, and therefore I have at least as much curiosity for the conclusion as observation on the events as they pass; though considering my age and caducity, my curiosity may happen not to be gratified. Well! all one's own time is but a portion of an unfinished history. One does not come on the stage precisely as a memorable period commences, nor quit it just when the curtain drops. Every one is to the history of his country like his own hairs to himself,—millions fall before the body is worn out.

The orator Dr. Jebb* is not the physician, but his brother. I shall stop here, because this is not to set out till Tuesday; and as I shall return to town on Monday which probably will be no neutral day, I shall reserve the rest of my paper for its contingencies. Oh! I had forgotten that in my last I spoke of Lord Shelburne and Mr. Fullarton as having been likely to fight. My letter was scarcely on horseback before they did fight, as you have seen in the papers. The Earl was wounded in the groin, just where Charles Fox was; on which Sir George Savile said wittily, that Adam and Fullarton had tried not only to cut off them, but their posterity. It was odd that the same pistols gave both wounds, for Adam had borrowed Fullarton's.

April 11th.

Religious prophets were more prudent than I; they commonly formed their predictions *after* events, not before. Would not one have thought that I, who have often denied myself guesses, should have been on my guard against soothsaying?—yet here am I already caught, and the dupe of my own penetration: not but the Administration was beaten again yesterday; yet only by *two*†—just enough to contradict this letter, and bring poor me to shame: in short, nothing is consistent for two days. Fluctuation is the ruling dæmon of the times—and

* Dr. John Jebb, eldest son of Dr. John Jebb, Dean of Cashel, and brother of Sir Richard, the physician, was a man much celebrated among the violent partisans for unbounded liberty, religious and political. He was a warm friend to the cause of the Americans, a strenuous advocate for annual parliaments and universal suffrage, a writer in newspapers, and a speaker at public meetings. He died in 1786, and, in the following year, his theological, medical, political, and miscellaneous works were published, in three volumes, by Dr. Disney.—Ed.

† The division on this occasion was 215 to 213. It took place upon Mr. Dunning's motion, that it was incompatible with the independence of Parliament, that persons holding certain offices at Court should be entitled to hold seats in the House of Commons.—Ed.

perhaps a propitious one! it may prevent a more mischievous devil from rioting at will. Take notice, that, while any of these Incubi reign, I will not be their Flamen and give out their oracles. I will henceforth only tell you where they have left prints of their footsteps.

LETTER CCCXXVIII.

Strawberry Hill, April 17, 1780.

Fluctuation is the present *mot* of the House of Commons. Lord North had a considerable majority, considering the moment, on Thursday. The question was to read a second time the bill to disfranchise the Officers of the Revenue.* As the increase of *them*, by the addition of taxes, has magnificently increased the influence of the Crown, the refusal of cashiering them as voters is not very consequential logic after the vote of the former week, that that influence ought to be diminished! The Court took a bolder step on Friday, and rejected the Bill for *dismembering* contractors, which the Commons had sent to the Lords, who threw it out.† This measure would have created a raging flame in the Commons this very day—but the Commons are laid up in the person of their Speaker. He declared himself so exhausted in the Chair on Friday, and so ill, that the tender House, to both sides which his alternate virtues must be dear, have adjourned to this day sevennight;‡ however, it is said he designs to abdicate. A greater quantity of fuel, no doubt, will be prepared on the Contractors' Bill; but premeditated conflagrations do not always kindle like the combustibles of passion. The new tests of the Associations have been rejected by four or five counties. I am heartily glad. I like few or no tests, and not at all the changes of the Constitution at which they were aimed.

You say Prussia forbade Russia to assist us, to which she was inclined. Truly, she is a most passive or weathercock despot! Ladies

* Mr. Crew's bill for disabling Revenue Officers from voting at elections was, on the 13th thrown out by a majority of 224 to 195.—Ed.

† On the 14th, the bill, which had been sent up from the Commons for preventing persons concerned in Contracts with the Government from sitting in the House of Commons, was rejected by the Lords by 61 to 41.—Ed.

‡ The adjournment of the House to the 24th was moved by Mr. Dunning. "Nothing," says the Annual Register, "ever happened more fortunately in favour of any Administration than the illness, at this peculiar juncture, of the Speaker. It seemed as if nothing else could at that time have saved them. The recess, indeed, was not long; but it produced extraordinary and unexpected effects. It afforded time and opportunity for using effectual means to bring the numerous deserters from the Court, who had been afraid to oppose the late popular torrent, back to their original standard. In effect, the meeting of the house, after this short recess, presented so new a face and appearance of things, and such a total change of temper and disposition, that it seemed no longer the same identical body."—Ed.

too, that are forbidden to please themselves, are seldom so passive as to exceed the command of the prohibitor. And yet she has sent us a Memorial, or (in the modern phrase for a bitter potion) a rescript, that will mightily manacle the vivacity of our privateers.* As all Europe is obdurate, I wish they would go farther, and one and all impose peace on us and our enemies. That would be mercy to mankind; but at what Ratisbon is there a precedent of such pacification registered? The D'Alemberts and Diderots, who are so lavish of incense to philosophic sovereigns, are forced to content themselves with mighty problematic sparkles of philosophy!

I begin this letter, because I am here idle: perhaps I shall not finish it this week. I am sorry my *recommandé*† is so unwise for himself as not to cultivate you more. I am satisfied of his virtues, but am not so clear that he knows much of the world. I doubt his patriotism is a little of Spartan hue, that is, morose; at least I shall deem it so, if your humanity does not smooth it. *Here*, I believe, it will soon be difficult to be allowed any moderation; but surely one has no occasion to wear one's badge constantly at the distance of above a thousand miles. Well; you have temper, and will not take notice of it. I am satisfied of your complaisance for my *protégés;* and, if they do not meet it as they ought, I am not so unreasonable as to expect or desire you to press it upon them. I remember Sir William Maynard was very impertinent on opposite politics.‡ You must smile as I do when I content neither side. Methinks it is a desirable certificate. One should have charity for all sorts of opinions on religion and government; for no person can be absolutely sure he is in the right on either. Were any mode in either self-evidently true, no body could dispute on them; but, as men have disputed, fought, nay died, for almost every mode and against every mode, their probabilities are but a *peut-être*. I am a settled Whig; for, if one thinks, one must before my age have fixed one's creed by the lamp of one's own reason: but I have much Quakerism in my composition, and prefer peace to doctrines. I have so much weakness and worldliness too in my nature, that, having a poor opinion of my own infallibility, I can but suspect myself of as much prejudice and passion as I descry in others;—one may be very sure of one's own faults, but one may judge rashly and unfairly on those of others.

22d.

I could not amass complement enough for my letter, and shall therefore reserve it to Tuesday next. The mountain has been delivered of a tooth; i. e. the Speaker has had one drawn, and will re-

* This was the Manifesto of the 26th of February, issued by the Court of St. Petersburgh, which was the means of forming, under the name of an Armed Neutrality, that formidable naval and military alliance and confederacy between the Northern powers to which most of the neutral states in Europe afterwards acceded. —Ed.

† Mr. Windham.

‡ Sir William Maynard was a Jacobite.

turn to the House on Monday,—they say, for the rest of this session; though, *they say*, against the advice of the physicians. You see, when virtue seizes people late, it makes them risk even life itself in the service of their country!

25th.

I am but just come to town, and find that the livery of the House of Commons is still turned up with changeable, or rather is returned to the Royal colours. Dunning moved yesterday to address the King that the Parliament might not be prorogued or dissolved till the demands of the petitions are satisfied. The motion was rejected by 254 to 203. On this repulse, the Opposition adjourned their committee to that day sevennight, to have time to meditate one decisive measure; which, if rejected, Charles Fox declared he should advise secession, as having no hopes of redress of grievances. That implies *recourse to the people*. As a new Parliament is so near, recourse to the people may imply that the people, if they will be relieved, must choose representatives accordingly. Such steps are constitutional; and, while we have those remedies, I hope we shall never have any other. The session will probably end much sooner than was expected; but when one guesses, from the sky, of the day, you must not depend upon such an almanac-maker.

LETTER CCCXXIX.

Berkeley Square, May 13, 1780.

My letters keep touch with the pulse of the times: they are redoubled, or intermitted, or periodic, according as the political inflammation increases, abates, or gives place to the common course of things. Of late I have been silent, because the daily papers told you the ordinary events, and that nothing singular had happened. The Ministerial recovery is confirmed; the rejection of the Contractors' Bill by the House of Lords occasioned no ferment, and in the country the Associations seem at least to doze. The Opposition are not very unanimous, and their leaders have no grounds for reproaching the Ministers with want of conduct. The session, I conjecture, will end sooner than is expected, from general weariness. The public is tired of attending to their debates; and the chiefs will be sick of disappointments; especially when not consoled by the thorough-bass of attention and applause without doors. In short, it is my opinion that the vigour of this country is worn out, and is not likely to revive. I think it is pretty much the same case with Europe. I remember that, some years ago, I used to tell you that this is *an age of abortions*. May not this be founded on a still more general truth? May not our globe be arrived at senility? Its youth animated Asia, and displayed

yet not concerned in the petition, were assaulted;* many of their glasses were broken, and many of their persons torn out of the carriages. Lord Boston was thrown down and almost trampled to death; and the two Secretaries of State, the Master of the Ordnance, and Lord Willoughby were stripped of their bags or wigs, and the three first came into the House with their hair all dishevelled. The chariots of Sir George Savile and Charles Turner, two leading advocates for the late toleration, though in Opposition, were demolished; and the Duke of Richmond and Burke were denounced to the mob as proper objects for sacrifice.† Lord Mahon laboured to pacify the tempest, and, towards eight and nine, prevailed on so many to disperse, that the Lords rose and departed in quiet; but every avenue to the other House was besieged and blockaded, and for four hours they kept their doors locked, though some of the warmest members proposed to sally out, sword in hand, and cut their way. Lord North and that House behaved with great firmness, and would not submit to give any other satisfaction to the rioters, than to consent to take the Popish laws into consideration on the following Tuesday; and calling the justices of the peace, empowered them to call out the whole force of the county to quell the riot.

The magistrates soon brought the horse and foot guards, and the pious ragamuffins soon fled, so little enthusiasm fortunately had inspired them; at least all their religion consisted in outrage and plunder; for the Duke of Northumberland, General Grant, Mr. Mackinsy, and others had their pockets picked of their watches and snuff-boxes. Happily, not a single life was lost.

This tumult, which was over between nine and ten at night, had

* "It is hardly possible," wrote one who was present, "to conceive a more grotesque appearance than the House exhibited. Some of their lordships, with their hair about their shoulders; others smutted with dirt; most of them as pale as the Ghost in Hamlet, and all of them standing up, in their several places, and speaking at the same time." Lord Mansfield came in with his wig dishevelled; the Archbishop of York had his long sleeves torn off and flung in his face; the Bishop of Lincoln's carriage was destroyed, and himself taken, in a fainting fit, into a house; the Duke of Northumberland was robbed of his watch and purse; and Lord Sandwich narrowly escaped destruction."—Ed.

† Mr. Burke, in his way to the House, on the 6th, was surrounded by some of the most respectable of the petitioners, who expostulated with him on his conduct, in abetting Sir George Savile's motion for the Roman Catholic Bill: he said, he certainly had seconded it, and thought himself justified in so doing; he understood he was a marked man, and therefore he had walked out singly amongst them, conscious of having done nothing that deserved their censure, having always been the advocate of the people. Mr. Burke's residence in the Broad Sanctuary was more than once threatened; and he himself reviled as a Jesuit in disguise, nicknamed Neddy St. Omer's, and caricatured as a monk stirring up the fires of Smithfield. He thus notices the above adventure, in a letter written shortly after to a friend in Ireland:—"My wife being safely lodged, I spent part of the next day in the street amidst this wild assembly, into whose hands I delivered myself, informing them who I was. Some of them were malignant and fanatical, but I think the far greater part of those whom I saw were rather dissolute and unruly than very ill-disposed. I even found friends and well-wishers amongst the blue-cockades."—Ed.

scarce ceased before it broke out in two other quarters. Old Haslang's* chapel was broken open and plundered; and as he is a Prince of Smugglers as well as Bavarian Minister, great quantities of run tea and contraband goods were found in his house. This one cannot lament; and still less, as the old wretch has for these forty years usurped a hired house, and though the proprietor for many years has offered to remit his arrears of rent, he will neither quit the house nor pay for it.

Monsieur Cordon, the Sardinian Minister, suffered still more. The mob forced his chapel, stole two silver lamps, demolished every thing else, threw the benches into the street, set them on fire, carried the brands into the chapel, and set fire to that; and, when the engines came, would not suffer them to play till the guards arrived, and saved the house and probably all that part of the town. Poor Madame Cordon was confined by illness. My cousin, Thomas Walpole, who lives in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, went to her rescue, and dragged her, for she could scarce stand with terror and weakness, to his own house.

I doubt this narrative will not reapproach you and Mr. Windham. I have received yours of the 20th of last month.

You will be indignant that such a mad dog as Lord George should not be knocked on the head. Colonel Murray did tell him in the House, that, if any lives were lost, his lordship should join the number.† —Nor yet is he so lunatic as to deserve pity. Besides being very debauched, he has more knavery than mission. What will be decided on him, I do not know; every man that heard him can convict him of the worst kind of sedition: but it is dangerous to constitute a rascal a martyr. I trust we have not much holy fury left; I am persuaded that there was far more dissoluteness than enthusiasm in the mob: yet the episode is very disagreeable. I came from town yesterday to avoid the birthday. We have a report here that the Papists last night burnt a Presbyterian meeting-house, but I credit nothing now on the first report. It was said to be intended on Saturday, and the guards patrolled the streets at night; but it is very likely that Saint George Gordon spread the insinuation himself.

My letter cannot set out before to-morrow; therefore I will postpone the conclusion. In the mean time I must scold you very seriously for the cameo you have sent me by Mr. Morrice. This house

* Count Haslang, Minister from the Elector of Bavaria: he had been here from the year 1740. [He died in May 1783, at the age of eighty-three, after an embassy of forty-four years.—Ed.]

† Lord George went out several times and harangued the people, pointing out such members as were opposing the petition, particularly Mr. Burke. An eye-witness states, that General Conway and several other members expostulated with him very warmly on the mischiefs that might arise from such conduct, and that Colonel Gordon, a near relation, went up to him and accosted him in the following words, "My Lord George, do you intend to bring your rascally adherents into the House? If you do, the first man of them that enters, I will plunge my sword—not into his, but into your body."—Ed.

is full of your presents and of my blushes. I love any one of them as an earnest of your friendship; but I hate so many. You force upon me an air most contrary to my disposition. I cannot thank you for your kindness; I entreated you to send me nothing more. You leave me no alternative but to seem interested or ungrateful. I can only check your generosity by being brutal. If I had a grain of power, I would affront you and call your presents bribes. I never gave you any thing but a coffee-pot. If I could buy a diamond as big as the Caligula, and a less would not be so valuable, I would send it you. In one word, I will not accept the cameo, unless you give me a promise under your hand that it shall be the last present you send me. I cannot stir about this house without your gifts staring me in the face. Do you think I have no conscience? I am sorry Mr. Morrice is no better, and wonder at his return. What can invite him to this country? Home never was so homely.

6th.

It is not true that a meeting-house has been burnt. I believe a Popish chapel in the city has been attacked: and they talk here of some disturbance yesterday, which is probable; for, when grace, robbery, and mischief make an alliance, they do not like to give over:—but ten miles from the spot are a thousand from truth. My letter must go to town before night, or would be too late for the post. If you do not hear from me again immediately, you will be sure that this *bourrasque* has subsided.

Thursday 8th.

I am exceedingly vexed. I sent this letter to Berkeley Square on Tuesday, but by the present confusions my servant did not receive it in time. I came myself yesterday, I found a horrible scene. Lord Mansfield's house was just burnt down, and at night there were shocking disorders. London and Southwark were on fire in six places; but the regular troops quelled the sedition by daybreak, and every thing now is quiet. A camp of ten thousand men is formed in Hyde Park, and regiments of horse and foot arrive every hour.

Friday morn. 9th.

All has been quiet to-night. I am going to Strawberry for a little rest. Your nephew told me last night that he sends you constant journals just now.

LETTER CCCXXXI.

Strawberry Hill, June 14, 1780.

The Pope needs not be alarmed: the rioters thought much more of plundering those of their own communion, than his holiness's flock. To demolish law and prisons was their next great object; and to release prisoners, the only gospel-work they performed. What was the view of the arch-incendiary I do not know, nor what seditious

plans were engrafted on or incorporated with his Calvanistic reformation; but it is certain that the number of the perpetrators of all the mischief was very inconsiderable, and two-thirds apprentices and women. Two fortunate circumstances are amazing; that a large portion of the town was not burnt, and that not a single person of any name is killed. The damage, on the contrary, is estimated at a million. I do not send you particulars, for your nephew told me you should have a journal of them from him.

The spectacle—for I was there on the blackest night, the Wednesday,—was tremendous and shocking. The monster that conjured up this tempest is now manacled in the Tower.—But what a nation is Scotland; in every reign engendering traitors to the State, and false and pernicious to the Kings that favour it the most! National prejudices, I know, are very vulgar; but, if there are national characteristics, can one but dislike the soils and climates that concur to produce them?

I shall suspend the prosecution of this letter, for the papers say our ports are still shut. They will soon be re-opened, I trust; for tranquillity is restored in the capital, and in the country has not been disturbed but for one moment at Bath, though near a fortnight is elapsed since the first tumult.

Berkeley Square, Friday, 16th.

I shall change my mind, and send away this fragment to-night; as, though short, it will contain two pieces of intelligence that will give you joy, and I doubt you want some cordials.

Yesterday arrived an account of the surrender of Charlestown to Sir Henry Clinton: like the jaundice, I turn every thing to the colour of my mind, and cry, "Will it advance peace?" It certainly will have good effect here, and discourage mutineers.—I have not time to dilate more.

The King and his royal brothers* are reconciled. This is my second good article.—But the best of all is, that we are perfectly tranquil; and ten days having passed since the black Wednesday, and no accounts having come of the least disturbance, except a momentary one at Bath, it is fairly to be presumed that the whole nation is shocked at the late savage tumults.

Here the scandal taken is so universal, or shame or fear, that not a single person has been or sent to inquire after the arch-incendiary. Wilkes has very sensibly ridden home on Lord George, and distinguished himself by zeal and spirit.†

One strange circumstance in the late delirium was the mixture of

* Prince William Henry Duke of Gloucester, and Prince Henry Duke of Cumberland.

† Dr. Johnson, in a letter to Mrs. Thrale of the 10th, says, "The rioters attempted the Bank. Jack Wilkes headed the party that drove them away. Jack declares, that if he be trusted with power, he will not leave a rioter alive. We frighten one another with reports that seventy thousand Scots are about to come hither with the Dukes of Gordon and Argyll, and eat us, and hang us, or drown us; but we are all at quiet."—Ed.

rage and consideration in the mob. In most of the fires they threw furniture into the street, did not burn it *in* the houses; nay, made several small bonfires, lest a large one should spread to buildings. They would not suffer engines to play on the devoted edifices; yet, the moment the objects were consumed, played the engines on contiguous houses on each side! It is all unaccountable, and I can yet send you no consistent narrative. Much appears to have been sudden fury, and in many places the act of few. In other lights it looks like plan and deep premeditation. Whether it will ever be unravelled, I know not; or whether, like the history of darker ages, falsehood will become history, and then distant periods conjecture that we have transmitted very blundered relations: but, when I know so little of what has passed before my own eyes, I shall not guess how posterity will form their opinions. Adieu! I have not time to say more.

LETTER CCCXXXII.

Berkeley Square, July 6, 1780.

If I did not think that you have a satisfaction in hearing from me, and were not unwilling to grow remiss after a perseverance of forty years, I should be disposed to devolve on your nephew the function of sending you intelligence. In good truth, I am ashamed of the office. We make a ridiculous figure in every light: there is no dignity or consistence any where. The Government, the Parliament, the parties, or rather the factions or rather the fractions, do and undo, cross over and figure in, and seem to have neither plan nor object.

The incoherencies of the last six months could only be described by a person accustomed to draw out dances for the stage. In December the tide ran into petitions and associations: the House of Commons voted the danger of prerogative, unvoted it again, were for satisfying the petitioners, and then did not give them a crumb of bread: then we were alarmed with Popery, and the town was set on fire: next, we were to revise toleration,—that was changed for new precautions against increase of Papists: then our Lords the Bishops were for tolerating Popery because it was decreasing: then the Chancellor declared he had always disliked the indulgence; but, in contradiction to the favourers of it, would himself favour their educating their children: and then—ay, then,—the new bill of regulations was thrown out, no body knows why or wherefore.* If you can make head or tail of all this, you are wiser than I!

* When Sir George Savile's bill for securing the Protestant religion from any encroachments of Popery, by restraining Papist from teaching the children of Protestants, was brought up from the Commons, the Lords in general, including the right reverend bench, appeared much on the side of toleration; but several of the peers considering it as a great indignity to Parliament to pass a bill which carried all the appearance of being forced upon them by outrage and threat, upon its being

The next chapter is that of the rioters, whose trials are begun. A score have been tried, and most of them condemned. They are apprentices, women, a black girl, and two or three escaped convicts. And these Catilines, without plan, plot, connexion, or object, threw a million of inhabitants into consternation, burnt their houses about their ears, besieged the Parliament, drove it to adjourn for ten days, and have saddled the capital with ten thousand men; and still terrify us so dreadfully, that we dare not dismiss two camps at our gates, lest a Negro miss, and her regiment of street-walkers, should overturn the State. Not a Frenchman, not an American, appears to have had a finger in a single outrage. Oh! we are a magnanimous people! and Europe must wait with awe for the result of this campaign of bonfires! I am so ashamed of this *dénouement* of a tragedy that was horrible to behold from the number of conflagrations, and which becomes ridiculous when one perceives how easily it might have been prevented or suppressed,* that I shall beg to be excused from saying any more upon it, and shall change it for a private subject, that is very agreeable to me; and, when the public stands in a contemptible light, domestic events rise in importance.

Lord Egremont,† who has for some time been in love with my niece Lady Maria Waldegrave, the Duchess's second daughter, has at last had an audience, and demanded her. He is eight-and-twenty, is handsome, and has between twenty and thirty thousand a-year. You may imagine he was not rejected by either mother or daughter. The daughter, with a charming person, is less beautiful than either of her sisters, though more liked by most men. She has spirit, a great deal of wit, and the sagacity and good-sense of her father, with constant good-humour and cheerfulness. We are all happy with this alliance, and Lord Egremont's family shows general satisfaction. I, who live to see so many strange events, did not expect formerly that Sir William Windham's‡ grandson would marry Sir Robert Walpole's great-grand-daughter, to the equal content of both houses. The Duke and Duchess, with the little Prince and Princess, the

brought up to be reported, it was contrived to set it aside, without giving it a direct negative, by moving that it should be read a third time on that day week: which, being carried, had the effect of a previous question, as it was known that a prorogation would take place in the interim.—Ed.

* In his account of the riots to Mrs. Thrale, Dr. Johnson says, "I walked with Dr. Scott to look at Newgate, and found it in ruins. As I went by, the Protestants were plundering the Sessions-house at the Old Bailey. There were not, I believe, a hundred; but they did their work at leisure, in full security, without sentinels, without trepidation, as men lawfully employed in full day. Such is the cowardice of a commercial place! The King said in council, 'that the magistrates had not done their duty, but that he would do his own;' and a proclamation was published. There has, indeed, been a universal panic; from which the King was the first that recovered."—Ed.

† George Windham, second Earl of Egremont.

‡ Sir William Windham, Chancellor of the Exchequer at the end of the reign of Queen Anne, was a principal leader of the Opposition to Sir Robert Walpole.

bride, her sisters, Lady Egremont,* and her son the bridegroom, were all at Ranelagh together last night. I satisfied myself with seeing them at Gloucester-house before they went. The company, I hear, were pleased with this exhibition; and in truth, it was worth seeing. The Duchess's beauty still marks her as the principal object. But is not my letter like one of Shakspeare's historic plays—insurrections, a marriage, trials, a Court-pageant?—It is amusement to one who looks on all, as I do, with tranquil eyes, and whose plan it certainly never was to be included in any royal drama. It was one of Fortune's caprices, who loves to throw her vanities into the lap of one who never stirred an inch to seek or meet them. To-morrow I shall return alone to my little hill; pleased that my family are happy, but mourning for the disgraces of England. A little while, and England and my family will be no more my care!

LETTER CCCXXXIII.

Berkeley Square, July 24, 1780.

I RECEIVED yours of June 30th, and have this moment got that of the 8th of this month, which tells me how opportunely mine appeared to disperse M. de Barbantan's fictitious visions. It will be fortunate if I am able hereafter to contradict the superstructure he shall raise on the junction of the fleets of Bourbon, to the amount of thirty-six sail, in the West Indies; where, I doubt, Sir George Rodney is far from superior. *We* entertain some visions too; and, since the reduction of Charlestown, look on America as at our feet.† We reckon, too, on Spain's desertion of the family compact;—but the junction of their fleets is no capital confirmation.‡ I do know that we have fallen away extremely by living on such airy sustenance. For these three, or four, or five years we have dined on meals to come, and had little to pick but the bones of provisions we have lost. As I have

* Alicia, daughter of Lord Carpenter, Countess-Dowager of Egremont. She married secondly Count Bruhl, Minister from Saxony, and was Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Charlotte.

† Dr. Franklin, writing on the 26th from Paris to a friend in America, says, "You seem to be too much affected with the loss of Charlestown. The enemy's affairs will not be much advanced by it. They have successively been in possession of the capitals of five provinces, but were not therefore in possession of the provinces themselves. The cannon will be recovered with the place; if not, our furnaces are constantly at work in making more. The destroying of our ships by the English is only like shaving our beards, which will grow again: their loss of provinces is like the loss of a limb, which can never again be united to their body." —ED.

‡ It appears by a letter written by Sir George Rodney to the Admiralty, from St. Christopher's, that violent disagreements existed between the Spanish and French admirals: that the Spaniards absolutely refused to co-operate with them in any enterprise whatever; and that the sickness and mortality in both fleets had reduced them very much. See Mundy's Life of Rodney, vol. ii. p. 364.—ED.

nothing new to communicate or announce in the political line, I am glad to quit so disagreeable a theme.

I cannot control your ingenious plea against the *ex-post-facto* law that I should wish to establish, on the occasion of a second present that you are sending me—or rather a thousandth present; but I do earnestly beg it may be the last. Mr. Morrice is confined at Paris by the gout, or at least was when I heard of him; so, I cannot particularize my thanks yet: though, the more I like what he brings me, the less I shall be able to refrain from scolding you. You deserve that I should serve you as Mrs. Bracegirdle, the vestal actress, treated the old Lord Burlington, with whom he was in love in vain. One day he sent her a present of some fine old china. She told the servant he had made a mistake; that it was true the letter was for her, but the china for his lady, to whom he must carry it. Lord! the Countess was so full of gratitude when her husband came home to dinner! Observe, after the *ex-post-facto* crystal, the next munificence goes to Linton *à la Bracegirdle;* and I do not think I am very modest to begin only then.

I must notify the rupture of our great match, which I announced in my last. Lord Egremont, who proves a most worthless young fellow, and is as weak and irresolute, has behaved with so much neglect and want of attention, that Lady Maria heroically took the resolution of writing to the Duchess, who was in the country, to desire her leave to break off the match. The Duchess, who had disliked the conduct of her future son-in-law, but could not refuse her consent to so advantageous a match, gladly assented; but the foolish boy, by new indiscretion, has drawn universal odium on himself. He instantly published the rupture, but said nothing of Lady Maria's having been the first to declare off; and thus every body thinks he broke off the match, and condemns him ten times more than would have been the case if he had told the truth, though he was guilty enough in giving the provocation. We are all charmed with the sense and spirit of my niece, who would not risk so probable a chance of unhappiness, though the fortune was so great, and she could not dislike his person. Still these three charming girls inherit more of their mother's beauty than of her fortune. Each has missed one of the first matches in this country; Lady Laura Lord Carmarthen,* Lady Maria Lord Egremont, Lady Horatia the Duke of Ancaster, after each had proposed and been accepted! The fate of young women of quality is hard: in other countries they are shut up till their parents have bargained for, without consulting, them; here they are exposed to the addresses of every coxcomb that has a title or an estate to warrant his impertinence.

* Son of the Duke of Leeds. The marriage was broken off, the Duke not being able to make an adequate provision; Lord Carmarthen having children by his first wife, on whom the whole estate was settled. The Duke of Ancaster died just as the marriage was determined upon. Lady Laura was afterwards married to her first cousin, Lord Chewton, son of the Earl of Waldegrave.

The trial of Lord George Gordon is put off till November—I do not know why. Dissatisfaction grows again on the continuance of the camps, and on the numbers of boys that have been executed for the riots; for the bulk of the criminals are so young, that half a dozen schoolmasters might have quashed the insurrection.* There does not appear to have been the least connexion or concert between the several mobs; nor any motive in them but a sudden impulse of mischief, actuated by the contagion of example and encouraged by the inactivity of all gradations of Government. The Ministers did nothing to prevent or stop the tumult; the justices of peace shrunk; the courts of justice thought of shutting up shops; the House of Lords adjourned, and so did the House of Commons, even after the worst was past. A capital blazing, and held in terror for a week by so contemptible a rabble, will not tell well in story! I pity our future historians, who will find plenty of victories in our gazettes, and scarce any where else! Adieu!

LETTER CCCXXXIV.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 24, 1780.

I HAVE waited for news, till I can send you none but bad. The Russian fleet is stalking in our channel, and our own East and West India outward-bound fleets are gobbled up by the Spanish squadron off Cape Finisterre. This is the heaviest commercial blow we have yet received at once.† It is an age since we have heard from America. We attributed the silence to an obstinate east-wind that blew for nine-and-twenty days. There have been parentheses of West since, and we expect news every moment, and with anxiety.

* Of the one hundred and thirty-five individuals tried for riots, fifty-nine were convicted. With a view to the extension of the royal mercy to the chief part of the unhappy rioters, Mr. Burke drew up "Some Thoughts on the approaching Executions," and exerted his influence in pressing letters to the Lord Chancellor, the President of the Council, and the Secretary of the Treasury, to submit his opinions to the King and to Lord North. "Every circumstance of mercy and of comparative justice does," he says, "in my opinion, plead in favour of such low, untaught or ill-taught wretches: but, above all, the policy of Government is deeply interested, that the punishments should appear *one* solemn and deliberate act, aimed, not at random and at particular offences, but done with a relation to the general spirit of the tumults; and they ought to be nothing more than what is sufficient to mark and discountenance that spirit." For the guilty instigators of the tumults Mr. Burke had no such consideration; for it is stated, that on seeing some of the leading Associators in the lobby of the House of Commons, he exclaimed loudly in their hearing, "I am astonished that those men can have the audacity still to nose Parliament."—ED.

† On the 9th of August, a rich and considerable convoy for the East and West Indies, under the conduct of Captain Moutray of the Ramilies, and two or three frigates, which had sailed from Portsmouth, were intercepted by the combined fleets under Don Louis de Cordova. The Ramilies and the frigates had the fortune to escape.—ED.

Thus you see I do not resign my post of your gazetteer, though it is but an irksome office when it is to record our wane. The re-conquest of America, I believe, is less near than you foreigners conjecture, and than has been so confidently foretold at home. All I know is, that we have been gaming for what was our own. When we leave off play, we shall see whether we have won or lost; nay, should we recover our stake, we must compute what it has cost. The card-money has not been cheap.

The Countess Cowper,* mother-in-law of your pinch-beck Prince, is dead of a cancer. Her own son Lord Spencer, is in a bad state of health. Each gets a jointure by her death.

Mr. Windham, I hear, is at Brussels, on his return. I am peevish with him for having looked on you through our ill-humoured foggy eyes. I have almost always been out of luck in my recommendations; but I assure you I do you ample justice, and have always been completely convinced that they have been in fault. Your temper and flowing benevolence for forty years have been always uniform; and it is least of all likely that you should grow sour only to those I interfere for. I know you and my countrymen better. The latter have retained few of their virtues, but I do not find that they have exchanged them for urbanity. Mr. Windham, I believe, is a worthy man, but I wish he had been less morose.

P.S. I have heard this evening, that an account is arrived of Walsingham having joined Rodney,† and that the Russian fleet is returned to the Pole. Do not imagine, by this short letter, that, though I do not drop our correspondence, I am curtailing it by degrees. I could lengthen my letter by dwelling on circumstances; but that is not my manner. I seldom even inquire after them. The result of events is all I wish to know and to communicate. How can one wish to learn what one does not wish to remember? The newspapers give you details. I pretend but to skim the current of facts, and to mark what is true for your information. The multiplicity of lies coined every day only perplexes, not instructs. When I send you falsehoods, at least I believe or think them probable at the time, and correct myself afterwards, when I perceive I have been misled. I, who am in no secrets, trust to facts alone, as far as they come to light. Mercy on future historians, whose duty it will be to sift the ashes of all the tales with which the narratives of the present war

* Giorgina, daughter of John Carteret, Earl of Granville, first married to John Spencer, only brother of Charles Duke of Marlborough; and secondly to the second Earl Cowper, to whom she was second wife.

† Even when joined by Commodore Walsingham's squadron, Rodney still found his force so inferior to that of the enemy, that he could only act on the defensive, and was consequently unable to seek an engagement. Owing to the pestilential disorder among the Spanish forces, and the dissension in the combined fleet, nothing material was attempted before the belligerent powers found themselves obliged to quit the Indian seas, in order to avoid the fury of the hurricane months. See Life of Keppel, vol. ii. p. 284.—Ed.

have been crammed! Some will remain inexplicable. This jaunt of the Russian squadron will be one of the enigmas.

LETTER CCCXXXV.

Berkeley Square, Sept. 19, 1780.

As I think you do not suspect me of neglect when I have any thing worth telling you, you will perceive that there are periods when it takes a good deal of time to form events—a whole campaign may not produce two. At other seasons the market is overstocked; or, after a glut there is a scarcity. The dissolution of the Parliament could not surprise you, it had been so announced. Your nephew, I see by the papers, is re-elected. I have no other intelligence; and, of all articles of news, those on elections are the last I seek. I know as little what the fleets are doing; or where they are, doing nothing. One thing I do discern, that the approaching recovery of America is about as near as the Millennium. Prophecy will sink as low as fortune-telling: no gipsy is less to be credited than our predicting politicians, who, for these last five or six years, have been cruelly brought to shame on the conquests they have announced. By their bubbles the nation are almost stripped of their last shilling, like the dupes who hunt after the philosopher's stone. America is now like the Holy land; none but bigots and madmen will think of subduing it: nor does the tone of resumption much become us, who are not in the ascending scale.

Admiral Keppel has been thrown out at Windsor, and, it is pretended, by the personal veto of the first inhabitant of the Castle: the consequence already has been that the counties of Surrey and Suffolk solicited the honour of electing the Admiral, who has accepted the offer from the former.*

Seven new barons are made: Earl Talbot, that the peerage may descend to his daughter's† children; Sir William De Grey,‡ late Chief Justice; Lord Gage, turned into an English peer; General Fitzroy;‡ Mr. Brudenel;‡ Mr. Herbert;‡ and Sir William Bagot. There have

* On the dissolution of Parliament, Admiral Keppel, who had represented Windsor for nearly twenty years, repaired to the electors to solicit a renewal of their suffrages: but since he had last appeared before them, he had become such an object of dislike to the Court and the Government, that their joint influence was exerted against his return. In his speech from the hustings, the Admiral after alluding to the report that the King had personally taken a part in the proceedings against him, said, "This cannot be true. It ought not to be believed. It must not be believed." Life, vol. ii. p. 285. Mr. Erskine, in a pamphlet which he wrote at the time, affirmed, that "the highest power of the Government, not contented with having deprived the nation of Keppel's abilities in his profession, had made itself a party to rob it likewise of his zeal and honesty in the senate."—Ed.

† Lady Cecil Rice, wife of George Rice; on her father's death she became Baroness of Dinevor.

‡ Sir W. De Grey was created Lord Walsingham, General Fitzroy Lord South-

been some shiftings of places of the second rate, and some promotions, but none of consequence.

This is literally the sum total of my knowledge; as I have such a fair field of paper lying before me, you may be sure I would embroider it if I had wherewithal. However, I have less scruple in sending such a scrap, as I must write to you again soon, for I hear Mr. Morrice is arrived in England. Where he is, I cannot tell, but I trust I shall see or hear from him soon; and then I am as certain of having cause to thank you—which, by the way, I do *d'avance:* but, though my gratitude will always last, you are to remember that it is never to receive any additional fund.

LETTER CCCXXXVI.

Berkeley Square, Oct. 4, 1780.

I HAVE received your packet by Mr. Sutherland, and am delighted with its contents. Your news would be much the best part, but I doubt is not so far advanced as to expect sudden effect. The History of the House of Medici will be welcome indeed. I see one has but to form wishes early, and live long enough, and they will all be fulfilled. The *Famiglia estinta** made me smile. If that condition brings one acquainted with their true story, it would not make one very zealous for successors in some foreign royal families; for instance, I should not pray for issue to the Great Duke of Russia. I beg you will subscribe for three sets for me and two of my friends. I should like to have *carta cerulea;* not because it is dearest, but because I do not know what it is, and therefore conclude like the vulgar, that it is something mighty fine. I hope no soul that has interest to stop it, will get an inkling of the work.

Your ring I have not yet received, though Mr. Morrice is arrived.

ampton, and Mr. Herbert Lord Portchester. James Brudenel, made Lord Brudenel was next brother of George Duke of Montagu, and Earl of Cardigan.

* It was written by Galluzzi, from authentic papers furnished by the Austrian Grand-Duke Leopold; who said that, as the House of Medici was extinct, there was no reason for not writing their true story. This History was published in 1781, after the death of the Empress-Queen; whose prejudices would probably have prevented it, had she known of her son's intention; as it is not at all favourable to the Court of Rome. [Galluzzi's work is entitled "Istoria del Gran Ducato di Toscano sotto il Governo della cassa Medici," and was published in five volumes quarto. Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, who visited Florence in 1779, says of sir Horace Mann, that he had long outlived the extinction of the House of Medici, for which race of princes he seemed to preserve the same predilection, which Brantome always manifests for the family of Valois above the line of Bourbon. He adds, that Sir Horace personally knew the last Grand-Duke of the Medicean line, John Gaston, who died in 1737; in consequence of whose decease without issue, those beautiful portions of Italy, constituting his dominions were finally transferred to a Prince of Lorraine.—ED.]

Indeed, displeased as I was at your superabundant kindness in sending it, I am now afraid I shall never possess it. All my disinterestedness could not resist dunning Mr. Morrice; and, behold, he has sent me word that by some *mal-entendu* it was packed up in his heavy baggage, which by another, is still at Margate! Oh! how can one flatter one's self that a ring in a bottle of heavy baggage will ever be found! or, rather, will not be found and stolen by some custom-house officer! Mr. Morrice was a fine person to trust a gem to! I suppose he would have stuffed a lady's picture for her lover into a jackboot!

General Dalrymple is arrived from Sir Henry Clinton with heavy baggage indeed, full of bad news! The Gazette has produced only samples, strewed over with fine sugar, to make it as palatable and little bitter as possible; but the sum total is, that adieu to America! All the visions that mounted in fumes into our heads from the capture of Charlestown are turned to smoke; and it were well if it would rest there. To be cured of that dream would be no calamity; but I wish we may have no collateral losses! I fear we ache in some islands, and are not quite without twitches on the continent of America. Well! as I was right in foreseeing some miserable issue from the American war, I have a mind to try my skill in foretelling peace. 'Tis sure I wish it most fervently.

Last week I was alarmed with a calamity nearer to my heart than politics. General Conway broke his arm by a fall. But I have been with him, and he is in the most favourable way possible, and has not had the smallest degree of fever.

You must reckon this short letter the second part of my last, which was short too; or as the beginning of my next, for if ever I get my ring, I shall certainly write again to thank you, though I should have nothing else to say. I could have made this longer, but I do not like to entertain every foreign post-office with what they would not dislike.

LETTER CCCXXXVII.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 7, 1780.

PART the second behold already—for I have received the gem, which from ignorance I called a ring, and beg its pardon: it is much too large for so little an appellation, and is most beautiful too, and of exquisite sculpture. All this makes matters worse, for, the finer it is, the more I am ashamed; and therefore cannot thank you half so much as it deserves. Yet I will be very grateful, upon condition of its never having a successor. You must tell me what the connoisseurs have baptized it. Is it an Apollo or an Amazon? A handsome young god and a heroine approach so much to the boundaries of the sexes, that they are not easily discriminated in so small an area. Mr. Morrice has fairly excused his delay. After he had put to sea, they apprehended a privateer; on which he sent back his baggage to Ostend,

and with it his most valuable treasures. My gem has escaped all these perils, and arrived like the lost sheep. You cannot imagine how the Caligula, and the Bianca Capello, and Benvenuto's coffer, and the Castiglione, and all your presents, embraced and hugged it, and inquired after you. The new comer is lodged in a glass-case in *my tribune*, over against Caligula.

As I wrote to you but two days ago—nay, my letter would leave London but to-night,—I have no news to add: however, I may have; for this will not go hence till Tuesday morning, to be ready for that night's mail.—But I was so impatient to tell you the cameo is safe, and that your munificence is not thrown away *entirely*, that I could not help beginning my letter now, though the rest of my paper must depend on the charity of accident and events: and, if they will not assist it, I do not care,—go it shall; I will not owe you a moment's gratitude that I can pay. Nay, I will heap coals of fire on my own head; for all your gifts shall be entered in the printed catalogue of my collection as your presents,—and then who ever reads it will cry, "Why, had he no shame?"—Oh, yes, a vast deal; and this is one of his ways of doing penance.

Oct. 9th.

Since I wrote the above, I have heard from Paris of the death of my dear old friend Madame du Deffand, whom I went so often thither to see. It was not quite unexpected, and was softened by her great age,—eighty-four,—which forbad distant hopes; and, by what I dreaded more than her death, her increasing deafness, which had it become, like her blindness, total, would have been living after death. Her memory only *began* to impair; her amazing sense and quickness, not at all. I have written to her once a-week for these last fifteen years, as correspondence and conversation could be her only pleasure.* You see that I am the most faithful letter-writer in the world—and, alas! never see those I am so constant to! One is forbidden common-place reflections on these misfortunes, because they *are* common-place; but is not that, because they are natural? But your never having known that dear old woman is a better reason for not making you the butt of my concern.

Lord George Gordon has just got a neighbour—I believe, not a companion; for state prisoners are not allowed to be very sociable.

* Madame du Deffand died on the 24th of September, at Paris, and was buried, pursuant to her own directions, in the plainest manner, in her parish church of S. Sulpice. The whole of her manuscripts, papers, letters, and books, she left to Horace Walpole; her favourite dog, Tonton, was also sent over to him, at her especial desire. In her last letter to him, which is dated the 22nd of August, only five weeks before her death, she thus strikingly describes her condition:—"Je suis d'une faiblesse et d'un abattement excessifs: ma voix est éteinte; je ne puis me soutenir sur mes jambes; je ne puis me donner aucun mouvement; j'ai le cœur enveloppé: j'ai de la peine à croire que cet état ne m'annonce une fin prochaine. Je n'ai pas la force d'en être effrayée; et ne vous devant revoir de ma vie, je n'ai rien à regretter."—Ed.

Laurens, lately President of the Congress, has been taken by a natural son of the last Lord Albemarle,* and brought to England, to London, to the Tower. He was going Ambassador to Holland, and his papers are captured too. I should think they would tell us but what we learnt a fortnight ago; and (which is more wonderful, what we would not believe *till* a fortnight ago) that there is an end of our American dream! Perhaps they will give us back a cranny in exchange for their negotiator.

I go again to-morrow to see General Conway, and hope to find him out of bed; and I finish my letter, that I may not run into meditations on what is uppermost in my mind,—mortality and its accidents!

At night.

I have just heard some news that you will like to hear, and which will make you hold up your head again a little *vis-a-vis de M. de Barbantane.* An express arrived to-day from Lord Cornwallis, who with two thousand men has attacked General Gates in Carolina at the head of seven thousand, and entirely defeated him, killed nine hundred, and taken one thousand prisoners; and there has since been a little codicil, of all which you will see the particulars in the to-morrow's Gazette.—But it is very late, and this must go to town early in the morning. I allow you to triumph, though Gates is my godson, and your namesake.

LETTER CCCXXXVIII.

Berkeley Square, Nov. 2, 1780.

If the word *New Parliament* did not impose a sort of duty on me,—at least, if you would not expect it,—I think I should scarce write to you yet, for I have nothing to tell you but that *il ne valoit pas la peine de changer.* There are several new members, but no novelty in style or totality of votes. The Court may have what number it

* The following is from a letter written by Admiral Keppel, on the 11th, to the Marquis of Rockingham:—"Just before bed-time, Captain George Keppel surprised me with his appearance. I learnt from him that he had come home express from his admiral; that he had taken a packet-boat conveying Mr. Laurens, once President of the Congress in America, to Holland. The captain told me that he had taken out of the water (which had failed of sinking) a very large bag of papers, which he had brought home for the King's Ministers. He had been very civil to his prisoner, who, after his bad luck in being taken, found out that he had fallen into the hands of a moderate young man, and had no difficulty in talking with him. He told Captain Keppel that he should not answer any questions put to him by Ministers. The unfortunate gentleman is confined in the Tower." The capture of Mr. Laurens, or rather the recovery of the papers which had been thrown overboard, led to the discovery of a commercial treaty about to be entered into between Amsterdam and the American colonies. This induced our Government to remonstrate, and finally, on the 20th of December, to declare war against Holland. See Life, vol. ii. p. 293.—Ed.

chooses to buy. It has nominated a new Speaker, Mr. Cornwall.* Sir Fletcher, who never haggles with shame, published his own disgrace, and declared he had been laid aside without notice. Courts do not always punish their own profligates so justly.

There is no new public event at home or from abroad. The Spanish negotiation does not seem to advance at all. Prince Frederic, the Bishop, is going to Germany; and then the Prince of Wales is to have something of a family.

Our old acquaintance Lord Pomfret, whose madness has lain dormant for some time, is broken out again; I mean, his madness is. He went down to Euston last week, and challenged the Duke of Grafton for an affront offered to him, he said, when the Duke was Minister—you know what an age ago that was. The Duke declared his innocence, and advised him to consider on it. He did for two days; then said he was now cool, yet insisted on satisfaction. The Duke gave both letters to a magistrate, and then swore the peace against him; the only rational thing to be done. The Earl some years ago had many of these flippancies, and used to call out gentlemen in the playhouse, who he pretended had made faces at him. As madmen are generally cunning and malicious, it was generally such as looked unlikely to resent, whom he picked out. Once he unluckily selected General Moyston, and drawing his curtains early in the morning, bade him rise and follow him into Hyde Park, for having laughed at him at court. Moyston denied having even seen him there. "Oh, then, it is very well," said my lord. "No, by God, is not it," replied the general; "you have disturbed me when I had been in bed but three hours, and now *you* shall give *me* satisfaction:" but the Earl begged to be excused. There was a Mr. Palmes Robinson, who used to say publicly that he had often got Lord Pomfret as far as Hyde Park Corner, but never could get him any farther.

Mr. Windham I have seen. He is wonderfully recovered, and looks robust again. He said ten thousand fine things in your praise. Oh! thought I but said nothing. Mr. Morrice I have not yet seen: he is confined in the country by the gout and I hear looks dreadfully.

I have seen lately in the Abbé Richard's Voyage d'Italie, written in 1762, that in the Palais Pitti were preserved two large volumes of the travels of Cosimo III., with views of the houses he had been at; and he names England amongst them, where he certainly was.†

Could you find out if there is such a thing, and get a sight of it?

* Mr. Cornwall was proposed by Lord George Germain, and Sir Fletcher Norton by Mr. Dunning. On a division the numbers were, for the former 203, for the latter 134. Mr. Wilberforce, who had been returned at the general election for Hull, gave his first vote in Parliament against the re-election of Sir Fletcher to the Chair of the House. In his Conversational Memoranda there is this entry:—"When they were all talking of Sir Fletcher's health requiring his retirement, Rigby came into the House, and said with his ordinary bluntness, 'Don't tell me about health, he has flown in the King's face, and we won't have him.'"—Ed.

† A translation of the travels of Cosmo the third, Grand-Duke of Tuscany, was published in a quarto volume in 1820.—Ed.

I should be very curious to know what English seats are there. Old English mansions are great objects with me—but do not give yourself much trouble about this request.

3rd.

You perceive that I am not likely to have great Parliamentary news to tell you. This week they are only being sworn in. The first debate in the Commons was to be next Monday, but probably will not, for last night Lord North was very ill of a fever. They can no more go on without their treasurer, than without their pensions. Sir Horace the second, I take for granted, will tell you of the common debates. I do not mean to relax myself, but seldom know much of their details, which I think of little consequence; and rather reserve myself for confirming or contradicting reports of considerable events.

LETTER CCCXXXIX.

Berkeley Square, Nov. 20, 1780.

As I apprised you that the new Parliament did not promise to be very active, you will account for my having told you none of its proceedings. It has been more confined to personalities than divisions. The latter have proved much in favour of the Court: but then some of the chiefs of the Opposition have in a manner seceded, not from their party, but from action; and less from change than from disagreement. Lord Pomfret, after a week's imprisonment in the Tower, made his submission, has been reprimanded, and released on giving his honour (a madman's honour!) not to repeat his offence. The grand jury have found the bill of high treason against his fellow-prisoner Lord George Gordon, who, however, will not be tried till after Christmas. I do not know why.—So much for Parliament.

The newspapers have told you as much as I know of Arnold's treachery, which has already cost the life of a much better man, Major Andrée*—precipitated probably by Lord Cornwallis's cruelty. You hear on the continent, but too much of our barbarity; the only way in which we have yet shown our power! Rodney found Rhode Island so strongly fortified that he returned to the West Indies; and yet we still presume on recovering America!

Do you wonder that, witness to so much delusion and disgrace, it should grow irksome to me to be the annalist of our follies and march to ruin? I cannot, like our newspapers, falsify every event, and coin

* This unfortunate gentleman, having been employed by Sir Henry Clinton to carry on a negotiation with the noted American general Arnold, about to betray the trust reposed in him by his countrymen, was, in the performance of his hazardous duty, taken prisoner by the Americans, and, owing to his disguise and the nature of his mission, was tried by a court-martial and executed as a spy. A monument, by order of the king, was erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey.—Ed.

prophecies out of bad omens. My friendship for you makes me persist in our correspondence; but tenderness for my country makes me abhor detailing its errors, and regard to truth will not allow me to assert what I do not believe. I wait for events, that I may send you something; and yet my accounts are dry and brief, because I confine myself to avowed facts, without comments or credulity. My society is grown very narrow, and it is natural at sixty-three not to concern myself in the private history of those that might be my grandchildren. Even their sallies become less splendid as opulence is vanished; and, though national follies forerun and contribute to the decline of a great country, they stop with it, not from repentance, but impotence. 'Tis insolent power that tramples on laws and morals. Poverty is only vicious by imitation, or refractory from oppression. Robbery, indeed, continues at high-water mark, though the army and navy have drawn off such hosts of outlaws and vagrants. That they have successors, proves the increase of want.

22nd.

There was an odd interlude in the House of Commons. Some of the Opposition proposed to thank the late Speaker, Sir Fletcher. Lord North had promised not to gainsay it. Neither side could admire such a worthless fellow: those he has left, less than those that have adopted him; and yet the vote of thanks passed by a majority of 40:—and so one may be thanked for being a rogue on all sides! * If thanks grow cheaper, they will at least be more striking when bestowed on the worthy; for every one will say, "Such a one *does* deserve praise."

It looks a little as if we should quarrel downright with the Dutch. I do not wonder that we mind so little an enemy more or less; for, numerous as our foes are, they certainly are very awkward. We hurt ourselves a thousand times more than they do. We have done nothing that signifies a straw; but they have done less.

LETTER CCCXL.

Berkeley Square, Dec. 12th, 1780.

Your Florence, no doubt, is much occupied by the death of the Empress-Queen.† It turns all eyes on the Emperor, and sets thou-

* The motion was proposed by Mr. Thomas Townshend, and supported generally by the Opposition, but warmly resisted on the Court side, although the Ministers themselves took no direct part. It was, however, carried on a division, by a majority of 136 to 96.—Ed.

† Maria-Theresa, Empress of Germany, Queen of Hungary and Bohemia, and hereditary Archduchess of Austria. This great Princess, mother of the Grand-Duke of Tuscany, died at Vienna on the 29th of November, in her sixty-third year. —Ed.

sands of tongues to work, the owners of every one of which will expect to pass for a prophet, if Cæsar within these two years takes one step which is at all like twenty, any one of which it is probable he may take. I was with you just forty years ago, when the departed Empress came to the crown.* What a tide of events that era occasioned! You and I shall not see much of what this may produce! and therefore I will not guess at a history that is in its cradle for me, and that I shall not be acquainted with when it is come to years of discretion. I wish our own wars were come to that pass!

The new Parliament, which is now gone to keep its Christmas, has been but little ruffled; nay, as if there were no new matter, they are to tap again, after the holidays, the whole story of Keppel and Palliser. Indeed, at this instant, the town expect news of an engagement between Darby and D'Estaing; though I think there are more reasons for not thinking it probable: however, I have still less skill in naval matters than even in others.

Our old acquaintance, Lord Pomfret, has taken his chastisement very patiently, which looks less mad than he was thought.†

This is the sum of my present knowledge: and thus a most turbulent year has the appearance of concluding drowsily enough; and, for fleets and armies, their exploits on both sides, would lie in a nutshell. An historian may be sorry, but a man of feeling must rejoice that such scourges as armaments may do such little mischief to the human race. Fame cannot be acquired but by the groans of hospitals full of sufferers! The last act of the Empress-Queen, the stemming the torrent of blood between her son and the King of Prussia, is in my eyes the brightest in her annals.

LETTER CCCXLI.

Berkeley Square, Dec. 21, 1780.

I AM sorry that my letters of late years contain so many eras; this dates a new one, of an additional war with Holland. The Mani-

* In a letter dated Florence, July 9, 1740, Walpole thus wrote to his friend Conway: "I am happy here to a degree. I'll tell you my situation; I am lodged with Mr. Mann, the best of creatures. I have a terreno all to myself, with an open gallery, on the Arno, where I am now writing to you. Over against me is the famous Gallery; and on either hand two fair bridges. Is not this charming and cool? The air is so serene, and so secure, that one sleeps with all the windows and doors thrown open to the river, and only covered with a light gauze to keep away the knats. The people are good humoured here, and easy; and, what makes me pleased with them, they are pleased with me. One loves to find people care for one, when they can have no view in it."—Collective Edition, vol. i. p. 50.—ED.

† Lord Pomfret was reprimanded at the bar of the House of Lords by the Lord Chancellor. On being taken from it and admitted to his seat, he engaged upon his honour not to pursue further any measure of violence against the person of the Duke of Grafton.—ED.

festo of our Court appeared in the Gazette Extraordinary this morning. I am no prophecying politician, you know; and if I were, as I am too old to be a sanguine one, I should not disperse my Sibylline leaves about Europe.

Another fact, that must speak for itself, is that Admiral Darby has brought his fleet home, as D'Estaing has led the French and Spanish squadrons and the trade to Brest. Pray desire the Emperor to leave Ostend open, or I shall not be able to write to you at all. It is not very pleasant at present; for, with so many intervening enemies and interlopers, one can converse with no more frankness than in a Congress of Ambassadors. I write as much as I can for your satisfaction, but no Continental post-office will ever learn from me a tittle they did not know before. *You* may suffer by it, but I am sure approve me. Do not imagine there is either *tædium* or air in this. I do know nothing before it has happened: it is merely my own comment that I suppress, as I love my country too well to treat foreigners with any thing I am sorry for.

Having thus said my say, I have nothing of the least consequence to add. The town is, and will be empty till the Parliament meets; and then people will return, because it is the fashion to go to Newmarket: for, in countries that are or have been great, the chief philosophers are such as have no philosophy, and who consign over to the inferior classes the sense of public calamities. In fact, the world is grown more intrepid than in ancient days. Our progenitors braved enemies; we moderns defy elements, and do not, like the effeminate Greeks and Romans, go into winter quarters at the back of the almanack; and thence winds, waves, and climates gain the most considerable victories. There has been a hurricane at St. Kitt's, that, according to the etiquette of destruction, deserves a triumphal arch, —perhaps *opima spolia*, for nothing has yet been heard of Admiral Rowley!* Oh! but I cannot sport, when humanity aches in every nerve! and when the seals of a new book are opened, like those in the Revelations! I detest war, nor can perceive that any body has cause to exult in it. Adieu!

* During this dreadful hurricane, the squadron under the command of Admiral Rowley returned to Jamaica, mostly dismasted, and all disabled. The Sterling Castle was lost on the coast of Hispaniola, and only fifty of the crew saved; and the Thunderer, under the conduct of Commodore the Honourable Boyle Walsingham, son of the Earl of Shannon, was so completely swallowed up by this conflict of the elements, that no memorial or particulars of her catastrophe ever came to light.—Ed.

LETTER CCCXLII.

Berkeley Square, Dec. 31, 1780.

I HAVE received, and thank you much for the curious history* of the Count and Countess of Albany; what a wretched conclusion of a wretched family! Surely no royal race was ever so drawn to the dregs! The other Countess† you mention seems to approach still nearer to dissolution. Her death a year or two ago might have prevented the sale of the pictures,—not that I know it would. Who can say what madness in the hands of villany would or would not have done? Now, I think her dying would only put more into the reach of rascals. But I am indifferent what they do; nor, but thus occasionally, shall I throw away a thought on that chapter.

All chance of accommodation with Holland is vanished. Count Welderen and his wife departed this morning. All they who are to gain by privateers and captures are delighted with a new field of plunder. Piracy is more practicable than victory. Not being an admirer of wars, I shall reserve my *feux de joie* for peace.

My letters, I think, are rather eras than journals. Three days ago commenced another date—the establishment of a family for the Prince of Wales. I do not know all the names, and fewer of the faces that compose it; nor intend. I, who kissed the hand of George I., have no colt's tooth for the Court of George IV. Nothing is so ridiculous as an antique face in a juvenile drawing-room. I believe that they who have spirits enough to be absurd in their decrepitude, are happy, for they certainly are not sensible of their folly; but I, who have never forgotten what I thought in my youth of such superannuated idiots, dread nothing more than misplacing myself in my old age. In truth, I feel no such appetite; and, excepting the young of my own family, about whom I am interested, I have mighty small satisfaction in the company of *posterity*; for so the present generation seem to me. I would contribute any thing to their pleasure, but what cannot contribute to it—my own presence. Alas! how many of this age are swept away before me; six thousand have been mowed down at once by the late hurricane at Barbadoes alone! How Europe is paying the debts it owes to America! Were I a poet, I would paint hosts of Mexicans and Peruvians crowding the shores

* The Pretender's wife complaining to the Great-Duke of her husband's beastly behaviour to her, that Prince contrived her escape into a convent, and thence sent her to Rome, where she was protected by the Cardinal of York, and her husband's brother. [After the death of the Pretender in 1788, the Countess of Albany travelled in Italy and France, and lived with the celebrated Alfieri, to whom she was said to have been privately married. On the breaking out of the French Revolution, she took refuge in England. For Walpole's account of his interview with, and description of, her in 1791, see Collective Edition, vol. vi. p. 436.—ED.]

† The Countess of Orford. [The Countess died in the following month at Pisa. —ED.

of Styx, and insulting the multitudes of the usurpers of their continent that have been sending themselves thither for these five or six years. The poor Africans, too, have no call to be merciful to European ghosts. Those miserable slaves have just now seen whole crews of men-of-war swallowed by the late hurricane. We do not yet know the extent of our loss. You would think it very slight, if you saw how little impression it makes on a luxurious capital. An overgrown metropolis has less sensibility than marble; nor can it be conceived by those not conversant in one. I remember hearing what diverted me then: a young gentlewoman, a native of our rock, St. Helena, and who had never stirred beyond it, being struck with the emotion occasioned there by the arrival of one or two of our China ships, said to the captain, "There must be a great solitude in London as often as the China ships come away!" Her imagination could not have compassed the idea, if she had been told that six years of war, the absence of an army of fifty or sixty thousand men and of all our squadrons, and a new debt of many, many millions, would not make an alteration in the receipt at the door of a single theatre in London. I do not boast of, or applaud, this profligate apathy. When pleasure is our business, our business is never our pleasure; and, if four wars cannot awaken us, we shall die in a dream!

LETTER CCCXLIII.

Berkeley Square, Jan. 9, 1781.

This can be but a short letter, for I have scarcely time to write it; but as to-day's papers would alarm you, and cannot carry the relief which arrived since they were printed, I cannot leave you for a moment under anxiety—I may say, for *me*, as I am so much concerned. In short, advice came by daybreak yesterday, that two thousand French (magnified to above four thousand) had landed on Saturday last in Jersey, had seized the lieutenant-governor in his bed, and were masters of the island. Orders were sent to Portsmouth to send what force could be had, and an express to General Conway to bid him repair thither.* He came to town on wings of winds, and never

* On this second attempt of the French upon the island of Jersey, the Baron de Rullecourt, who had been next in command to Count Nassau in the former attack upon the island, was the undertaker, and supposed to be the framer. He landed his troops in the night at a place called the Violet Bank, about three miles from St. Helier; and so shamefully remiss were the militia in their duty, that they were seized asleep by the enemy, who were thus for several hours upon the island without the smallest alarm being given. The British troops stationed in the island having assembled from all quarters, under the command of Major Pierson, being required by the French commander to submit, an attack was instantly made with such impetuosity, that the enemy were routed on all sides, the Baron mortally wounded, and the next in command obliged to surrender himself and the whole party, amounting to about eight hundred, prisoners of war. To Major Pierson, who

pulled them off, and in two hours was on the road to Portsmouth. I did not see him, for he never wastes an instant on such occasions. Judge of my anxiety! It was for more than his broken arm. Well, at noon to-day we heard that the troops had rallied, attacked the French, gained a complete victory, pushed four hundred into the sea, and taken twelve hundred. These are the troops that Mr. Conway himself formed last year. *To me* this battle is worth the day at Blenheim.

LETTER CCCXLIV.

Berkeley Square, Jan. 18, 1781.

I HAVE received your second letter about the Countess of Albany, and her retreat to Rome—or rather her imprisonment there. Are they Jews enough, if the Count should die, to uncanonize the Cardinal and make him raise up issue to his brother, which the brother could not do for himself?

I told you last week of the loss and recovery of Jersey. General Conway, without losing a second, embarked at Portsmouth in the heat of such a storm that a transport with sixty men was lost as he sailed, and the cutter that preceded, to notify his coming, has not been heard of since! He was tempested about for two whole days and nights, in such danger that the captain of the frigate despaired. Though it was a disappointment and vexation, for they knew nothing of the safety of the island, it was fortunate that they could not get out of the channel, or they had probably been lost! With great difficulty they got into Plymouth, where they learnt the good news from the French themselves, who had been made prisoners in Jersey. Mr. Conway arrived at Park-place on Sunday last, but was forced to take to his bed, where he remained till yesterday, when he rose for a few hours. He had caught a cold, rheumatism all over, and a fever: what was worse, and perhaps the cause of his fever, a good-natured sailor, seeing him awkward at getting up the ladder into the frigate, and not knowing, or not considering, that he had a broken arm, gave it such a kind tug that he almost broke it again! In that pain of body and mind he retained all his patience and tranquillity, and astonished even his own nephew Colonel Conway,* who knows him, and who repeated it to me with as much admiration as if he had never seen him before. I flatter myself that he will be able to come to town on Monday.

This is a most interesting chapter to me, and as such I perhaps have dwelt on it too long. But it intercepts nothing else. Not an

was shot through the heart, in the moment of victory, a monument was erected at the public expense.—ED.

* Robert, third son of Francis Earl of Hertford.

event has happened, nor an account arrived of any, since I wrote last week. Tuesday the Parliamentary campaign will open again. I know full as little of what are to be its objects. Sir Joseph Yorke not being returned, makes the conjecturers imagine the reconciliation with Holland is not desperate. They say, too, that the Dutch have not yet issued letters of marque; but on those matters I talk quite in the dark, and with the vulgar. I hold to the world but by few threads; and, when an old man takes no pains to keep up the connexion, the world is not at all solicitous to preserve it. Your nephew, I conclude, will soon be in town, and will be more copious than I am. It is not that I have less inclination than ever to be your journalist, but I now live in so confined a circle, that common occurrences rarely arrive to me till they have been in all the newspapers —and, to give those historians their due, nothing comes amiss to them; and, lest they should defraud their customers, they keep open shop for every thing, true or false, or scandalous, or ever so private, or ever so little relative to the public. Ancient annalists thought nobody game below a monarch, or a general, or a high-priest. Modern intelligencers have no mercy on posterity; and, not considering how enormous the lack of events is grown, contribute all in their power to store the world with the history of every body in it. In truth, this duty has become so extensive, that it has totally given exclusion *here* to all the rest of the earth where we are not concerned. We know no more of what passes in Europe than in Africa. To make amends, America and Asia are fully discussed. At this moment, I might, if I pleased, be perfectly acquainted with the king of Tanjore and all his affairs; not quite upon his own account, but because there is a contest at the India House about one Mr. Benfield; who, by the way, is believed to be agent for the nabob of Arcot, and to have retained nine members of Parliament in the interest of that petty sovereign*—scandal, to be sure! And perhaps you think I am talking to you out of the Mogul Tales; but I have long told you that you have—can have—no idea of your own country. Well: look into the Roman History just before the fall of the Republic;

* Paul Benfield, the agent of the Nabob of Arcot, had made a claim of 250,000*l.* on the East India Company, being the alleged proceeds of a crop on the lands of Tanjore, sown by the Nabob and mortgaged to Benfield. The claim was considered to be fraudulent, from the improbability that a private person of little or no property, should have been able to advance so large a sum. Mr. Burke, in his celebrated speech on the Nabob's debts, in 1785, describes Benfield as "the old betrayer, insulter, oppressor, and scourge of India—the grand parliamentary reformer, the reformer to whom the whole choir of reformers bow; and who, amidst his charitable toils for the relief of India, did not forget the poor, rotten constitution of his native country: for he did not disdain to stoop to the trade of a wholesale upholsterer for this House, to furnish it, not with the faded tapestry figures of antiquated merit, such as decorate, and may reproach, some other houses, but with real, solid, living patterns of true, modern virtue." "Paul," he adds, "made (reckoning himself) no fewer than eight members in the last Parliament: what copious streams of pure blood must he not have transfused into the veins of the present!"—Ed.

you will find orations for King Deiotarus, and of proconsuls pensioned by tributary sovereigns. In short, you will see how splendid and vile the ruins were of a great empire!

Feb. 2nd.

It is said that more than one surly rescript has been received from Russia, with whom we look to have war. The Parliament is most courtly: yesterday, indeed, there were a hundred and forty-nine for a censure on the preferment of Sir Hugh Palliser to Greenwich Hospital, but above two hundred admired the choice.*

On Monday is to begin the trial of Lord George Gordon, which will at least occupy every body for some days. I should be inclined to leave that subject to your nephew, but I do not know whether he is in town: at least I have not seen him, nor heard his name this winter.

The East Indian fleet, of vast value, is safe arrived in Ireland. Sir Thomas Rumbold is on board it, and his *value* is estimated at a million.† I do not wonder that a nabob can afford to buy a gang of members of Parliament.

LETTER CCCXLV.

Berkeley Square, Feb. 6, 1781.

Last night when I came home, I found your two letters of January 13th and 16th; the one to prepare me for, and the second to announce, Lady Orford's death. It has been reported here for a fortnight that she was dead: so, perhaps, some body sent a courier to her son, or to Sharpe her lawyer; or, more probably, her heir might send one to Hoare. I have nothing to do with all that; but I have this minute written to her son, and sent him the individual copy of her will that I have received from you, and the few particulars you have told me.‡

My first reflection naturally is, that, had my lord had patience *but for a year*, he would have had no occasion to sell his pictures; supposing which, I do not think that, without his mother's death, he would have had *that* occasion. My own opinion is, that the wretches

* The motion, which was made by Mr. Fox, was for a censure on the appointment of Sir Hugh Palliser to the government of Greenwich Hospital. Sir Hugh, who had just taken his seat for Huntingdon, through the interest of the Earl of Sandwich, defended himself at considerable length. The numbers on the division were 149 for, and 214 against the motion.—Ed.

† In 1779, Sir Thomas Rumbold had been appointed Governor of Madras, and created a baronet.—Ed.

‡ Walpole, in a letter to the Rev. Mr. Cole, of the 7th, says, "She has left every thing in her power to her *friend* Cavalier Mozzi, at Florence, but her son comes into her large estate, besides her great jointure." See Collective Edition, vol. i. p. 170, and vol. vi. p. 110.—Ed.

round him precipitated the sale, as money is more purloinable than a palace of pictures.

By the will it seems her ladyship claims no power over her landed estates in England, though I have heard that she pretended to have a right to dispose of part: but all that is nothing to me.

I have no public news to add but what I scarce know yet, the trial of Lord George Gordon. It was yesterday, and they say he was *acquitted* at five this morning;* but this I have learnt only from my servants, for I have been writing to notify my Lady Orford's death to my relations that they may mourn, and bespeaking mourning, and doing such necessary things; and have seen no body yet, and, in fact, did not care a straw about my Lord George any more than, when any living creature is trying for his life, I feel at the moment, and wish him to escape.

LETTER CCCXLVI.

Strawberry Hill, Sunday night, Feb. 11, 1781.

On Friday evening I received the probate of Lady O.'s will, and your two letters, in one which you mention the doubts of the Florentine lawyers on the validity of the disposition. I was very sorry to hear of these doubts, and shall consider well—nay, consult the most conscientious persons I can,—before I acquaint my lord with them. I do not like questioning of wills where the intention of the testator is evident; nor are there many cases in which I should approve of it, except on strong suspicions of foul practices, or notorious incapacity of the deceased. Though I could have no esteem for Lady Orford, I shall be extremely averse from being even an indirect instrument of disputing her will; and, should I be advised in duty to inform my lord of the cavil, I shall, I think, desire you to convey the notice to him through some other channel. Nothing but my becoming persuaded that I ought to acquaint him with the doubts on the validity, shall make me contribute to his knowing them. I shall consult General Conway, who is conscience itself; and Lord Camden, who, though a lawyer, has left off business, and who, I trust, is too old to think merely as a lawyer, unless as one who has presided in a court of *equity*. Lord Orford may act by me as he pleases, or, poor man! as his creatures please. I will neither pay court to him, for he has used me with extravagant ingratitude; nor ever do but what is strictly right about him, as I have always done, with a degree of delicacy that worldly prudence would condemn,

* Lord George Gordon was tried at the bar of the Court of King's Bench before Lord Chief Justice Mansfield, and Justices Waller, Ashurst, and Buller. His counsel were Mr. Kenyon and Mr. Erskine. At a quarter after five in the morning the jury returned a verdict of Not Guilty. Hannah More says, in a letter to her sister, "Public thanksgivings were returned last Sunday in several churches for his acquittal. I know some who actually heard it in Audley Chapel."—Ed.

and which certainly has been very prejudicial to my family. But I cannot lament what I did from principle and tenderness; nor can I vindicate myself to the world so fully as I might, while he has such a measure of sense as would be wounded if I talked too openly of his madness. It is plain that he, who, with no semblance of a quarrel to me, can treat me in so injurious a manner, after such tried services and repeated obligations, must have had the most abominable lies told him of me. I will indubitably take the first occasion that shall present itself of making my whole conduct towards him known, and that of his creatures. I care not a rush about his fortune, but I will not part with my character, which I prefer to all he has; and had much rather lose the former, were it likely to come to me, than the latter.

I know no news—in fact I have been entirely taken up with this affair. The accession of fortune to my lord makes not the slightest change in my resolutions, it rather strengthens them; for I should despise myself if his additional wealth could make me stoop to flatter a madman.

P.S. Poor Lady Dick* is dead, and Mrs. Pitt; the latter in a madhouse.

LETTER CCCXLVII.

Strawberry Hill, Feb. 26, 1781.

I SHALL not weary you again with saying any more about my nephew. I have done with him! An affair is going to take place that is not unconnected with him, and that gives me some satisfaction. Lord Walpole's eldest son, who at present stands in the light of heir-apparent to both branches of the family, and whom Lord O. is at least bound to my late uncle to make his heir in succession, is going to marry one of my numerous nieces, Lady Mary Churchill's younger daughter.† It is a match of love; she is a very fine girl, but without a shilling. Lord Walpole dislikes the match much, entirely on that last defect: but the son is a most honourable young man; and the father, who is good-natured, has at last given his consent. Thus, if Lord O.'s madness and the villany of his counsellors (and, I must add, his own want of principle) does not reverse what he promised, *all* the descendants of my father, the author of the greatness of the whole family, will not be deprived of his fortune. My sister Malpas's posterity, to whom it ought first to descend after my brother and me, will be defrauded; but, plundered as Houghton is, the possessors will still look up to the memory of its illustrious founder. But how weak are these visions about ancestors and descendants! and how extraordinarily weak am I to harbour them, when I see that a madman, a housemaid, and an at

* Wife of Sir John Dick, formerly consul at Leghorn.

† The marriage of the Honourable Horatio Walpole with Sophia, the daughter of Lady Mary Churchill, took place in July.—ED.

torney can baffle all the views Sir Robert himself had entertained! Could he foresee that his grandson would sell his collection of pictures; or that his grand-daughter would marry the King's brother?—Yet, if one excluded visions and attended only to the philosophy of reflection,—if one always recollected how transitory are all the glories in the imagination,—how insipid, how listless would life be! Are fame or science more real? Would we know what is passed, on the truth of what history can we depend? Would we step without the *palpable* world, what do we learn but by guess, or by that most barren of all responses, calculation? Is any thing more lean than the knowledge we attain by computing the distance or magnitude of a planet! If we could know more of a world than its size, would not its size be the least part of our contemplation? All I mean is, that it matters not with what visions, provided they are harmless, we amuse ourselves; and that, so far from combating, I often love to entertain them. When one has outlived one's passions and pursuits, one should become inactive or morose if one's second childhood had not its rattles and fables like the first.

I am the more willing to play with local and domestic baby-houses, as the greater scene is still more comfortless; though what is one's country but one's family on a larger scale? What was the glory of immortal Rome, but the family pride of some thousand families? All sublunary objects are but great and little by comparison. You and I have lived long enough to see Houghton and England emerge, the one from a country gentleman's house to a palace, the other from an island to an empire; and to behold both stripped of their acquisitions, and lamentable in their ruins. I will push the comparison between large and petty objects no farther, though both have compounded the present colour of my mind. I came hither yesterday, but left nothing new in town. The follies of a great capital are only new in the persons of their favourites. The fanatic Lord George Gordon was the reigning hero a fortnight ago: the French dancers, Vestris and his son, have dethroned him, and are the reigning bubbles in the air at this moment. On Thursday was sevennight there was an opera for the sufferers by the late dreadful calamities at Barbadoes and Jamaica; the theatre was not half full. Last Thursday was the benefit of Vestris and son; the house could not receive or contain the multitudes that presented themselves. Their oblations amounted to fourteen hundred pounds.

You talk of Dutch prizes: a late storm has paid them in a moment, and thrown into their arms, at least driven and wrecked on their coast, one of our newly arrived Indiamen, worth two hundred thousand pounds. We consoled ourselves with the revolt of a large body of Washington's troops; but, when Sir Henry Clinton invited them to his standard, they impolitely bound his messengers hand and foot, and sent them to the Congress.* We are apt to sing *Io Pæan*

* In the January of this year, on the occasion above referred to, though smarting under their supposed wrongs, and surrounded by the dangers to which they had

too soon, and only show how much we want good news, by accepting every thing as such; though the second report generally proves sinister.

LETTER CCCXLVIII.

March 13, 1781.

I HAVE just received your three lines of Feb. 28 by your courier, and hurry to reply, less he should call for my answer before it is finished. I have indeed nothing to tell you that might not go through all the inquisitions and post-offices in Europe; for I can only send you my own vague conjectures or opinions. The guns are going off for the conquest of Eustatia by Rodney, which is just arrived.* It may be a good circumstance towards disposing the Dutch to peace; and perhaps to balance what your despatch brings, which is probably an attempt or design on Minorca. We imagine, too, that the grand fleet sailed yesterday *at last*, which is to relieve Gibraltar, and annihilate the combined squadrons.

Last week the stocks rose six per cent. in two days. It was given out that the Emperor and Empress had offered their mediation, and that all parties had accepted it, and that Sir Joseph Yorke was to depart on wings of winds to Vienna to conclude the peace. Much of this cargo of propitious news is fallen off, as well as the stocks. Sir Joseph is not gone; and at most it is said that their Imperial Majesties have made a defensive alliance, and that Russia had civilly told the Dutch that she could do no more for them, but advised them to make peace. Now, would you know my own belief? It is, that, whatever advances are made to us, we shall profit of none, but persist in the American war; at least in such a submission as may leave us power to violate any treaty and begin again. Our foolhardiness is past all credibility; the nation is besotted, and not a great view is left *above* or below. If I filled my paper, I should but dilate on those two points. For my part, I do assure you, I cast all politics out of my thoughts. I see no glimmering of hope that we should be a great nation again; nor do we deserve to be. I wish for peace at any rate;

rendered themselves liable, the Insurgents not only rejected the favourable offers held out to them by Sir Henry Clinton, but, to show their irreconcilable enmity to the mother country, delivered up the unhappy men who had acted as his agents. —ED.

* In February, the British fleet and army, under the commands of Sir George Rodney and General Vaughan, appearing suddenly before and surrounding the island of St. Eustatia, the Dutch governor, ignorant of the rupture between England and Holland, surrendered it; only recommending the town and inhabitants to British clemency. The wealth found in the place excited the astonishment of the conquerors. The value of the commodities was estimated at more than three millions sterling, and two hundred and fifty vessels of all descriptions were taken in the bay, besides six frigates.—ED.

and I cease to love my country, because I am disinterested, just as they do who sell it, because they are the reverse. I cannot love what deserves no esteem.

Private news we have none, but the silly topics of dancers and crowds. Nothing at all passes in the House of Lords, and not much in the other, but jobs. Their Highnesses of Cumberland have turned short from the King, and court the Prince of Wales,* and the Opposition, and the Ton, and the mob. *My friends*† sit still, and sensibly let the hurricane lower which way it will. *It* will soon, I suppose, produce confusion and new quarrels; but you know me too well to imagine that I will embark, even in speculation, on chapters to come. When I doubt almost all I hear in the present moment, I shall not roam into guesses on future events, which I probably shall not know whether they happen or not. Adieu! I must seal my letter to have it ready. It is not very informing, but at least it tells you that every thing is in suspense.

LETTER CCCXLIX.

Berkeley Square, March 30, 1781.

I WROTE a letter to you for your messenger the moment he arrived, but he was detained here so long that it must have reached you antiquated. He found us exulting for the capture of St. Eustatia: the scene is a little changed since, both in the West and East. America is once more not quite ready to be conquered, though every now and then we fancy it is. Tarleton is defeated, Lord Cornwallis is checked, and Arnold not sure of having betrayed his friends to much purpose. If we are less certain of recovering what we have thrown away, we are in full as much danger of losing what we acquired, not more creditably, at the other end of the world. Hyder Ally, an Indian potentate, thinking he has as much right to the diamonds of his own country as the Rumbolds and Sykes's, who were originally waiters in a tavern, has given us a blow, and *has not done*.‡

* His Royal Highness had, on the 1st of January, been declared of age, and appeared at Court in his new character.—ED.

† The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester.

‡ Intelligence had recently reached England, that Hyder Ali Khan, one of the greatest princes as well as the greatest warrior that India ever produced, had, in the preceding July, with an army of one hundred thousand men, burst at once, like a prodigious tempest, into the Carnatic. This terrible invasion is described by Mr. Burke in the following wonderful passage of his speech on the debts of the Nabob of Arcot: "When at length Hyder Ali found that he had to do with men who either would sign no convention, or whom no treaty and no signature could bind, he decreed to make the country possessed by these incorrigible and predestinated criminals a memorable example to mankind. He resolved, in the gloomy recesses of a mind capacious of such things, to leave the whole Carnatic an everlasting monument of vengeance, and to put perpetual desolation as a barrier between him and

Europe has a mass of debts to pay to the other quarters of the globe; which, on the merit of having improved navigation and invented gunpowder, we have thought we had a right to desolate and plunder; and we have been such savages as to punish each other for our crimes. The Romans havocked the world for glory; the Spaniards, Portuguese, Dutch, and English, for gold; but each nation thirsted to engross the whole mass, and became scourges to each other. Attila and Hyder Ally are at least as innocent as Julius Cæsar and Lord Clive.

Our fleet is gone to rescue Gibraltar. The French fleet has not yet moved; but the next month will probably be an important one. The negotiations for peace seem to have stopped in their birth, and probably will depend on the events of that month. The Dutch reply to our Manifesto will not raise our credit, as it gives us the lie pretty flatly on our assertion of their having attempted to make us no satisfaction on our complaints of the conduct of Amsterdam. Methinks it were better to be a little accurate, as there are more readers in Europe than our country gentlemen.

I am sorry when I cannot admire all our proceedings; but politics will not always stand the test of cool survey. Indeed, it is not fair to decide on parts, especially in the heat of events. The wisdom of measures must depend on the prudence, goodness, and object of the system, together with a just calculation of the probability of events, and a comparison of the value of the advantage of success with the danger and detriment of miscarriage. I am far from allowing that even wise measures, with all the profit of success, are good; for then

those against whom the faith which holds the moral elements of the world together was no protection. Having terminated his disputes with every enemy and every rival, who buried their mutual animosities in their common detestation against the creditors of the Nabob of Arcot, he drew from every quarter whatever a savage ferocity could add to his new rudiments in the arts of destruction; and compounding all the materials of fury, havoc, and desolation into one black cloud, he hung for a while on the declivities of the mountains. Whilst the authors of all these evils were idly and stupidly gazing on this menacing meteor, which blackened all their horizon, it suddenly burst, and poured down the whole of its contents on the plains of the Carnatic. Then ensued a scene of wo, the like of which no eye had seen, no heart conceived, and which no tongue can adequately tell. All the horrors of war before known or heard of were mercy to that new havoc. A storm of universal fire blasted every field, consumed every house, destroyed every temple. The miserable inhabitants flying from their flaming villages in part were slaughtered; others, without regard to sex, to age, to the respect of rank or sacredness of function, fathers torn from children, husbands from wives, enveloped in a whirlwind of cavalry, and amidst the goading spears of drivers and the trampling of pursuing horses, were swept into captivity in an unknown and hostile land. Those who were able to evade this tempest, fled to walled cities. But escaping from fire, sword, and exile, they fell into the jaws of famine." In a letter written home to the East India Directors at the close of the year 1780, Sir Eyre Coote says of Hyder Ali, that "he had taken every measure which could occur to the most experienced general to distress us, and to render himself formidable; and that his conduct in his civil capacity had been supported by a degree of political address unequalled by any power that had yet appeared in Indostan."—Ed.

fortunate conquerors would be excusable, which I shall never think, but I doubt we are not likely to have that dazzling consolation; nor have I knowledge or penetration enough to discover the beauty of the system that threw us into the American war, and still prefers war with France, Spain, and Holland, to the confession of our mistake. Adieu! my dear sir.

P.S. I am impatient for the History of the Medici.

LETTER CCCL.

Berkeley Square, April 27, 1781.

PERHAPS you may think I am fallen into a lethargy; but it is only the war that is so. At least, though the ocean is covered with navies, they do nothing but walk about in their sleep,—unless you know to the contrary; for you are nearer to the scene of action, if there is any, than we are. The Spanish fleet is said to be retired to Cadiz, and to have civilly left the path to Gibraltar open, which would be very civil. In short, I can tell you nothing but hearsay, or what people say without having heard. It is a month since I wrote to you, and yet nothing has happened but an Extraordinary Gazette or two, which brags, like a bridegroom at threescore, of having forced two little fortresses that begged to be ravished, and of Arbuthnot having balked an inferior squadron. Methinks we Western powers should make peace, and not expose ourselves to the Vandals of the North, who overrun kingdoms in fewer weeks than it costs us years to take an island no bigger than half-a-crown.

The Parliament has quite left off business, though it has not shut up shop. In short, I hope your nephew writes to you, for I can find nothing to say; and where he does, is past my comprehension. If I trusted to my imagination, I should not wonder at its being worn out; but, as I have always piqued myself upon telling nothing but facts that at least I believe true, my eyes and ears are not gone; and, if there was an event no bigger than a grain of millet, I could easily know it; for those drag-nets, our newspapers, let nothing escape them, from whales to the most insignificant fry. But four days ago, the Public Advertiser informed the town that I have a field that wants draining at Strawberry Hill, which no doubt is very important intelligence! Antiquaries used to be ridiculous for recovering trifles from the havoc of time: now we have daily writers that sift the kennels, and save every straw that would be swallowed in the common sewer. Then think what thousands of loiterers we must have, who can buy and read such rubbish, in the midst of a civil war, and wars with the great nations! How contemptible we are! and, to our shame, these journals of our trifling are circulated all over Europe! Don't you blush when you read them? And do you wonder that I have nothing to say? I have always reckoned my own letters very

trifling and superficial; but two misses that correspond would be ashamed of communicating such foolish paragraphs as compose the daily lectures of the metropolis: and yet it is well when they are only foolish—more commonly they are brutal or scandalous.

Well! I have been writing about nothing, and may as well finish. You see my silence is owing to no want of good will.

LETTER CCCLI.

Strawberry Hill, May 6, 1781.

Yes, you were in the right in your prophecy of the 21st of April, which I received yesterday. Darby has relieved Gibraltar, without opposition from the Spanish fleet, as we heard two days ago; nay, that he braved them in Cadiz. I think our conduct was not a little rash, but I am sure theirs has been as much the reverse. That of the French is not more explicable, and I can easily believe the King of Spain will resent it.

I am grieved to hear you complain of the gout, and the weakness it leaves in your hands. I wish you had adopted my bootikins. I have suffered terribly in my hands, and my fingers are full of chalk-stones, and yet you see I write as well as ever: but do not alarm yourself; your fits have been too rare and too slight to disable you. One always fancies the weakness from a fit incurable; twenty years ago I imagined that I never should walk again.

Our affairs in the East I do believe are very bad;* I am surprised they are not so every where: but France, Spain, and Holland together, seem very feeble enemies. It seems to be a favourable moment for making peace, as it will be some honour to have kept them all at bay.

* On the 30th of April, Lord North had moved for a Committee of Secrecy, to inquire into the causes of the war in the Carnatic. An amendment to leave out the words "of secrecy," proposed by Mr. Fox, was warmly seconded by Mr. Burke. "We are called upon," he said, "by every argument of morality and of policy, by every precept of religion and duty, to make that justice which we reverence as public as the noon-day sun. It has been the sentiment and the sense of all ages. 'Let me fight with Jupiter,' says Ajax, 'but give me day-light. Let me have condemnation or let me have acquittal in the face of day.' The acquittal that is secret cannot be honourable; it leaves a stain even upon innocence. The condemnation that is secret cannot be just; it leaves a prejudice in favour of the criminal, injurious to the tribunal by whom he is tried." The amendment was negatived by 184 to 80.—Ed.

LETTER CCCLII.

Berkeley Square, May 16, 1781.

By not sending you the first rumours of Lord Cornwallis's victory over the American General, Greene, and by waiting for the confirmation, which is not yet come, though undoubted, I am able to balance accounts, though perhaps you did not desire Fortune to be so impartial. Yesterday we learnt that La Mothe Piquet, who had lain in ambush (no sea-term, I doubt,) at the mouth of the Channel, had fallen in *au beau milieu* of our fleet from Eustatia, laden with the plunder of all nations, and has taken at least twenty of them.* The two men-of-war and two frigates that convoyed all that spoil took to their heels, and, to talk like an Irishman, are on Irish ground in one of their harbours. To-day we *invented* a re-capture by Darby, but he is not arrived. However, our loss of so much wealth will not comfort the King of Spain for the relief of Gibraltar, nor the Dutch for the loss of St. Eustatia; for I do not suppose that France will invite its allies to the partition, unless, like the lion in the fable, to see her seize all on different pleas,—I should say, *prerogatives* to which *nullum tempus, nullum plea occurrant.*

My military details are very brief, for I neither understand them, nor load my memory with them; and for your information it is better I should not, as the quintessence is more easily digested, and can be less contested.

The Gazette of private news will lie in little room. The disconsolate widower, your friend Sir John Dick, is going to be married already; and, which is still more rash at his age, to a giantess. She is the eldest daughter of the late Sir John Clavering, and was ripened by the climate of India, like an orange to a shaddock. I suppose she intends to be a relict, and then to marry some young Gargantua.

Strawberry Hill, 17.

I came hither this morning; but as I shall return to town to-morrow, when the post goes away, my letter will be in time, though a little ashamed of being so meagre. I doubt my despatches are grown very barren, though the field of battle is so extensive; but you must allow that our enemies are not very alert, and that we have some negative credit in not having lost more, after risking so much. As to domestic news, it is no wonder my details are lean. The House of Lords, who never fatigued themselves, are become as antiquated as their college, the Heralds' Office, and as idle. In the other House

* With six sail of the line and two frigates, destined for some secret expedition, De la Motte Piquet fell in, on the 26th of April, with the St. Eustatia convoy, off the coast of Ireland, captured twenty of the merchant-ships, and returned safe with them to port. So anxious was he to secure his prizes before Admiral Darby's return, that he suffered Commodore Hotham, with six of the transports, to escape.—Ed.

there are not many debates, and the unshaken majority renders those of little consequence.* The disunion of the leaders increases this supineness. For smaller events, I go so little into the world, that many escape me, and fewer interest me. Can one take much part in the occupations of the grand-children of one's first acquaintance? I might, no doubt, collect paragraphs if I took pains; for certainly no reformation has taken place. Dissipation is at high-water mark; but it is either without variety, novelty, and imagination, or the moroseness of age makes me see no taste in their pleasures. Lateness of hours is the principal feature of the times, and certainly demands no stress of invention. Every fashionable place is still crowded; no instance of selection neither. Gaming is yet general; though money, the principal ingredient, does not abound.† My old favourite game, Faro, is lately revived. I have played but thrice, and not all night, as I used to do; it is not decent to end where one began, nor to sit up with a generation by two descents my juniors. Mr. Fox is the first figure in all the places I have mentioned; the hero in Parliament, at the gaming-table, at Newmarket. Last week he passed four-and-twenty hours without interruption at all three,‡ or on the road from

* There had, a few days before, been a long debate in the House of Commons, on a motion of Sir George Savile for referring the Petition of the Delegated Counties for a Redress of Grievances to a Committee of the whole House. The subscribers to the petition were stated to be "freeholders" of the respective counties, not "delegates" of associations; several members having stated, that they could admit of no such characters in a constitutional point of view. Mr. Wilberforce, then in his twenty-second year, and who had been returned to the new Parliament, for Hull, thus wrote, on the 30th of April, to one of his constituents: "The papers would show you by what a trick the petition was laid upon the table. The petitioners were said to be private freeholders, and as such were gravely read over the names of Christopher Wyvill, Charles Fox, Richard Fitzpatrick, &c. They will, I have no doubt, proceed artfully; but let them once but put in their noses in their delegate capacity, and they will be hunted out as they deserve; and though I will not promise to open, I will accompany the hounds in full cry, with my Lord Advocate at their head—and a fine leader of a pack he is." Mr. Henry Dundas, afterwards Lord Melville, was the "leader of a pack" here spoken of. Sir George Savile's motion was, upon a division, negatived by 212 to 135.—Ed.

† The following is Mr. Wilberforce's picture of fashionable life at this period: "When I left the university, so little did I know of general society, that I came up to London stored with arguments to prove the authenticity of Rowley's poems; and now I was at once immersed in politics and fashion. The very first time I went to Boodle's, I won twenty-five guineas of the Duke of Norfolk. I belonged at this time to five clubs—Miles and Evans's, Brooke's, Boodle's, White's, Goostrees. The first time I was at Brookes's, scarcely knowing any one, I joined from mere shyness in play at the Faro table, where George Selwyn kept bank. A friend who knew my inexperience, and regarded me as a victim decked out for sacrifice, called to me, 'What, Wilberforce, is that you?' Selwyn quite resented the interference, and, turning to him, said in his most expressive tone, 'O, sir, don't interrupt Mr. Wilberforce; he could not be better employed.' Nothing could be more luxurious than the style of these clubs; Fox, Sheridan, Fitzpatrick, and all your leading men frequented them, and associated upon the easiest terms; you chatted, played at cards, or gambled, as you pleased."—Ed.

‡ Mr. Fox had, on the 14th, made a long and eloquent speech in support of Mr. Burke's motion relating to the seisure and confiscation of private property on the island of St. Eustatia. A fortnight after, Walpole, in a letter to General Conway

one to the other; and ill the whole time, for he has a bad constitution, and treats it as if he had been dipped in the immortal river: but I doubt his heel at least will be vulnerable.*

There is a topic† which begins to predominate, but not proper for the post, nor one that shall be so to me; for I recollect under what King I was born, and consequently can have nothing to do with a reign so far removed as the next will be. As I too am always partial to youth,—having not at least the spleen of age,—I make the greatest allowances for inexperience and novel passions. In one word, I give no ear to the commencement of future history; it is a page I shall not peruse: and what are the first leaves of a book to one that can make no progress in it? I see no prospect of conclusion to the war —occupation enough, one should think, for every body at present; and yet, unless roused by some event, which too is forgotten in three days, no one seems to care about the general face of affairs, but is as indifferent as if we were in a dead calm.

Your nephew is to come here to-morrow morning to show my house to some company; *my* nephew‡ is to command a small camp this summer.

My lord has answered your nephew's letter, and tells him he is not legally bound to pay his father's debts, and refers him to Lucas—*mon Chancelier vous dira le reste*, as Kings say when they are ashamed of what they are going to do.

says, "As I came up St. James's-street, I saw a cart and porters at Charles's door; coppers and old chests of drawers loading. In short, his success at Faro had awakened his host of creditors; but unless his bank had been swelled to the size of the Bank of England, it could not have yielded a sop for each. Epsom, too, had been unpropitious, and one creditor had actually seized and carried off his goods, which did not seem worth removing. As I returned full of this scene, whom should I find sauntering by my own door but Charles? He came up and talked to me at the coach-window, on the Marriage-Bill, with as much *sang froid* as if he knew nothing of what had happened. I have no admiration for insensibility to one's own faults, especially when committed out of vanity. Perhaps the whole philosophy consists in the commission. The more marvellous Fox's parts are, the more one is provoked at his follies, which comfort so many rascals and blockheads, and make all that is admirable and amiable in him only matter of regret to those who like him as I do."—Ed.

* "As early as 1781," says Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, "Fox was attacked with frequent complaints of the stomach and bowels, attended by acute pain; to moderate the symptoms of which he usually had recourse to laudanum. He had already impaired his bodily powers by every variety of excess, added to the most violent mental agitation." Hist. Mem. vol. ii. p. 246.—Ed.

† The Prince of Wales. [The topic of general conversation at this time was the connexion which the Prince had formed with the youthful and beautiful actress, Mrs. Robinson, who first attracted his Royal Highness's notice when performing the part of Perdita, in the Winter's Tale.—Ed.

‡ Lord Orford.

LETTER CCCLIII.

Berkeley Square, June 8, 1781.

The late Gazette, boiled down from Lord Cornwallis's relation, will still convince you how transient our prospects are from his lordship's successes. In truth, as we draw prospects from the faintest hints, no wonder they have no lasting body of colours. We expect something about Necker's fall*—no ill compliment to him. I am amazed how he could hope, or at least expect, to stand. A general reformer, a Protestant, and a man of no birth, was an outrage to all interests and all prejudices. Sully, with some less objections, could not have stemmed the same torrent without a Henri Quatre to descry his merit and support it.

The Parliament will sit to the middle of next month on India affairs,† but I trouble myself with neither.

LETTER CCCLIV.

Strawberry Hill, July 5, 1781.

Your last is of the 26th of May, and mine of the 8th of June; since that, I have had no public news to tell you. Gazettes will perhaps have made you think that the Duke of Gloucester's visit to the Emperor was political. If it was, the business was despatched in an instant, for no visit was ever shorter. Nothing has come to my knowledge *here* that looks towards peace; but indeed nothing does come to my knowledge, nor do I inquire about any thing else. The war is not even entertaining; nothing but miscarriages and drawn bat-

* The expected reforms which Necker had recommended in the administration of the finances, being represented to the King as inconsistent with the dignity of the Crown, he was dismissed from his office of Controller-general, and M. Jolly de Fleuri was appointed in his stead.—Ed.

† The House of Commons were at this time closely occupied on Lord North's bill, for securing to the public a participation in the profits of the East India Company. On the subject of this bill, Mr. Wilberforce thus wrote, on the 9th of June, to a friend: "We have a blessed prospect of sitting till the end of next month. Between business in the morning and pleasure at night, my time is pretty well filled up. You say, the Lord Advocate (Mr. Dundas) will give them a trimming on the Indian affairs. I agree with you in thinking him the first speaker on the ministerial side in the House of Commons, and there is a manliness in his character, which prevents his running away from the question; he grants all his adversaries' premises, and fights them upon their own ground. The only India affairs we have yet had before us relate to Lord North's claim on the Company of 600,000*l.*, and it is not in the power even of the Lord Advocate to put a good face on that transaction. Upon my honour, I believe it to be a transaction which, were it to take place in private life, would be considered as a direct robbery. The matter is too long to be explained in a letter; but we will have some conversation on the subject, and, to use your own mode of arguing, I will lay you any sum that you will be finally of my opinion." Life, vol. i. p. 21.—Ed.

ties. I believe the expense of the sum total will be the only striking event.

You are, as usual, very kind about the Rolle estate,* but be assured I shall never concern myself about it. All my views for my family were cut up by the roots when the pictures were sold; nor would I for the world make interest to influence my lord's will, even were I younger. You say he is kinder to me—yes, to serve himself. If my real services have had so little weight, I will not be obliged to him indirectly, nor will I stoop to court his rascally creatures. Oh! my dear sir, I am sixty-four, and am infirm and breaking. I do not look beyond the life of a younger man, nor have a single view left; scarce a wish but to pass the short remainder in tranquillity, and, as much as I can, without pain, and with preservation of my senses.

You are quite mistaken about the descent of the barony of Clinton. Should my lord leave every shilling to his father's relations, that peerage, coming by his mother, would go away. Another barony, that of Say and Sele, has just now been adjudged to a Mr. Twisleton, and occasioned examination into the honours that have been in the earldom of Lincoln. It struck me that the barony of Clinton, if Lord Orford dies without children, would revert to the present Duke of Newcastle, and thence to Lady Lincoln's only child, a daughter. I mentioned this to her father, Lord Hertford; he has had the pedigree sifted, and it comes out that I was in the right, though it had occurred to no body else: so, I have at least contributed to give a peerage to one of my relations.

But I ought not to have wandered so far when I was thanking you for a friendly hint, but should have thanked you for a positive present. You told me, months ago, that you had sent me a lump of crystal before my last positive prohibition. That lump I have just received, and what you spoke of so irreverently proves a beautiful sculptured vase of rock crystal. There is no end of your gifts—but there must be! remember, reflect, how little time I may have to enjoy them; they will only figure in my inventory at my death.

The Duchess Dowager of Beaufort breakfasted here the other day, and, after inquiring about you most particularly, told me the transport you expressed on attaining the silver chest of Benvenuto Cellini for me. Oh! how sad is the thought that you are *never* to see your presents arranged and displayed *here* with all the little honour I can confer on them; but they are all recorded in my catalogue, and who ever reads it will think I had no shame or gratitude. To put a stop to your magnificence, I must be brutal, and treat you as Lord Hunsdon did Queen Elizabeth, when she laid the robes of an earl on his death-bed. I must finish; for I am at this instant in pain with the rheumatism, and going to-bed. I wish us both a good night.

The town says, Lord Mulgrave is returned from a design against

* The estate of the Rolles was come to Lord Orford on his mother's death, and he had power to cut off the entail, and leave it to whom he pleased, as well as the Walpole estate.

Flushing, which failed, as his pilots were so ignorant. I hear, too, that an account came to-day of the junction of Lord Cornwallis and Arnold in Virginia, which will revive our hopes—to be again disappointed. The Parliament will adjourn next week.

This was an *hors-d'œuvre*, and you must excuse my brevity.

LETTER CCCLV.

Berkeley Square, Aug. 1, 1781.

Do not be surprised that, though I write so frequently, I tell you so little news: I know none but what you see in all the papers. Tobago is allowed to be taken by the French, and there is scarce more doubt of Pensacola being taken by the Spaniards.*

Lord Walpole's son was married last week to my niece Sophia Churchill. It is more than your friend, Sir John Dick, is to his betrothed. He has acted very foolishly, both in engaging and disengaging himself. He sent his future bride an abrupt letter, to say he found himself too old and infirm to proceed. Did not he know three months ago that he was sixty-four? Some say, he discovered that Madamoiselle was not very fond of him: did he expect she would be? In short, it is unlucky to look well at three-score,† for, in reality no body can fall in love with one at that age but one's self.

I have not received Galluzzi's history, nor heard a word of its arrival. I will not be impatient, lest, as I am on the brink of sixty-four too, I should find I have forgotten my Italian and cannot *enjoy* it.

LETTER CCCLVI.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 23, 1781.

Your last but one mentioned your head being disordered by the gout; but, as the last said nothing of it, I trust it was a very transient attack.

You have seen in the papers all that I could know of the sea-fight between Parker and the Dutch.‡ I believe neither side had cause of

* The island of Tobago had, on the 23d of May, been compelled to surrender to a considerable body of land-forces under the command of M. de Blanchelande, the late governor of St. Vincent's; and in the same month Pensacola, the capital of the province of West Florida, was delivered up to the Spanish forces under the command of Don Bernardo de Galvez, governor of Louisiana.—Ed.

† "I lived during several years," says Wraxall, "in habits of familiar acquaintance with Sir John Dick, who retained, at *fourscore*, all the activity of middle life, together with the perfect possession of his memory and faculties. He was an agreeable, entertaining, and well-bred man, who had seen much of the world." Hist. Mem. vol. i. p. 193.—Ed.

‡ On the 5th of August, while in charge of a convoy, Admiral Hyde Parker fell in with a Dutch squadron, escorting a large convoy, on the Doggerbank. The fol-

triumph: however, we boast of having driven back their trading-vessels. The King and Prince have been to thank the Admiral and Fleet.* The vast storm that hangs over Gibraltar does not seem to alarm us. Indeed they,† of whose judgment I have an opinion, do not believe it will be taken; however, I pity the brave men who are cooped up in it. I know nothing from any other quarter; but every thing is a theme for moralising, from Gibraltar to the Tribune‡ at Florence. If that inestimable chamber is not inviolate, what mortal structure is? Zoffani's picture, however, will rise in value, as a portrait of what that room *was*; yet its becoming more precious will not, I doubt, expedite the sale of it. It is pity that they who love to display taste will not be content with showing their genius without making alterations, and then we should have more samples of the styles of different ages. Some monuments of our predecessors ought to be sacred. Sir William Stanhope was persuaded by Sir Thomas Robinson and Mr. Ellis (the present possessor) to *improve* Pope's garden here in my neighbourhood. The Poet had valued himself on the disposition of it, and with reason. Though containing but five square acres, enclosed by three lanes, he had managed it with such art and deception, that it seemed a wood,

lowing is the Admiral's own account of this memorable action: "I was happy to find that I had the wind of them; as the great number of their large frigates might otherwise have endangered my convoy. Having separated the men-of-war from the merchant-ships, and made a signal to the last to keep their wind, I bore away with a general signal to chase. The enemy formed their line, consisting of eight two-decked ships, on the starboard tack: ours, including the Dolphin, consisting of seven. Not a gun was fired on either side, until within distance of half musket-shot. The Fortitude then being abreast of the Dutch Admiral, the action began, and continued, with an unceasing fire for three hours and forty minutes. By this time our ships were unmanageable. I made an effort to form the line, in order to renew the action, but found it impracticable. The Bienfaisant had lost her main-topmast, and the Buffalo her fore-yard; the rest of the ships were not less shattered in their masts, rigging, and sails. The enemy appeared to be in as bad a condition. Both squadrons lay to, a considerable time, near to each other; when the Dutch, with their convoy, bore away for the Texel. We were not in a condition to follow them."

* The imputed neglect in the Admiralty of furnishing Admiral Parker, with a force equal to the accomplishment of his object, excited much dissatisfaction; and to this dissatisfaction was in some measure attributed the extraordinary favour shown to the Admiral, by a royal visit, upon his arrival with his shattered squadron at the Nore. It was rumoured, that the visit was intended to be distinguished by some signal mark of royal approbation; but it was soon understood, that no promotion whatever would be accepted. The sturdy Admiral had the honour of dining with the King and the Prince of Wales on board the royal yacht; upon which occasion he is said to have hinted his dissatisfaction and intention of retiring, by wishing his Majesty younger officers and better ships: he resigned his command immediately after. By the death of his brother, in the following year, he became a baronet; and on the change of Administration, being nominated to the chief command of the British fleet in the East Indies, he embarked in the Juno, in October, but never reached his destination; no tidings being ever heard of the ship, or any of her crew, after she had passed the Cape of Good Hope.—Ed.

† General Conway.

‡ The Great-Duke had removed many of the curiosities, and *pratique*'d another door in it, so that it was become a passage-room.

and its boundaries were no where discoverable.* It is true, it was closely planted, and consequently damp. Refined taste went to work: the vocal groves were thinned, modish shrubs replaced them, and light and three lanes broke in; and, if the Muses wanted to tie up their garters, there is not a nook to do it without being seen. Poor Niobe's children,† who now stand in a row, as if saying their catechism, will know how to pity them! I remember a story of old Thomas, Earl of Pembroke: he one day took it into his grave head to give eye-balls with charcoal to all his statues at Wilton, and then called his wife and daughters to see how much livelier the gods, goddesses, and emperors were grown! Lively, indeed! for Mr. Arundel, his son-in-law, had improved on his lordship's idea, and with the same charcoal had distributed whole thickets of black hair over the bodies of the whole marble assembly. As Niobe and the Misses Niobes are in a French room, they may come off for a quantity of rouge.

LETTER CCCLVII.

Berkeley Square, Sept. 7, 1781.

The combined fleets, to the amount of forty-seven or forty-nine sail, brought news of their own arrival at the mouth of the channel a day or two before your letter, of August the 18th, brought an account of that probability, and of the detachment for Minorca. Admiral Darby, on a false alarm, or, perhaps, a true one, had returned to Torbay a week ago, where he is waiting for reinforcements. This is the fourth or fifth day since the appearance of the enemy off Scilly. It is thought, I find here, (whither I came to-day,) that the great object is our Jamaica fleet; but that a detachment is gone to Ireland to do what mischief they can on the coast before our ally, the Equinox, will beseech them to retire.‡ Much less force than this Armada

* "There was," says Walpole, in his History of Modern Gardening, "a little affected modesty in Pope, when he said, of all his works, he was most proud of his Garden: and yet it was a singular effort of art and taste, to compress so much variety and scenery into five acres! The passing through the gloom from the grotto to the opening day and again assembling shades, the dusky groves, the larger lawn, and the solemnity of the termination at the cypresses that lead up to his Mother's tomb, are managed with exquisite judgment; and though Lord Peterborough assisted him

'To form his quincunx, and to rank his vines,'

those were not the most pleasing ingredients of his little perspective."—Ed.

† The Great-Duke had fetched from Rome the group of Niobe and her children, and placed them round a chamber; by which means they remained in strange unmeaning attitudes, and no longer expressed their story.

‡ The combined French and Spanish fleets, after seeing the troops safe into the Mediterranean, returned, to the amount of about fifty ships of the line, to cruise at the mouth of the English Channel, in the hopes of intercepting some of our great homeward bound convoys, which were then daily expected; as well as a large outward bound fleet, on the point of its departure from Cork. So wretched was the condi-

would have done more harm two years ago, when they left a card at Plymouth, than this can do; as Plymouth is now very strong, and that there are great disciplined armies now in both islands. Of Gibraltar we have no apprehensions. I know less of Minorca.

Lord George Gordon is standing candidate for the City of London on an accidental vacancy; but his premature alarm last year has had a sinister effect.* In short, those riots have made mankind sick of them, and give him no chance of success.

What can I say more? Nothing at present; but I will the moment any event presents itself. My hope is that, after a fermentation, there will be a settlement, and that peace will arise out of it.

The Decree† you sent me against high heads diverted me. It is as necessary here; but would not have such expeditious effect. The Queen has never admitted feathers at Court; but, though the nation has grown excellent courtiers, Fashion remained in opposition, and not a plume less was worn any where else. Some centuries ago, the clergy preached against monstrous head-dresses; but Religion had no more power than our Queen. It is better to leave the Mode to its own vagaries; if she is not contradicted, she seldom remains long in the same mood. She is very despotic; but, though her reign is endless, her laws are repealed as fast as made.

Mrs. Damer, General Conway's daughter, is going abroad to confirm a very delicate constitution—I believe, at Naples. I will say very few words on her after telling you that, besides being his daughter, I love her as my own child. It is not from wanting mat-

tion of the combined fleet, that, in anticipation of the approaching gales, they made their way into port as speedily as possible. The French admiral, M. de Gruchen, returned with his division to Brest harbour, on the 11th of September.—Ed.

* The vacancy in the City representation was occasioned by the death of Alderman Harley. Though he announced his intention of becoming a candidate, Lord George Gordon did not proceed to the poll. In the former parliament, this eccentric nobleman had set for the town of Luggershall. Sir Samuel Romilly, who was at that time a great frequenter of the gallery, gives the following account of his demeanour in the House of Commons: "I never thought him a man from whom his country had much to dread: he spoke, indeed, upon all occasions, but his speeches were incoherent and ridiculous. One day, I remember, he read a newspaper as part of his speech: at another time he kept the whole House waiting two hours while he read them an Irish pamphlet. He seemed the less dangerous as he had not the support of either party: one day he attacked the Ministry, the next the opposition, and sometimes both the one and the other. It has happened to him to divide the House, when he alone voted for a question, to which every other member gave his negative. Yet what dreadful effects may not a mistaken zeal produce even in such hands! though it must be confessed, that Lord George is not destitute of qualities which, in an age when religion had greater influence upon the minds of men than it has at present, might have raised him to be the scourge of his country. He is endowed with a spirit of enthusiasm, and with the most determined resolution; add to this, that his manner of speaking not being in the least declamatory, but in the style of conversation, is most capable of working an effect upon an ignorant audience." Life, vol. i. p. 130.—Ed.

† An Ordinance of the Great-Duke against high head-dresses.

ter, but from having too much. She has one of the most solid understandings I ever knew, astonishingly improved, but with so much reserve and modesty, that I have often told Mr. Conway he does not know the extent of her capacity and the solidity of her reason. We have by accident discovered, that she writes Latin like Pliny, and is learning Greek. In Italy she will be a prodigy. She models like Bernini, has excelled the moderns in the similitudes of her busts, and has lately begun one in marble. You must keep all knowledge of these talents and acquisitions to yourself; she would never forgive my mentioning, at least her mental qualities. You may just hint that I have talked of her statuary, as you may assist her if she has a mind to borrow any thing to copy from the Great-Duke's collection. Lady William Campbell, her uncle's widow, accompanies her, who is a very reasonable woman too, and equally shy. If they return through Florence, pray give them a parcel of my letters. I had been told your nephew would make you a visit this autumn, but I have heard nothing from him. If you should see him, pray give him the parcel, for he will return sooner than they.

I have a gouty pain in my hand, that would prevent my saying more, had I more to say.

LETTER CCCLVIII.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 11, 1781,
2 o'clock.

Though this is to go by your own servant Cardini, I shall write but three words: for, in the first place, I don't know but he may be set out before this can possibly get to town, whence my own servant brought me yours this moment from him; and secondly, as he may be taken at sea, I shall say little. Not a tittle of event has happened since the combined fleets were at the entrance of the Channel, where they certainly will not venture to stay long: the wind blows very hard to-day, and may do them great mischief. They have no transports; and, if they mean any attempt on land, it will be on Ireland: but it will be no surprise, and it is generally thought they only wait to intercept our Jamaica fleet. Minorca I conclude will be taken. I am happy to hear you are so well, as I am.

LETTER CCCLIX.

Sept. 19, 1781.

I have received your letter of the 4th to-day, in which you send me your late dates. I have no doubt of having received them all,

but cannot verify it, as they are at Strawberry and I am in town. That of mine which you received so long after the term, I conclude, was neglected at the office; for why should they detain it? My letters certainly contain nothing of consequence. I am in no secrets of any party, and certainly should not trust them to the post if I knew any,—still less to all posts, English, Austrian, Dutch, and Italian. I have lived too long, besides being a Prime Minister's son, not to know that letters are opened; and, consequently what I write any body is welcome to see, if they have such curiosity. You, I believe, find that I seldom tell you any thing but what you have seen before in some public newspaper. The almost sole merit of my letters is that I mean to ascertain your belief, that, when I repeat what you have read in the papers, you may be sure that it is true, or that I at least believe it. My sentiments are pretty well known, and, were they of any importance, it is not now that they are to be learnt.

I can tell you little of the combined fleets but contradictions. Our papers say, they are returned to Brest. Others say, they are still cruizing to the west, in expectation of our mercantile fleets. As variously I hear of Darby: the printed authorities make him returned to Torbay; the verbal, at sea. All I prove is, that I don't know which accounts are true. Minorca I have given up; though we read daily of a Russian fleet in the Mediterranean, to whom we are supposed to have ceded it,—a little late to be sure: I question whether the Czarina would accept a present encumbered with a law-suit.

One good event I do know: Lord George Gordon has given up his pretensions of being member for London. It is still better, that he dropped his pursuit on finding that the City did not choose to be burnt once a-year for his amusement.

Though I knew your nephew talked of making you a visit this autumn, you surprise me by thinking him set out: nay, I do not affirm that he is not, yet I should think he would have let me know. Moreover, Mrs. Noel, a near relation of Lady Lucy, and in constant correspondence with Lord Gainsborough's family, and whom I see three or four times a-week at the Duchess of Montrose's at Twickenham Park, knows not a word of his being gone: we talk of him frequently. Yet my equal ignorance of Galluzzi's History staggers me. I can only suppose that it lies at your nephew's house in town, and that he has not been in London for some time. I am impatient, yet I shall not lay violent hands on it without his knowledge. I do wish you to have the comfort of seeing him; it will make me amends for waiting for the House of Medici. You *will* have the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Damer, whom I announced in my last.

There is a perfect dearth of all private news, as usual at this season, when the campaign is opened against poor partridges and pheasants, and which is as hot as if we had no other occasion for gunpowder! It is well, however, to have all England good marksmen.

I forgot to say that there is talk of an armistice with Holland.

May it be true! though I fear peace is not so catching as war: yet, as the demon of blood has breakfasted, dined, and supped so plentifully, I should hope he had gotten a surfeit; nay, he must let the calves grow up and be fat, when he has devoured hecatombs of oxen, if he means to gormandize on. Adieu!

LETTER CCCLX.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 3, 1781.

THERE may be wars over half the globe, and yet they may not furnish a paragraph to the newspapers every day, nor matter for a letter once a fortnight. Besides, polished nations act more out of spite than anger, and had rather civilly murder one another by a consumption, than by knocking out each other's brains. You and I remember, a few years ago, that a King of Prussia could gallop from Bohemia to Dantzick, whisk back to Silesia, bounce like an apparition into Saxony, pick up a victory here and a defeat there, and put news-writers out of breath with following or hunting him. France and Spain are other-guess enemies. They undermine our funds, inveigle us into taxes, and never offer us a battle, but with such superiority that we dare not accept it. I own we are so simple as to humour them in this unfair warfare! It costs us millions to play a losing game, without a soul betting on our side. We verily believe the combined fleets are gone to their several homes; in the interim we are viceroys of the Channel again during their pleasure; thanks to our only ally the Equinox! The fleet from the Leeward Islands is arrived safely. You must send us news of Minorca. Our Mediterranean post-office is a little out of repair.

Thus, having no immediate object of your curiosity to satisfy, I shall not hurry my gazettes. I am tired of writing to say I have nothing to write.

Lord Rochford* is dead. The other Nassau, your Prince Cowper, the papers say, is arrived in England; as great a stranger as any *outlandish* Prince, as the vulgar call it, could be.

Wednesday night.

Well; I find Lord Cowper is not come; which is not extraordinary, as his arrival would be after twenty years of absence. Mr. Beauclerk,† whom you have seen of late, I conclude, with Lady

* William-Henry Zulenstein de Nassau, fourth Earl of Rochford. In 1763, his Lordship was appointed Ambassador to the court of Spain; and from 1768 to 1775, filled the office of one of the principal Secretaries of State, and in 1778 was elected a Knight of the Garter.—ED.

† Aubrey Beauclerk, second Lord Vere, married, in 1763, Lady Catharine Ponsonby, eldest daughter of the Earl of Besborough. The first Lord Vere was a

Catharine, is now a peer: his father, Lord Vere, is just dead, at eighty-one.

LETTER CCCLXI.

Berkeley Square, Oct. 18, 1781.

HAPPENING to come to town to-day, I found the two sets of the History of the Medici. I hasten to tell you so, that your nephew may not be unquiet about their remaining *chez lui*. I do not thank you but for your trouble; for I insist on your telling your nephew the price, that I may pay him at his return. You know I have made a law against presents, and it would be curious if I broke my own ordinance in a still more flagrant instance of *asking* for them. This was a commission, and do not imagine that I would not only beg a present, but a double one.

Though I came to town on business, my impatience was so great that I could not help dipping; and, as you may guess, turned to the story of Bianca Capello.* It is a little palliated, yet I think was clearly an *empoisonnement*. I find, too, more freedom than I expected, though promised. I did apprehend that the characters of Princes, drawn under the eye of a Prince, would be softened and softened, till scarce a speck would remain; but, by that of Duke Francis, I perceive that the Great-Duke has surmounted many royal prejudices. The style seems simple and natural, and does not aspire to dignity or beauty of diction. One term, often repeated, sounds very vulgar. The author talks of the *impudenza* of Bianca's arts and conduct. This is a very gross word, in spite of the Italian liquids in the termination. In England and France we are too refined to use so coarse a phrase. Mr. Gibbon would not use it on a Pope or a Father of the Church, and to employ it on a lady, and a sovereign lady! mercy on us! What would Galluzzi say of the legislatress Catharine of Russia? Of that idol of modern philosophers? Whose *ascent* Vol-

younger son of the first Duke of St. Alban's. In 1787, by the death of his cousin George, grandson of Lord William Beauclerk, he became fifth Duke of St. Alban's.

* The story of Bianca Capello has been variously related. The following is Walpole's version, written in a cartouche on the frame of a painting of Bianca, bought out of the Vitelli palace at Florence by Sir Horace Mann, and sent to Strawberry Hill: "Bianca Capello, a Venetian lady, who, having disobliged her family by marrying a Florentine banker, was reduced to maintain him by washing linen. Francis, the Great-Duke, saw, fell in love with, and made her his mistress, and her husband his minister; but the latter after numberless tyrannies, for which she obtained his pardon, and after repeated ill-usage of her, for which she pardoned him, having murdered a man, and being again protected by her, the Great-Duke told her, that, though he would remit her husband's punishment, he would pardon whoever should kill him. The relations of the deceased murdered the assassin, and Francis married his widow Bianca, who was poisoned with him at a banquet by Cardinal Ferdinand, afterwards called the Great, brother and successor of Duke Francis."—Ed.

taire called, *only a family squabble*, with which he would not meddle. This is the way in which the good-breeding of the present age mentions atrocious deeds;

Just hints a crime, and hesitates dislike.

The torpor of the times has been a little roused this week by some packets of events. The admirals Graves and Hood have attacked a superior French fleet at the mouth of the Chesapeak, and have not beaten it. It is the business of the French, not ours, to say who did beat. I doubt we did not gain a naval crown, and have lost a seventy-four gun ship. In return, Commodore Johnstone has taken four rich Dutchmen, and our India fleet is arrived—which Johnstone is not. However, he is the hero of the day, as Admiral Rodney has a little over-gilt his own statue,* and Lord Cornwallis is trying to scramble to New York, without having quite conquered America. Lord Hawket is dead and does not seem to have bequeathed his mantle to any body.

I do not find the least curiosity stirring about Minorca. If it is lost, the public will be content, should it produce a court-martial, which is found to be an excellent soporific on all our disasters.—We have wherewithal to pass the winter very agreeably. Adieu!

* By the plunder of St. Eustatia. [The conduct of Admiral Rodney and General Vaughan, in seizing and confiscating all the property at St. Eustatia, had, shortly before the close of the session, been brought before the House of Commons by Mr. Burke. As the motion, though it was only for papers necessary for an inquiry into that transaction, led to a censure upon the Ministry, if the orders of confiscation were sent from hence, and if not, to a censure upon Rodney and Vaughan, it was rejected upon a division, by 160 to 86.—Ed.

† A capital naval hero in the war of 1759. [Of the glorious victory obtained in 1759, by Admiral Hawke, over the French squadron off Quiberon Bay, Walpole, in his Memoirs of George II., has given a spirited description: "On the first notice," he says, "that the French fleet had escaped out of Brest, that prudent and active officer, Sir Edward Hawke, sailed in quest of it. He had twenty-three ships; they twenty-one. He came up with them on their own coast; and, before half his fleet had joined him, began the attack. Conflans at first made a show of fighting, but soon took the part of endeavouring to shelter himself among the rocks, of which that coast was full. It was the 20th of November, and the shortness of the day prevented the total destruction of the enemy; but neither darkness nor a dreadful temptest that ensued could call off Sir Edward from pursuing his blow. The roaring of the elements was redoubled by the thunder from our ships; and both concurred, in that scene of horror, to put a period to the navy and hopes of France. Seven ships of the line got into the river Vilaine, eight more escaped to different ports. Conflans's own ship and another were run on shore and burnt. One we took. Two of ours were lost in the storm, but the crews saved. Lord Howe, who attacked the Formidable, bore down on her with such violence, that her prow forced in his lower tier of guns. Captain Digby, in the Dunkirk, received the fire of twelve of the enemy's ships, and lost not a man. Keppel's was full of water, and he thought it sinking: a sudden squall emptied his ship, but he was informed all his powder was wet; 'Then,' said he, 'I am sorry I am safe.' They came and told him, a small quantity was undamaged: 'Very well,' said he, 'then attack again.' Not above eight of our ships were engaged in obtaining that decisive victory." From 1765 to 1771, Hawke was the First Lord of the Admiralty. He was created a baron in 1776. His monument at Stoneham records, that "a Prince, unsolicited, conferred on him dignities he disdained to ask.—Ed.

LETTER CCCLXII.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 29, 1781.

I HAVE received a letter to-night from the younger Sir Horace, and answer it to both or either, for this reason: the courier may be detained here, like the last, for several days; in which case, nay, without that, the nephew will probably have left Florence before the courier gets back, as Mrs. Noel says the junior Sir is to be here by the meeting of Parliament. To him, if not set out, I must say, that nothing could be more unnecessary than an apology to me for not advertising me of this journey; and, having been so constantly kind to me, I was not in the least suspicious of *his* wanting any of his usual goodness for me. I must again quote Mrs. Noel, who, not having heard of his setting out till some time after he was gone, concluded, from its being so late in the season, that he would not go at all. Had I had any thing particular to send, I should certainly have informed myself more carefully. In good truth, I never am diffident of my friends, nor ever saw the smallest ground in Sir Horace for being so.

Now, my old correspondent, to you. I am charmed with the good account your nephew gives me of you. He says you have no complaint but a little trembling of your hand. I, who am so nervous, that the sudden clapping of a door makes me shudder all over, call that nothing. I have lost the use of several joints of my fingers, and often fear I shall lose entirely the service of my right hand. Such alarms, amongst other reflections, reconcile one to the parting with one's whole self;—but what every body that has common sense must feel, it is idle to detail.

I must own, I do expect the loss of Minorca. It is true, nothing can be more bungling than our enemies. I have often thought, and, I believe, said to you, that Russia, Prussia, and Austria must look with infinite contempt on our western warfare. *They* divided a kingdom in fewer months than we have been years in fighting drawn battles. They give us room to make a kind of figure by letting us make head at all against France, Spain, Holland, and America. Yet I am not so sanguine as your nephew. I think it would be phrenzy for our fleet to pass the Straits at this time of year for the relief of Minorca. Separated they are, I believe, the combined fleets; but when we did not venture to encounter them at the mouth of our *own* channel—that *was!* would it be wise to invite them to reassemble and empound us in the Mediterranean, or reduce us to fight our way against their superiority at the door of it? Clumsy as they are, I doubt they are not dull to that degree. Nay, I fear they do know that, even in this dilatory way, they will ruin us by the expense we are at. I should have thought they might have done their business sooner, unless they look on our exhausting ourselves as more permanent destruction. Little as they have done for America, which

shows how injudicious our perseverance has been, we are almost at the last gasp there, and tremble for Lord Cornwallis. I should not say so much as this but by your own courier; for I have too much *fierté* to allow to enemies even what they know. We have no particular news at present, and I will not make my letter longer than is necessary; as it is past midnight, and this must go to town early to-morrow-morning.

I have almost got through the first volume of the Medici. In spite of the beauty of the Italian language, the style appears very meagre. One must call it simplicity, if one would commend it. The sincerity is considerable enough to make the Medici shudder in their pompous tombs in St. Lorenso. What a severe tyrant was their great Cosmo! Abbé, indeed! But how facile is address when it stops at nothing! Or is it *art* to stab and poison? Then assassins are great politicians. The work, to be sure, does unfold a horrid scene of popes and princes; but I don't know how—I don't know what I expected: all that scene of villainous ambition is but cold at this distance of time; one is shocked, never interested. At least, the historian wanted ability to move the passions; or, perhaps, it was impossible to excite any thing but horror, when he does not seem amidst all his materials to have discovered one good character.

The only person for whom I have conceived an esteem is for the Sovereign himself who commanded the work. He must mean to be a good prince, when he enjoins the truth to be so amply told of his predecessors.* He must be aware of the reflections that will be made hereafter, if he is not.

The Duchess of Gloucester has ordered me to thank you particularly for a very obliging letter that she has received from you: she does not say on what occasion. They are at Weymouth, and greatly happy at having lately inoculated Prince William as successfully as they could possibly wish. Adieu! dear sir, or sirs.

LETTER CCCLXIII.

Berkeley Square, Nov. 26, 1781.

Your letter of the 10th, which I have received to-night, has been very cordial to me, as Mrs. Noel and I have been very uneasy at not seeing your nephew, who used to have the two qualities of punctuality and flying; but I see he cannot execute the latter when his wings are wetted. I left Twickenham this morning; but, though the Duchess of Montrose and Mrs. Noel are to come to town on Wednesday, I

* The appearance of Galluzzi's History of the House of Medici, which was undertaken at the express desire of the Great Duke Leopold, gave rise to strong remonstrances, on the part of the Courts of Spain, Naples, Parma, and especially of the Holy See, whose atrocities he had fearlessly exposed.—Ed.

shall send a line to the latter, to let her know the accidents your nephew experienced at setting out.

I am delighted that Mrs. Damer and you are delighted with each other. I know it mutually, for Lady Ailesbury received a letter this evening from Lady William Campbell, who told her so. Thank you a million of times for your kindness to them. If you have time to know Mrs. Damer, what will you not think of her? But I must turn to a subject that will not be so pleasing to you.

An account came yesterday that could not but be expected, that Washington and the French have made Lord Cornwallis and his whole army prisoners. I do not know what others think, but to me it seems fortunate that they were not all cut to pieces. It is not heroic perhaps, but I am glad, that this disaster arriving before our fleet reached the Chesapeak, it turned back to New York without attacking the French fleet, who are above three to two, thirty-seven to twenty-three. This is all I know yet; and yet this comes at an untoward moment; for the Parliament meets to-morrow, and it puts the Speech and speeches a little into disorder.*

I cannot put on the face of the day, and act grief. Whatever puts an end to the American war will save the lives of thousands—millions of money too. If glory compensates such sacrifices, I never

* Official intelligence of the surrender of the British army at Yorktown to the American forces under General Washington had reached town on the preceding day. The state of the public mind at this moment is thus described in a letter from Sir Samuel Romily to a friend: "Every body has been in great anxiety for the army under Lord Cornwallis. His situation was very critical: an army, vastly superior in numbers to his own, surrounded him on every side; and no person seemed to doubt that, unless Clinton arrived in time to relieve him before his provisions were consumed, he would be obliged so surrender up himself and his army prisoners, and the disgrace at Saratoga, would be renewed in the Chesapeak. It was thought, however, that Clinton might reach the Chesapeak before it was too late; and much, was then expected from the valour of two such British armies against forces so unnaturally allied together, and so unaccustomed to act in conjunction, as those of America and France. At any rate, it was supposed, that the event must be quite decisive of the war; and the public was eager and burning with impatience to hear whether America was to return to her dependence or be dissevered from us for ever. In this uncertainty, the day on which the Parliament was to meet drew near. The King's speech was prepared, had been read at the Council, and was to have been delivered to Parliament the very next day, when news arrived that Cornwallis and all his soldiers were prisoners. This report, which came with such authority as not to admit of any doubt, filled many persons with the deepest consternation; they saw blasted all our hopes of ever attaining what, in the course of so many years, we had pursued at the cost of so much blood and treasure; others, instead of turning their views back, looked forward to the evils we had escaped, and thought we had more reason to rejoice at an event which had delivered us from a war so destructive to the nation; an event which, by happening thus early (for they considered it as inevitable at some time or other,) had spared us many millions of debt, and the loss of many gallant armies, which the Ministers would certainly have sacrificed in the pursuit of a favourite, but unattainable object. But none (at least none that I have heard of) saw this calamity with the terrors with which it has since been heightened; for none imagined that, after another so awful lesson, there could be any talk of continuing our inauspicious war on America." Life, vol. i. p. 192.—Ed.

heard that disgraces and disappointments were palliatives; but I will not descant, nor is it right to vaunt of having been in the right when one's country's shame is the solution of one's prophecy, nor would one join in the triumph of her enemies. Details you will hear from France sooner than I can send them; but I will write again the moment I know any thing material. I am sorry your nephew is not arrived; who, by being in Parliament and in the world, would be sooner and better informed than I, who stir little out of my own house, and have no political connexions, nor scarce a wish but to die in peace.

LETTER CCCLXIV.

Nov. 29, 1781.

Your nephew is arrived, as he has told you himself; the sight of him, for he called on me the next morning, was more than ordinarily welcome, though your letter of the 10th, which I received the night before, had dispelled many of my fears. I will now unfold them to you. A packet-boat from Ostend was lost last week, and your nephew was named for one of the passengers. As Mrs. Noel had expected him for a fortnight, I own my apprehensions were strengthened; but I will say no more on a dissipated panic. However, this incident and his half-wreck at Lerici will, I hope, prevent him for the future from staying with you so late in the year; and I see by your letter that you agree with me, of which I should be sure though you had not said so.

I mentioned on Tuesday the captivity of Lord Cornwallis and his army, the Columbus who was to bestow America on us again. A second army taken in a drag-net is an uncommon event,* and happened but once to the Romans, who sought adventures every where. We have not lowered our tone on this new disgrace, though I think we shall talk no more of insisting on *implicit submission*, which would rather be a gasconade than firmness. In fact, there is one very unlucky circumstance already come out, which must drive every American, to a man, from ever calling himself our friend. By the tenth article of the capitulation, Lord Cornwallis demanded that the loyal

* Dr. Franklin, in a letter written on the 26th of November to Mr. Adams, makes the same reflection: "It is a rare circumstance," he says, "and scarce to be met with in history, that in one war two armies should be taken prisoners completely, not a man in either escaping. It is another singular circumstance, that in an expedition so complex, formed of armies of different nations and of land and sea forces, should with such perfect concord be assembled from different places by land and water, form their junction punctually, without the least retard by cross accidents of wind or weather, or interruption from the enemy; and that the army which was their object should in the mean time have the goodness to quit a situation from whence it might have escaped, and place itself in another whence any escape was impossible."—Ed.

Americans in his army should not be punished. This was flatly refused, and he has left them to be hanged.* I doubt no vote of Parliament will be able to blanch such a—such a—I don't know what the word is for it. He must get his uncle the Archbishop to christen it. There is no name for it in any Pagan vocabulary. I suppose it will have a patent for being called Necessity. Well! there ends another volume of the American war. It looks a little as if the history of it would be all we should have for it, except forty millions of debt, and three other wars that have grown out of it, and that do not seem so near to a conclusion. They say that Monsieur de Maurepas, who is dying, being told that the Duc de Lauzun had brought the news of Lord Cornwallis's surrender, said, from Racine's Mithridate I think,

"Mes derniers regards ont vu fuir les Romains."†

How Lord Chatham will frown when they meet! for, since I began my letter, the papers say that Maurepas is dead.‡ The Duc de Nivernois, it is said, is likely to succeed him as Minister; which is probable, as they were brothers-in-law and friends, and the one would naturally recommend the other. Perhaps, not for long; as the Queen's influence gains ground.

The warmth in the House of Commons is prodigiously rekindled;§

* Lord Cornwallis strove earnestly to obtain some favourable conditions on behalf of the inhabitants of York-town and other Americans who were under the protection, as they had shared the fortune, of the British army; but they were refused, on the grounds of their being civil matters, which did not come within the authority of the military commanders. He, however, to extricate those Americans who would have been exposed to imminent danger, made it a condition, that the sloop which was to convey his despatches to New York should pass without search or examination, he being only answerable that the number of persons she conveyed should be accounted for as prisoners of war upon exchange.—Ed.

† Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, who happened to dine with Lord George Sackville, then one of the Secretaries of State, on the day upon which the intelligence of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis's army reached Government, relates the following anecdote:—"The party, nine in number, sat down to table; Lord George appeared serious though he manifested no discomposure. After his three daughters had withdrawn, his lordship acquainted us, that information had just arrived from Paris of the old Count de Maurepas lying at the point of death. 'It would grieve me,' said I, 'to finish my career, however far advanced in years, were I Minister of France, before I had witnessed the termination of this great contest between England and America.' 'He has survived to see that event,' replied Lord George, with some agitation. Utterly unsuspecting what had happened beyond the Atlantic, 'My meaning,' said I, 'is, that if I were the Count de Maurepas, I should wish to live long enough to behold the final issue of the war in Virginia.' 'He has survived to witness it completely answered Lord George; 'the army has surrendered, and you may peruse the particulars of the capitulation in that paper;' taking at the same time, one from his pocket, which he delivered into my hand, not without visible emotion." Hist. Mem. vol. ii. p. 437.—Ed.

‡ Count de Maurepas died at Versailles, in the month of November, and in the eighty-first year of his age; holding, at that very advanced period of life, in a season of great national exertion and of a perilous and hard-fought foreign war, the arduous office of Prime Minister of France.—Ed.

§ The King had opened the session on the 27th. "So much had the expected debates," writes Sir Samuel Romilly, in the letter quoted in a recent note, "roused the attention of men, that the lobby of the House of Commons was full long before

but Lord Cornwallis's fate has cost the Administration no ground *there*. The names of most *éclat* in the Opposition are two names to which those walls have been much accustomed at the same period—CHARLES FOX* and WILLIAM PITT, second son of Lord Chatham.† Eloquence is the only one of our brilliant qualities that does not seem

the Speaker arrived; nor was it without difficulty he could make his way into the House. The moment he had entered, the people crowded after him; it was impossible to shut the doors, and the gallery was in a moment filled with a promiscuous crowd. I, among the rest, had the good fortune to get a seat. As you have already seen the King's speech, you have observed that, after boasting of successes in the East Indies, announcing the disaster in Virginia, and declaring his resolution to prosecute the war with vigour, he goes on to involve the future conduct of the war in darkness and uncertainty. Let me recall his words to you, for they are very material: 'I should not answer the trust committed to the sovereign of a free people, &c., if I consented to sacrifice, either to my own desire of peace, or to their temporary ease and relief, those essential rights and permanent interests, upon the maintainance and preservation of which the future strength and security of this country must ever principally depend;' and afterwards, 'The late misfortune calls loudly for your firm concurrence and assistance, to frustrate the designs of our enemies, equally prejudicial to the real interests of America and to those of Great Britain.' In both Houses, all the speakers on the side of Opposition understood these words to intimate that the war in America was still to be carried on; and the Address, which echoed them back to the Throne, they understood as pledging the House to give their sanction to that measure." Life, vol. i. p. 184.—ED.

* Mr. Fox had, on the first day of the Session, after a long and impassioned speech, moved, by way of amendment to the proposed Address, to pledge the House to apply themselves with united hearts to propose and digest such counsels as might in this crisis excite the efforts, point the arms, and, by a total change of system, command the confidence of the nation. It was rejected, on a division by 218 to 129.—ED.

† Upon the report of the Address on the King's speech, WILLIAM PITT, the son of Chatham, addressed the House of Commons for the fourth time; arguing strongly and powerfully against persevering in the American war, and inveighing with great severity against the incapacity of Ministers, who, by their fatal system, had led the country, step by step, to the most calamitous and disgraceful situation—a situation which threatened the final dissolution of the empire, if not prevented by timely, wise, and vigorous efforts. "The applause in the House," says the Bishop of Winchester, "was so great when Mr. Pitt sat down, that it was some time before Mr. Dundas, the Lord Advocate, who rose immediately, could be heard. He began by saying, that 'the lustre of abilities and splendour of eloquence displayed by the honourable gentleman who spoke last, having proved that an astonishing extent and force of understanding had descended in an hereditary line, from a parent uncommonly gifted, to a son equally endowed with all the fire, and strength, and grace of oratory, it did not at all surprise him, that an involuntary emotion of applause should burst out on the conclusion of the speech the House had just heard, and that each gentleman should be anxious to communicate to his neighbour his approbation of it.' Mr. Fox afterwards noticed the universal admiration the speech had excited; and Mr. Courtenay said, that Mr. Pitt's splendid diction, manly elocution, brilliant periods, and pointed logic, conveyed in a torrent of rapid and impressive eloquence, brought strongly to his recollection that great and able statesman, whose memory every grateful and generous Briton revered." Life, vol. i. p. 44. Sir Samuel Romilly, in alluding to this speech, says, "Applause was echoed from one side of the House to the other; and Mr. Fox, in an exaggerated strain of panegyric, said he would no longer lament the loss of Lord Chatham, for he was again living in his son, with all his virtues and all his talents." "He studies," adds Sir Samuel, "for the bar, and to whatever he applies himself, whether to law or politics, he is likely soon to take precedence of all our orators; he possesses

to have degenerated rapidly—but I shall leave debates to your nephew, now an ear-witness: I could only re-echo newspapers. Is it not another odd coincidence of events, that while the father Laurens is prisoner to Lord Cornwallis as Constable of the Tower, the son Laurens signed the capitulation by which Lord Cornwallis became prisoner?* It is said too, I don't know if truly, that this capitulation and that of Saratoga were signed on the same anniversary. These are certainly the speculations of an idle man, and the more trifling when one considers the moment. But alas! what would *my* most grave speculations avail? From the hour that fatal egg, the Stamp Act, was laid, I disliked it, and all the vipers hatched from it. I now hear many curse it, who fed the vermin with poisonous weeds. Yet the guilty and the innocent rue it equally hitherto! I would not answer for what is to come! Seven years of miscar-

those talents which are said to have been peculiar to his father—warmth of utterance, command of language, strength and closeness of reasoning, and, above all, an energy and irresistible vigour of eloquence."

Mr. Pitt, at the general election in the autumn of 1780, was an unsuccessful candidate for the University of Cambridge; but in the January following he was returned for the borough of Appleby. During the winter of that year he was an habitual frequenter of the club at Goostree's, where the intimacy he had formed at Cambridge and in the gallery of the House of Commons with Mr. Wilberforce ripened into friendship "He was," says the youthful member for Hull, "the wittiest man I ever knew, and, what was quite peculiar to himself, had at all times his wit under entire control. Others appeared struck by the unwonted association of brilliant images; but every possible combination of ideas seemed always present to his mind, and he could at once produce whatever he desired. I was one of those who met to spend an evening in memory of Shakspeare at the Boar's Head, Eastcheap. Many professed wits were present; but Pitt was the most amusing of the party, and the readiest and the most apt in the required allusions. He entered with the same energy into all our different amusements: we played a good deal at Goostree's, and I well remember the intense earnestness which he displayed when joining in those games of chance. He perceived their increasing fascination, and soon after suddenly abandoned them for ever." Life, vol. i. p. 17. Mr. Pitt took his seat in the House of Commons on the 23rd of January, 1781, and made his first speech on the 26th of February, upon the second reading of Mr. Burke's bill for an economical reform in the Civil List establishment. He spoke for the second time on the 31st of May, in reply to Lord North, on the bill for appointing Commissioners to examine the Public Accounts. "The papers will have informed you," wrote Mr. Wilberforce, on the 9th of June, to a friend, "how Mr. William Pitt, second son of the late Lord Chatham, has distinguished himself: he comes out, as his father did, a ready-made orator, and I doubt not but that *I shall one day or other see him the first man in the country.* His famous speech, however, delivered the other day, did not convince me, and I stayed in with the old fat fellow [Lord North:] by the way, he grows every day fatter; so, where he will end, I know not." Life, vol. i. p. 22.—Ed.

* The land-forces became prisoners to America; but the seamen, with the ships and furniture, were assigned to Count de Grasse, as a compliment to and return for the French naval assistance. It was certainly remarkable, that the commissioner appointed by the Americans to settle the terms, and who himself drew up the articles of the capitulation, by which a British army became prisoners to his country, was Colonel Laurens, son of Mr. Laurens, late President of the Congress, who was then a close prisoner in the Tower of London. The Viscount de Noailles was the commissioner appointed on the side of France, to act in conjunction with Colonel Laurens.—Ed.

riages may sour the sweetest tempers, and the most sweetened. Oh! where is the Dove with the olive-branch? Long ago I told you that you and I might not live to see an end of the American war. It is very near its end indeed now—its consequences are far from a conclusion. In some respects, they are commencing a new date, which will reach far beyond *us*. I desire not to pry into that book of futurity. Could I finish my course in peace—but one must take the chequered scenes of life as they come. What signifies whether the elements are serene or turbulent, when a private old man slips away? What has he and the world's concerns to do with one another? He may sigh for his country, and babble about it; but he might as well sit quiet and read or tell old stories; the past is as important to him as the future.

Dec. 3rd.

I had not sealed my letter, as it cannot set out till to-morrow; and since I wrote it I have received yours, of the 20th of November, by your courier.

I congratulate you on the success of your attempts, and admire the heroic refusal of the General.* I shall certainly obey you, and not mention it. Indeed, it would not easily be believed here, where as many pence are irresistible.

Your nephew told me that Mrs. Damer was hasting to Rome. I am glad that, as far as you could in so short a time, you did not find that I had exaggerated; but I know her shyness too well not to be sure that you could not discover a thousandth part of her understanding.

Your Mr. Terney was an ostentatious fool, of whom there is no more to be said. Formerly, when such simpletons did not know what to do with their wealth, they bequeathed it to the Church; and then, perhaps, one got a good picture for an altar, or a painted window.

Don't trouble yourself about the third set of Galuzzi. They are to be had here now, and those for whom I intended them can buy them. I have not made so much progress as I intended, and have not yet

* General Murray, Governor of Minorca, which was besieged by the Spaniards, was offered a vast bribe by the Duc de Crillon, the Spanish commander, to give up Fort St. Philip, but spurned at the offer. ["The eagerness of Spain to gain possession of this island was," says the Annual Register, "so excessive, that the Court seems to have departed in some degree from that dignity of character which should ever be inseparably united with royalty, by an insidious endeavour, through the medium of an immense bribe, to corrupt the fidelity of the Governor. Nor did the Duc de Crillon seem entirely to pay a proper attention to his own rank and reputation, nor to preserve a due recollection of the honour and distinction entailed upon his family by the peculiar virtue of an illustrious ancestor, when he descended to become the instrument in such a business. General Murray treated the insult with a mixture of that haughty disdain incident to the consciousness of an ancient line and illustrious ancestry, and with the generous indignation and stern resentment of a veteran soldier, who feels himself wounded in the tenderest part, by an insidious attempt upon, and consequently suspicion of, that honour which he had set up as the great object and idol of his life." General the Honourable James Murray was the brother of John, third Duke of Atholl. He represented the county of Perth in five parliaments; and at his death, in 1794, was a Major-General in the army, and Governor of Fort William in Scotland.—Ed.]

quite finished the second volume. I detest Cosmo the Great. I am sorry, either that he was so able a man, or so successful a man. When tyrants are great men, they should miscarry; if they are fools, they will miscarry of course. Pray, is there any picture of Camilla Martelli, Cosmo's last wife? I had never heard of her. The dolt, his son, I find, used her ill, and then did the same thing. Our friend, Bianca Capello, it seems, was a worthless creature. I don't expect much entertainment but from the life of Ferdinand the Great. It is true, I have dipped into the others, particularly into the story of Cosmo the Third's wife, of whom I had read much in French Mémoires, and into that of John Gaston, which was so fresh when I was at Florence; but as the author, in spite of the Great-Duke's injunctions, has tried to palliate some of the worst imputations on Cosmo and his son Ferdinand, so he has been mighty modest about the Caprean amours of John Gaston and his elder brother.* Adieu! I have been writing a volume here myself. Pray, remember to answer me about Camilla Martelli.

P.S. Is there any china left in the Great-Duke's collection, made by Duke Francis the First himself? Perhaps it was lately sold with what was called the refuse of the wardrobe; whence I hear some

* Prince Ferdinand, who died in 1713, in the lifetime of his father, Cosmo the Third. Sir Horace Mann, who personally knew John Gaston the last Grand-Duke of the Medician line, is stated by Sir Nathaniel Wraxall to have related to him at Florence, in the year 1779, the following particulars: "John Gaston was one of the most superior and accomplished men the present century has witnessed, if his immoderate pursuit of pleasure had not enervated his mind and debilitated his frame. He became, long before his death, incapable of continuing his family; but that inability did not occasion its extinction. A sort of fatality seemed to hang over the House of Medicis, and to render ineffectual all the measures adopted for its prolongation. When the fact was ascertained, that John Gaston could not perpetuate his line, the Cardinal Hippolito de Medicis, his uncle, was selected for that purpose; a dispensation from his ecclesiastical vows being previously obtained from the Papal See. The only and the indispensable object of the marriage being the attainment of heirs male to the Grand Duchy, in order to prevent its seizure by foreign violence, or its incorporation with the Austrian, French, or Spanish monarchies, all Italy was searched in order to find a young and handsome Princess from whom might be expected a numerous family. A Princess of Mirandola, on whom the selection fell, seemed to unite every requisite qualification. The nuptials were solemnized; and the bridegroom, being of a feeble constitution, as well as advanced in life, it was plainly insinuated to the lady, that, for reasons of state necessity, she must produce an heir. The most amiable youths and pages about the Court were purposely thrown in her way, and every facility was furnished that might conduce to the accomplishment of the object; but so sacredly did she observe her marriage vow, that no seductions could make an impression on her, and she remained without issue. Her husband died, and was followed by John Gaston. France having acquired Lorraine, and Don Carlos being made sovereign of Naples, Tuscany was delivered over by the great Continental powers as a conquered or forfeited country to Francis, Duke of Lorraine; but, no sooner had these events taken place, than Hippolito's widow, who had surmounted every temptation to inconstancy during his life, gave the reins to her inclinations, and brought into the world two or three children within a few years. It was thus that Florence, the repository of so many invaluable monuments of Greek and Roman sculpture, collected during successive centuries, together with the territories dependent upon it, passed into the Austrian family." Hist. Mem., vol. i. p. 281.—Ed.

charming things were purchased, particularly the Medallion* of the Medici by Benvenuto Cellini. That sale and the History are enough to make the old Electress† shudder in her coffin.

LETTER CCCLXV.

Berkeley Square, Dec. 21, 1781.

THERE have been no events, except Parliamentary debates, since my last, till last Monday; when news came of Sir Eyre Coote's having defeated Hyder Ally in India,‡ and when we were flattered with promising hopes of Admiral Kempenfelt's demolishing and disappointing the French expedition from Brest to the West Indies. Our Admiral had fallen into the thick of their transports, of which nineteen had struck. Commodore Elliot was engaged with the French Admiral, and had dismasted him; and, when the express came away, Kempenfelt was bearing down with the wind to attack the squadron, which he had been told did not out-number his own fourteen. You may judge how our hopes and impatience rose and increased. I waited till four the next day, when being to dine and pass the evening with Princess Amelia, which I knew would prevent my writing, though post-night, I sent to beg your nephew, if any good news should come, to write to you incontinently. He was not come to town, but was expected every minute. Alas! before I left the Princess, we heard that a second express was just arrived, that our Admiral, besides the fourteen hostile ships, had discovered five more, each mounting 110 or 112 guns; and that, not thinking it prudent to encounter so superior a force, he had retreated, and brought away but fourteen transports, containing about nine hundred men. Neither all of them, nor he himself, are yet arrived, and the expedition has probably continued its course, and there is new danger to our West India islands.

Perhaps we have not received a worse blow than this disappointment. If Lord Sandwich can weather it, he will be skilful or fortunate indeed! In one word, what can be said either for his having no intelligence of five ships of such magnitude, or for despatching Kempenfelt with only fourteen, when Rodney was not sailed, and when we have several more ships lying in port at Portsmouth? Most mouths are opened against him, not only in Opposition and in town, but at Court. Lord Rockingham did commence the attack the very next day in the Lords,§ though

* They were only small models in wax, and were purchased by Sir William Hamilton.

† The Electress Palatine Dowager, sister of John Gaston the last Great-Duke of the House of Medici, whom she survived, returned to Florence on her husband's death, and died there.

‡ On the 1st of July, Sir Eyre Coote gained a signal victory over Hyder Ally at Porto Novo; his own forces consisting of only ten thousand men, while those of Hyder amounted to one hundred and fifty thousand.—ED.

§ The Marquis of Rockingham complained in the House of Lords, on the 19th,

not in form; and one piece of luck has already happened to the Great Delinquent, that the Parliament adjourns to-day for the holidays, and will give him a temporary reprieve for manœuvres and defence, if new calamities do not inflame exasperation.

The king of France is said to have sent for Cardinal de Bernis to be Prime Minister again; but that you must know better than I. I am interrupted, and must finish.

LETTER CCCLXVI.

Strawberry Hill, Dec. 28, 1781.

I HAVE gone regularly through three volumes of the House of Medici, and dipped into a good deal of the fourth. It is rather not well written than ill written; the style is more languid than faulty, and thence neither interests nor disgusts. What pleases me most is, that, besides the two first Great-Dukes being great men, Cosmo the Second and Ferdinand the Second were very good princes; and though John Gaston was very vicious, he was not a bad prince: a much larger proportion of good and great, out of seven, than happens to most sovereign families; perhaps to most elevated families. Francis the First seems to have had no virtues; Cosmo the Third would, some few centuries ago, have passed for the best of all; because a proud silly bigot, who impoverished his subjects to enrich the clergy. In short, I like the author's general impartiality; and though he sometimes spares his Florentine masters, he has no criminal favour for the rest of the Kings of Europe. I wish the line of Popes were extinct, like the Medici, that the world might have a chance of seeing their true history too. Indeed, Galuzzi gives it roundly, when it comes his way; so much, that I imagine *that* to have been the chief motive to the publication, and to have originated with Cæsar himself,* who may perhaps have an eye to some imperial fiefs usurped by the Popes. The author's severity on such a succession of rascals makes one trust him when he speaks well of any of them. How shameless do others of them appear, when one finds them extending their impudent encroachments, after so large a part of Europe had opened its eyes! On the other hand, how must we English smile at their opposite folly,

of the want of exertion on the part of the Admiralty, and reminded their Lordships of the declaration of Lord Sandwich a session or two ago, that a First Lord of the Admiralty deserved to lose his head, if he did not at all times take care to have a navy fit to face that of the House of Bourbon. The recent affair of Admiral Kempenfelt was, he said, but one addition to the many proofs of our inferiority. In the House of Commons, Admiral Keppel also complained, that the Admiralty had not given Admiral Kempenfelt, though a favourite, a sufficient force. He added, that upon the expedition from Brest to the West Indies depended the safety of our islands; and that, if a proper use had been made of our force, the Count de Rochambeau would never have been able to land in America, and consequently the surrender of Lord Cornwallis would not have taken place.—ED.

* The Emperor Joseph II.

in seeing them refuse a dispensation for a match with a heretic to our wretched James the First, at the instigation of old Mother Bellarmine! That part is very new to us, and, if Lord Clarendon came to the knowledge of it, he suppressed it; for, though a sincere Protestant, he had so much of the Church in him, that, like the motto on their bells, "Fear God, honour the King," he was always swinging between both. I like the author, too, for touching on the knavery of two of my noble authors, the *good* Earls of Salisbury* and Northampton ;† and still more so for the justly bitter things he says of Louis XIII. and Richelieu. He is rather too severe on Henry IV. and Sully; if the first was too easy and good-humoured, and the latter too œconomic a politician to be strictly just, one may rejoice rather than weep when nations have no worse reproaches to make to their governors. The part that diverted me the most, in a ludicrous light, was the Court of the Archbishop of Florence condemning the Parliament of England to pay eight millions two hundred thousand pounds sterling to Dudley, Duke of Northumberland,—another of my noble authors![‡] One would think that Court had existed in the present age, when foreigners *think*—I fear I must now say *thought*—there could be no end of our wealth. I wonder such stupendous ideas of our opulence did not weigh with Paul the Fifth to grant the dispensation, in spite of conscientious Bellarmine. Be it remembered for once, that churchmen were more scrupulous than rapacious.

I asked you whether there was any picture of Camilla Martelli. I have found a print of her, among the hundred heads of the House of Medici, by Allegrini. You cannot imagine how pleased I am to find that I have lost so little either of my Italian or of my memory of Florence, after so long a disuse. I am sorry you never mention any

* Sir Robert Cecil, first Earl of Salisbury, "who had the good fortune," says Walpole in his Royal and noble Authors, "to please both Queen Elizabeth and King James the First; who, like the son of the Duke of Lerma, had the uncommon fate of succeeding his own father as Prime Minister: and who, unlike that son of Lerma, did not, though treacherous to every body else, supplant his own father."—Ed.

† "Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, younger son of the famous Earl of Surrey, said to be the most learned among the nobility, and the most noble among the learned. Lady Bacon, the severe and froward, but upright mother of Sir Francis, often warns her son against him, calling Howard 'a dangerous intelligencing man, and no doubt a subtle papist inwardly, a very instrument of the Spanish papists! Pretending courtesy, he worketh mischief perilously. I have long known him and observed him. His workings have been stark naught.' In another place she calls him 'subtiliter subdolus, and a subtle serpent.' Sir Henry Weldon speaks of him as the grossest flatterer alive." Royal and Noble Authors.—Ed.

‡ Robert Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, "called," says Walpole, "the natural son, probably the legitimate son, of the great Earl of Leicester. He was educated under Sir Thomas Chaloner, the accomplished governor of Prince Henry, and distinguished his youth by martial achievements, and by useful discoveries in the West Indies, but it was the House of Medici, those patrons of learning and talents, who fostered this enterprising spirit, and who were amply rewarded for their munificence by his projecting the free port of Leghorn. He flourished in their court, and that of the Emperor, who declared him Duke of Northumberland; a dukedom remarkably confirmed to his widow, whom Charles the First, in 1644, created Duchess Dudley."—Ed.

of my acquaintance there: no doubt, most of them are gone off; but you would oblige me by naming such as are still alive. This letter is a parenthesis between our present momentous politics, written in the holidays, in the solitude and silence of Strawberry. I shall finish it in town, whither I shall go in two days, expecting to hear new disasters.

Monday night, 31st.

I have this moment received yours of the 13th by your third courier, with those inclosed for your nephew and mine. I imagine the former is not in town, but I shall send it to his house; the other never is, but the mere hours of his waiting; but I have sealed, directed, and sent it to the post. The monument* will not be dear, but it is ugly enough in conscience. Yet, what signifies that, or the blunders? Over the arms is a baron's coronet, I suppose to imply my Lady's barony of Clinton; yet it should not be there, for the shield containing only the arms of Walpole and some of the quarterings, makes it represent only a Baron Walpole; that is, my brother before my father's death. To signify Lady Clinton, it ought to be her arms quartering Clinton in a shield of pretence in the middle of her husband's arms, or rather in the same manner, but in a lozenge, as a widow; for the barony did not descend to her in my brother's life. But all this would be algebra to a Florentine sculptor;—nor do I wish to have it clear for whom it was designed,—nor, if known, will any English herald or antiquary probably ever see it. My Lord, in this past month, determined on an expedition to visit his new domains in Dorset and Devon shires, and his seats at Piddletown and Heanton were ordered to be aired and prepared for his reception, and Lucas was despatched to the latter (in Devonshire) to notify his arrival, and invite the neighbouring gentry to the ceremony of inauguration. The Earl followed, arrived at Piddletown (in Dorsetshire,) changed his mind, returned to his hovel at Eriswell, and left Lucas to tell the other county how perfectly his Lordship is in his senses.

I have not found a tittle of news in town; therefore I shall send this away by the post to-morrow, and write again by the return of your courier, if I hear any novelty.

Pray, whose is the portrait that my Lord has so tenderly re-demanded? The Countess certainly did not love any picture of our family enough to lug it behind her chaise to Italy, as Lady Pomfret did Lady Bell Finch's, for which you remember she had a new frame made in every town she stopped at. Perhaps it is his grandpapa Jack Harris's, or Mr. Sewallis Shirley's, the latter of whom had some claim to be registered on the future monument. In my Lord's fit of posthumous piety he may have grown fond, too, of step-grandfathers and fathers, though he has not yet acquired affection for those who passed for his real progenitors.

* The one intended for Lady Orford, at Leghorn.—Ed.

After Doctor's Commons had lain fallow for a year or two, it is again likely to bear a handsome crop of divorces. Gallantry in this country scorns a mask. Maids only intrigue, wives elope. *C'est l'étiquette.* Two young married ladies are just gone off—no, this is a wrong term for one of them; for she has just come to town, and drives about London, for fear her adventure should be forgotten before it comes into the House of Lords. It is a Lady Worseley, sister of Lady Harrington. On hearing she was gone away with a Major Blisset, another young gentleman said, at St. James's coffee-house, "I have been very secret; but now, I think, I am at liberty to show this letter." It was couched in these laconic and sentimental terms: "I have loved Windham, I did love Graham, but now, I love only you, by God." I am a little angry for my nephew, Lord Cholmondeley, who has been most talked of for her, and who is thought to have the largest pretensions to her remembrance. If you see him, you may tell him I resent her forgetfulness; we believe him in Italy. Adieu!

LETTER CCCLXVII.

Berkeley Square, Jan. 17, 1782.

I HAVE received yours of the 29th of last month, and will answer it in this as well as I can; though I have but one hand at liberty, having been confined these ten days by the gout in the other and its elbow. I am not void of all hopes that the fit will proceed no farther; and then, though my prison may last as much longer as it has done, I shall think myself very fortunate, for it will be the shortest fit I have had these ten years; nor am I young or fond enough of the world to pant after much liberty beyond that of my limbs.

There has been no public event since my last, but the French purchase of St. Eustatia from our Governor of it.* What shame

* Secure in their inaccessible situation, the British garrison at St. Eustatia conducted themselves in so negligent a manner, that the Marquis de Bouille was induced to make an attempt to regain it. Having sailed from Martinico, he succeeded in landing, with much loss and difficulty, about four hundred men during the night of the 26th of November. Trusting to the negligence of his enemy, and the consequent probability of a surprise, the Marquis pushed forward with the utmost expedition. A division of the garrison, who were exercising in a field, mistook a body of Irish troops, which attended the French commander, for their comrades. A volley of small-arms, fired almost at their breasts, and which killed several men, was the first knowledge the soldiers at exercise had of their danger. Colonel Cockburne, the Governor, who had been taking an early ride, returning at the instant of the surprise, was made prisoner. The island was lost in a few minutes, and without the expense of a man to the enemy. The marquis behaved with great magnanimity. A considerable sum of money, which the Governor claimed as his property, was restored to him; but a very large sum, being a remainder of the produce of the late sales, and said to be the property of Admiral Rodney and General Vaughn, became a prize to the victors. The moderation and clemency

there is in that transaction the buyers, I suppose, will make over to the seller, unless the Opposition borrow part of it for the Ministers. The Parliament is to meet next week, and the town expects that, before that, Lord George Germain's resignation will be notified—not that I tell you he has resigned, but such is the universal persuasion; and the last symptom on which conjectures are formed is, that his family have said he would not be at the Queen's birthday to-morrow. Your nephew, I conclude, will now come to town, and send you fresher and more authentic Parliamentary intelligence than I can.

We hear with some surprise of the Emperor's very rapid suffocation of nunneries.* Do not the monks regret their helpmates, and tremble for themselves? If Cæsars could tremble, I should ask if Cæsar had no apprehension for himself. Are all the Jesuits extinct that despatched poor Ganganelli?† Is not the Vatican hung with sackcloth? I suppose the next thing we shall hear will be, that those pillars of toleration, the King of Prussia and the Czarina, have opened asylums on the road for all those chaste doves that choose to leave their first spouse. The next century will most probably exhibit a

of the Marquis upon this occasion was warmly eulogized by Mr. Burke in the House of Commons. "Two British commanders," he said, "plunder every unfortunate inhabitant of the island; the Marquis de Bouille restores, as far as he can, to every man his property." In a letter to a friend, of the 24th of January, Sir Samuel Romilly makes the following reflections on the re-taking of St. Eustatia—"What infamy! The Governor is too prudent undoubtedly ever to return to England; he must either drag on the load of his life in France, in the receipt (for he cannot know the enjoyment) of the wages of his treachery, or be more actively infamous, and take up arms against his country. I am wrong, perhaps, to speak as if his treason were proved; but can it possibly be doubted! How unfortunate we are in our commanders; some cowards, some traitors, others brave indeed, but the slaves of party, or the more abject slaves of avarice! The Ministers have often availed themselves of some circumstances which seemed for the moment fortunate, to boast that we had Providence on our side. What will they say now? Never did the hand of Providence appear more conspicuously than at present. We took St. Eustatia like pirates, violating in the persons and property of the prisoners the law of nations; but we did not profit by our guilt. The effects seized were retaken on their passage home, and the island itself is lost in the most disgraceful manner. We encouraged treachery in the rebel Arnold, but all we gained by it was empty promises; the same treachery is retaliated on us, and what we lose by it is the only pledge we had, by which we might have purchased back the friendship of the Dutch." Life, vol. i. p. 199.—Ed.

* The reform of German monasteries was begun in the year 1781, by the Emperor Joseph II. The hasty manner in which he set about it, without sufficient regard to the necessities and feelings of the older inmates, who are turned adrift into the world with only small pensions, and in some cases even without any, occasioned considerable dissatisfaction at the time.—Ed.

† In April 1774, Clement XIV., the principal event of whose pontificate was the suppression of the order of Jesuits, was taken dangerously ill, under suspicious symptoms, and lingered on till the following September, when he died. Rumours were spread abroad that poison had been administered to him; but the post-mortem examination of the body, and the report of his physicians, did not countenance the suspicion, to which Walpole appears to have given credit.—Ed.

very new era, which the close of this has been, and is, preparing. The annihilation of the Jesuits paved the way. Popery totters, though we preposterously stepped in to save it; but when old follies grow exploded, what can save them? not their own gibberish nor legerdemain, which gave them success. This is no impeachment to new impostures; but for the old, I would not answer how far the Revolution may extend.

The enfranchisement of America will be another capital feature of the New Era, and, sooner or later, will extend beyond British colonies. Whether mankind will be advantaged by these *bouleversemens*, I am not so clear; I mean, in their capacity of Reason and Liberty, —charters seldom obtained and confirmed without much bloodshed. Soldiers, I fear, will not be laid aside, though Priests may; and then what signifies whether one is chained or murdered by a fellow in a black coat, or a fellow in a red one?

18th.

Lord George Germain has indubitably resigned, it is said, to be a peer; and that the office will not be filled up, its province being gone. His second tome has not been brilliant, but has made the first the more remembered—no advantage neither. What reasons he assigns for retirement I have not heard; his associates nor the public wished him to stay. The next chapter will be his principal enemy Lord Sandwich's, who has numerous foes too, but more friends.

LETTER CCCLXVIII.

Berkeley Square, Feb. 7, 1782.

I ANTICIPATED Lord George Germain's exit before it was complete: nay, it is not yet, though imminent.* It is not, I believe, entirely a

* Disagreeing with the other members of the cabinet on the future conduct of the war, Lord George Germain, on the 11th of February, resigned his office of one of the Principal Secretaries of State, and was raised to the peerage by the title of Lord Viscount Sackville. The particulars attending this elevation are thus given by Sir Nathaniel Wraxall; who professes to have received them from Lord George's mouth on the day they took place,—"The separation between the Sovereign and the Secretary was not unaccompanied by emotion on both sides. After regretting the unfortunate events that had dictated the measure, and thanking Lord George for his services, his Majesty added, 'Is there any thing that I can do to express my sense of them!' 'Sir,' answered he, 'if your Majesty is pleased to raise me to the dignity of a peerage, it will by the best proof of your approbation of my past exertions.' 'By all means,' said the King; 'I think it is very proper.' 'Then, Sir,' rejoined Lord George, 'if you agree to my request, I hope you will not think it unbecoming or unreasonable in me to ask another favour. It is to create me a viscount; as, should I be only raised to the dignity of a baron, my own secretary, my lawyer, and my father's page will all take rank of me.' The King, expressing a wish to know the names of the persons alluded to, 'The first,' replied Lord George,

voluntary act, much less a disgrace, but merely the effect of disagreement with some of his colleagues; consequently, I should think, would not produce much variation of measures, as Lord George certainly did not resist such as made his court best. That he was no unwelcome servant is plain, as he is to be a Viscount; and his nephew, the Duke of Dorset, succeeds Lord Falmouth, who is just dead, as Captain of the band of Pensioners.* Mr. Ellis is to be Secretary of State in the room of Lord George.†

If your nephew has written to you lately, you will have seen that I had no event to tell of any public notoriety. There have been some ineffectual efforts at opposition in both Houses, and not very remarkable. Nor do I imagine that the prosecution of Lord Sandwich in the House of Commons will have any serious termination. Lord Cornwallis is arrived, and that man of wretched fame Arnold.‡ There was something of humour mixed with the severity which the Americans meditated for him, had they taken him in his passage, as they attempted and were near doing. They intended to cut off his leg, which had been wounded in their service, and bury it with military honours, and then hang the rest of his person.§ I think he cannot do better now than consort with General Paoli.

'is Lord Walsingham, who was for some time Under-Secretary of State in my office, when Mr. De Grey; the second is Lord Loughborough, who has always been my lawyer; and the third is Lord Amherst, who, when page to my father, has often sat on the braces of the state-coach that conveyed him, as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, to the Parliament-house in Dublin.' The King smiled, adding, 'What you say is very reasonable; it shall be so.' This is one of the few peerages conferred by George the Third wholly independent of Ministerial intervention. Lord North had not the smallest share in the business." Historical Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 493.—Ed.

* Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard.—Ed.

† The Right Honourable Welbore Ellis, at that time Treasurer of the Navy, was appointed to fill the office of Colonial Secretary. The portrait of this gentleman is thus sketched by Wraxall; "In his figure, manner and deportment, the very essence of form, he regularly took his place on the Treasury Bench, dressed in all points as if he had been going to the drawing-room at St. James's. His eloquence was of the same description as himself, precise, grave, and constrained; unilluminated by taste, and calculated to convince more than to exhilarate or electrify his audience. The respect due his age, character, and employment, commonly secured him a patient hearing. Burke, after felicitating him on succeeding as heir to Lord George, at whose feet he had been brought up, and whose political opinions he implicitly adopted, compared him to a caterpillar, who having long remained in a torpid state within the silken folds of his lucrative employment as Treasurer of the Navy, now bursting his ligaments, fluttered forth the Secretary of the hour."—Ed.

‡ "Lord Cornwallis and Arnold," writes Sir Samuel Romilly on the 21st of January, "are both arrived at Plymouth; the latter is said to have brought with him a very great fortune." When the House of Commons went to St. James's, on the 4th of March, with their address against the further prosecution of the American war, the circumstance of the appearance of Arnold at Court, standing close to his Majesty's chair, made a deep impression on the public mind, which was construed into a development of the royal feelings towards his American subjects. The Earl of Surrey designated it, a few days after, in the House of Commons, a wanton and indecent insult offered by Ministers to the representatives of the people.—Ed.

§ Dr. Franklin, in a letter from Paris of the 11th of May, 1781, thus writes to the Marquis de la Fayette: "I hope that, by this time, the ship which has the

There has been lately the most dreadful catastrophe in the City of which I ever heard or read. A stationer's wife, a very fond mother, went up, as she did constantly, to see her children in bed. She had seven, the eldest not nine years old. By some strange inadvertence, she left a candle near a curtain of one of the beds. It caught; the house was burnt, and every one of the poor babes! Lady Molesworth's tragedy was not so horrid, for she was so happy as to be consumed too.* These poor parents are both alive.

I think, when I wrote last, I was confined with the gout. It has proved the slightest fit I have had for many years, was only in my left hand and elbow, and did not last a month; yet both my hands are terribly afflicted with chalk-stones. However, it is plain that my bootikins, regimen, temperance, and perseverance in my cold system have prodigiously lessened my sufferings; and, if I live to a hundred, I suppose I shall be a very healthy young fellow. Still, I do not intend to cut my colt's-tooth till past ninety. So far from juvenile airs, I lead a most recluse life, and scarcely ever go into any public, indeed only to very private places, except, what I cannot avoid, the public nights at Gloucester-house, and they are not very numerous. I have been once to the Opera to hear the Allegranti, whom I like, and who is almost as much in fashion as Vestris the dancer was last year: the applause to her is rather greater. Pacchierotti is much admired too, and the dancers are a capital set. So, you see we bear our disgraces with eminent philosophy. Pleasure does not seem to know that there is any want of money, or weight of taxes. I have not heard from you long. I expect you to tell me a great deal of the Pope's lamentations. To be sure the Great-Duke does not compliment him with a suppression of your carnival.

Friday, 8th.

The inquiry on Lord Sandwich died suddenly this morning, at three o'clock, of a vote of approbation of 205 to 183.†

honour of bearing your name is safely arrived. Your friends have heard of your being gone against the traitor Arnold, and are anxious to hear of your success, and that you have brought him to punishment. Enclosed is a copy of a letter from his agent in England, captured by some of our cruizers, and by which the price or reward he received for his treachery may be guessed at. Judas sold only one man, Arnold three millions. Judas got for his one man thirty pieces of silver, Arnold not a halfpenny a head. A miserable bargain! especially when one considers the quantity of infamy he has acquired to himself and entailed on his family." The intercepted letter here spoken of was from a banker in London to General Arnold, stating that he had received from him bills to the amount of five thousand pounds sterling, which the banker said he had invested it the stocks. See Franklin's Works, vol. ix. p. 29, Spark's edition, 1839.—Ed.

* In May 1762 Lady, Molesworth's house in upper Brook Street was burned to the ground, and she herself, two of her daughters, her brother, and six servants, all perished. See Collective Edition, vol. iv. p. 272.—Ed.

† Mr. Fox, on the 24th of January, had moved for a committee of inquiry into the causes of the want of success which had attended our naval forces during the war, and more particularly in the year 1781. The motion being agreed to, he followed it up, on the 7th of February, with a second, "that there had been gross misma-

The Duke de Chartres* is going to Constantinople. It was asked, why? Answer,—*pour apprendre à être grand seigneur.*

We have a report, that Minorco is taken: had the news arrived a few hours sooner, it might have been thrown into the vote of approbation.

LETTER CCCLXIX.

Berkeley Square, Feb. 25, 1782.

THERE are certain moments in politics which excite eager curiosity, but in which it is least easy to satisfy it. This means a crisis, in which the scales are so nicely balanced as to fluctuate, and consequently to puzzle the prophetic eye even of calculators. On Wednesday last, Mr. Fox renewed the attack on Lord Sandwich,† who was saved by a majority but of nineteen. On the next day but one, General Conway moved to address the King to take steps for peace with America. I believe the calculating prophets had been at work with their arithmetic, and had found that when a plurality of twenty-

nagement in the administration of naval affairs during the year 1781." The motion was strongly supported by Admiral Keppel and Lord Howe, and the defence of the Earl of Sandwich was undertaken by Lord Mulgrave. After a debate which lasted till three in the morning, it was negatived by 205 to 183. Admiral Keppel, in a letter to Captain Jervis, written the morning after the debate, says: "The evidence was sufficient to condemn a far better character than Lord Sandwich. The proof against him was upon the table, in the face of his advocates. Lord North, I conceive, did not think well of the ground he was fighting upon, if I am to judge by the tenor and insufficiency of his arguments. Every thing was on our side but numbers; and in that particular, considering the ministry, management, and delaying the papers, we had enough, I believe, to stagger the First Lord. A little better management on our side, and less assiduity on theirs, and we should have carried our question clear." Life, vol. ii. p. 367.—ED.

* Louis-Philippe-Joseph, only son of the Duc d'Orleans, whom he succeeded in 1785.

† On the 20th of February, Mr. Fox brought the same question before the House which he had already moved in a committee, relative to the mal-administration of naval affairs. Like the former, the debate was protracted to a late hour; in the course of which, Walpole's friend, Sir Horace Mann the younger, declared, that we were every where disgraced, and that it was the universal language on the Continent, that the affairs of our navy were badly conducted. Mr. William Pitt greatly distinguished himself upon this occasion. He pointed out in what particulars there had been neglect, and declared that he supported the motion from motives of a public nature, and from those motives alone. Mr. Dunning, in allusion to this speech, said, that almost all the sentiments he had collected in his own mind upon the subject had vanished away like a dream, on the bursting forth of a torrent of eloquence behind him, from the greatest prodigy that ever perhaps was seen in this or any other country—an honourable gentleman possessing the full vigour of youth, united with the experience and wisdom of the maturest age. On the division, the numbers were, for the motion 217, against it 236. Thus the majority was decreased, although the number of members present was greater than upon the former occasion.—ED.

two was sunk to nineteen, it was a decreasing fund; and thence they contributed to make it so—for at two in the morning the majority appeared to be fallen to a single figure. The question was rejected but by *one* voice.*

As I do not make use of any table of interest, I shall not pretend to prophesy what will happen. Formerly, a sinking Minister was soon gone; but as circumstances cannot always be the same, no more can times, which take their colour from them. One opinion I have, more fixed, which is, that the longer the Administration can maintain itself, the heavier will be its fall; for, as this success of the Opposition is less owing to their abilities than to the calamities of the war, I see no prospect of victories to mend the situation of the Ministers; and therefore, though they may divert their present danger, the temper of the nation, that is much soured, will not sweeten in their favour.

This is a brief sketch of the present aspect. I could not by a million of words tell you more yet. You will understand as much as is necessary, and I do not at all desire to be more intelligible to postmasters.

I have received two letters from you since my last; one the moment that was set out. Yours came by Mr. Grenville with the prints of the Medici, for which I give you many thanks. In your second, you say that the Emperor had consented to receive the Pope, from whom he has taken at least a third of his tiara. We had heard that

* The appointment of Mr. Welbore Ellis to the office of Secretary of State for the Plantation Department, and of Sir Guy Carleton to succeed the Commander-in-chief of the forces in North America, having occasioned general alarm that there still existed a determination to prosecute the war, the Opposition resolved to make another attempt to bind up the hands of the Government. Accordingly, on the 22nd, General Conway moved an address to his Majesty, imploring him to take into his consideration the great calamities which had attended the unfortunate war on the continent of North America, and beseeching that it might no longer be pursued for the impracticable purpose of reducing the inhabitants of that country to obedience by force; and that the public tranquillity might be restored by a happy reconciliation with the revolted colonies. On this evening, the American war may be said to have virtually terminated. Sir Samuel Romilly, who was in the gallery, gives the following account of what passed upon this important occasion: "The Ministers opposed the motion with all their strength, and disclosed to the House their design for carrying on the war. They said they meant to keep the posts; and when it was asked what they meant by a war of posts? the Secretary at War said, they meant to keep the posts they had already, and to take more if they saw occasion. This expression produced a roar of 'Hear, hear!' from the Opposition. Fox siad, it was evident, from this and many similar expressions dropped inadvertently, that the plan of the war was changed only for the moment, and that the faintest glimmering of success would awaken all the vain projects of the Ministers. The argument which the Court party seemed to rely on most was this: the Opposition, they said, to act in a fair and manly manner, ought not to have made such a motion, but to have moved at once for a change of Ministers; for that was the effect which the resolution must directly have if it were carried. The motion was lost by a majority of only a single vote; the numbers being 193 for the resolution, and 194 against it. The House did not rise till three in the morning." Life, vol. i. p. 204.—Ed.

Cæsar added, that his Holiness's visit would be to no manner of purpose.* Perhaps the Monarch would not dislike to return the *super aspidem et Basilicum calcabis*,—yet he may find an aspic under his feet. There is more than metaphoric poison still left in the vipers of the Church.

Accustomed as you are to our newspapers, you will read in them with astonishment the detail of a late trial for adultery, between Sir Richard Worseley and his wife, sister of the Countess of Harrington. To save her last favourite, she summoned thirty-four young men of the first quality to depose to having received her favours; and one of them, a duke's son, to having bestowed an additional one on her. The number was reduced to twenty-seven, and but few of them were examined; and they blushed for her. A better defence for her was the connivance of the husband who was proved to have carried one of the troop on his back to the house-top, to view his fair spouse stark naked in the bath. The jury was so equitable as to give the plaintiff but one shilling damages.†

This trial happened on the very Friday of the drawn battle in the House of Commons. Sir Richard Worseley was missing;‡ Lord North, inquiring for him, was told the cause of his absence, "Oh," replied the Minister pleasantly, "if all my cuckolds desert, I shall be beaten indeed."

Tuesday night, late.

At my niece, Lady Cadogan's, this evening, I met Mr. Langley, Lord Stormont's secretary; who gave me great pleasure, by telling me that you are made Minister Plenipotentiary. I am glad you are a little richer, when you must be at extraordinary expense; but I am much more delighted that your own merits and zeal have obtained this recompense, and that they are rewarded so speedily. It does honour to the Government too; yet I doubt you will not have the fuller satisfaction of seeing your labours terminated by the success you wish. I feel for those brave unrescued men!§

Poor Mr. Morrice is not come to town, nor can he come, though he has had an urgent call. Old Lady Brown,‖ who was formerly at Venice, is dead, and has left him for his life an estate of 1500*l.* a

* This year Pius VI. paid a visit to Joseph II., to endeavour to dissuade him from the prosecution of the ecclesiastical reforms which he had set on foot. The Pontiff reached Vienna on the 23rd of March, and was received by the Emperor with great respect: but returned to Rome without being able to effect the object of his journey.—Ed.

† The trial took place in the Court of King's Bench on the 22nd of February, before Lord Chief-Justice Mansfield.

‡ Sir Richard Worseley was at this time Member for Newport, Controller of the King's household, and Governor of the Isle of Wight; of which island, in the preceding year, he had published a History, in one quarto volume, with engravings of the principal views, seats, &c., by a jointure of 70,000*l.* reverted to his lady, who was the daughter and co-heiress of Sir John Fleming.—Ed.

§ Besieged in Fort St. Philip at Minorca.

‖ Margaret Cecil, widow of Sir Robert Brown, formerly a merchant of Venice.

year. I told you how little prospect Cavalier Mozzi has of obtaining assistance from him. It is plain this delay is welcome to my Lord; for I have not heard a syllable from his lawyers. I was indeed, surprised the other day by a letter from his Lordship. It was to desire the favour of me to go and see a large picture that Cipriani has painted for him for the saloon at Houghton—a most engaging sight to me, to be sure! though such a request provoked me, I really believe it was madness and folly dictated it, rather than insult; though the latter is not impossible. I would not trust a pen in my own hand, lest it should be warm; and so have made no manner of answer. He has now bespoken another piece, frantic enough; for the subject is both indecent and shocking. Perhaps you have forgotten the story; it is that of Theodore and Honoria, from Dryden's Fables, where the naked ghost of a scornful mistress is pursued by demons and worried by blood-hounds.* The subject, were it indurable, could only be executed by Salvator or Spagnolet. Imagine it attempted by modern artists, who are too feeble to paint any thing but fan-mounts!

I believe I never told you, that, since his Lordship sold his collection of pictures, he has taken to design himself, and his scratches are pinned up about the stripped apartments. But I am foolish to repeat instances of his deliriums; though, indeed, the nation is so lunatic, that my nephew is no phenomenon. I saw *your* nephew last night at Gloucester-House, and wonder he did not mention your new appointments; but, indeed, it was but for a moment: nor, in truth, though he is very obliging to me, and though I often see him at our little Court, have I had any conversation with him for a long time.

The play there begins late, for every thing begins late, every body arrives late every where, and I retire early; for I avoid all public places, and go to no other. A court-life was never my object,

* Of Dryden's story of the spectre huntsman and his blood-hounds, and of the scene of it, the pine-forest of Ravenna, Lord Byron makes beautiful mention in the third canto of Don Juan—

"Sweet hour of twilight!—in the solitude
Of the pine-forest, and the silent shore,
Which bounds Ravenna's immemorial wood
Rooted where once the Adrian wave flow'd o'er
To where the last Cæsarean fortress stood,
Evergreen forest! which Boccacio's lore
And Dryden's lay made haunted ground to me,
How have I lov'd the twilight hour and thee!

"The shrill cicalas, people of the pine,
Making their summer lives one countless song,
Were the sole echoes, save my steed's and mine,
And vesper bell's, that rose the boughs along;
The spectre huntsman of Oresti's line,
His hell-dogs and their chase, and the fair throng,
Which learn'd from this example not to fly
From a true lover,—shadow'd my mind's eye."—Ed.

nor would have been my choice for this end of my course, any more than it was for the commencement, though fate has connected both periods with such an attachment; yet trust I have acquired as little of the *esprit des cours* as if I had never been within one. How strange are the accidents of life! At ten years old I had set my heart on seeing George the First, and, being a favourite child, my mother asked leave for me to be presented to him; which to the First Minister's wife was granted, and I was carried by the Lady Chesterfield to kiss his hand as he went to supper in the Duchess of Kendal's apartment. This was the night but one before he left England the last time; and now, fifty years afterwards, one of his great-grandsons and one of his great-grand-daughters are my great-nephew and niece! Yet how little had the first part to do with bringing about the second!

When one considers these events abstractedly, as I do, the reflection is amusing; it makes the politician's arts trifling and ridiculous: no plan, no foresight, no industry, could have ranged or accomplished what mere chance has effected. It would not be less entertaining, if a politician would talk as frankly on the projects he had planned and been disappointed of effecting; but a politician would not look on the *dénouement* with the same indifference.

LETTER CCCLXX.

Berkeley Square, March 1, 1782.

You know I deem myself a bad political prophet. I certainly did not expect that the Opposition (no longer the minority) would have such rapid success as to have gained a complete victory already. I wrote to you on Tuesday, that on the Friday preceding they had been beaten but by *one*. On Wednesday last, General Conway renewed his motion for an address of pacification with America, and carried the question by a majority of nineteen.* His speech was full of wit,

* The result of the late division was considered by the Opposition so satisfactory, that it was resolved to bring the question again before the House. Accordingly, on the 27th of February, General Conway moved, "That it is the opinion of the House, that the further prosecution of offensive war on the continent of North America, for the purpose of reducing the rebel colonies to obedience by force, will be the means of weakening the efforts of this country against her European enemies; tends, under the present circumstances, dangerously to increase the mutual enmity, so fatal to the interests both of Great Britain and America; and, by preventing a happy reconciliation with that country, to frustrate the earnest desire graciously expressed by his Majesty to restore the blessings of public tranquillity." The arguments urged in support of the motion were nearly the same as those employed on the former occasion. Lord North said, it would be his duty, if the House should withdraw their confidence from him, to deliver up to his Sovereign the seal of his office, and say to him, "I have served your Majesty with diligence, zeal, and fidelity; but your Parliament have withdrawn from me their confidence; let me therefore resign those employments, which I ought to keep only as long as I can

spirit, and severity: and after the debate Mr. Fox complimented him publicly on this second triumph, he also having been the mover of the repeal of the Stamp-act. In short, he stands in the highest light, and all his fame is unsullied by the slightest suspicion of interested or factious motives in his conduct.*

It would be idle in me, who profess want of penetration or intuition into futurity, to tell you what I think will happen; in truth, I could not tell you, if I would, what I foresee. The public certainly expects some sudden change. I neither do, nor wish it. At present, I think alteration would produce confusion, without any advantage. My reasons it would be useless to detail, for they will have no share in the decision.

I would write these few words, lest your nephew should not; though in reality I have told you nothing. You will just be prepared not to be surprised, whatever shall arrive, as it is a moment which may produce any thing. I mean, a change, a partial settlement, a total one, or a re-settlement of the present system; though I should think *that*, or a partial change, the least likely to last. Any one of them will be fortunate if productive of peace; and, at least, nothing that has happened removes that prospect to a greater distance. If I live to see that moment, I shall be happier than I have for some time expected to be. I dare not entertain greater views for my country—for a long season; though nations, like individuals, are not precluded from experiencing any change of fortune.

be serviceable to your Majesty and to the country." Mr. Wallace, the Attorney-General, acknowledged that nothing but peace with America could restore the country to its former state of splendour, and said that, considering a truce with America the best means of obtaining that object, he intended to move for leave to bring in a bill to enable Ministers to treat upon that ground, and would therefore move that the debate be adjourned till that day fortnight. Mr. Pitt, in a brilliant speech, censured the idea of a truce, and stigmatized the motion of adjournment as a manœuvre to gain a few votes. At half-past one the House divided on the motion of adjournment, which was negatived by a majority of 284 to 215. The Government, being thus left in a minority of nineteen, suffered General Conway's motion to pass without a division. The General then moved an address to the King nearly in the words of the motion; which was presented to his Majesty by the whole House.—Ed.

* "The day after the motion passed," says Sir Samuel Romilly, "there were rejoicings in several places; the bells were rung and a great many houses were illuminated and papers were cried about the streets, 'Good news for England; Lord North in the dumps, and peace with America!' The Ministers affected to take the alarm, and sent advice to the Lord Mayor, that they had notice of intended riots; but every thing was very peaceable." Mr. Burke wrote, on the same day, to Dr. Franklin at Paris: "I congratulate you as the friend of America; I trust, as not the enemy of England; I am sure, as the friend of mankind, on the resolution of the House of Commons, carried by a majority of nineteen, at two o'clock this morning, in a very full House. It was the declaration of two hundred and thirty-four: I think it was the opinion of the whole. I trust it will lead to a speedy peace between the two branches of the English nation, perhaps to a general peace; and that our happiness may be an introduction to that of the world at large."—Ed.

P.S. When you do not hear from me at such a crisis, be sure that nothing material has happened. We have both seen inter-ministeriums of six weeks.

LETTER CCCLXXI.

Strawberry Hill, March 11, 1782.

Though I begin this letter to-night, I do not know when it will set out; perhaps not before to-morrow sevennight. I do not even know whether I shall not contradict at the end every thing I may tell you at the beginning; for the parties in the House of Commons are so equally balanced, that victory vibrates from the one side to the other every day.* Opposition stock fell ten below par last Friday, on questions that tended to remove the Ministers. As three of the four motions were undeniable, the Ministers got rid of them by the previous question, and consequently prevented the fourth, which would have brought home the others to their doors. They carried that question by 226 to 216.† The report of another victory, more national, fa-

* On the 5th of March, in the committee on the Attorney-General's bill to enable his Majesty to make peace or truce with the revolted American Colonies, Mr. Fox said, that nothing but the personal respect he bore the learned gentleman had prevented him from bursting out into a laugh when he heard the proposition, and then walking out of the House. It was in the course of this speech that Mr. Fox made his memorable declaration, "that, from the moment he should enter into any terms with the present Ministers, he would rest satisfied to be deemed the most infamous of mankind: that he could not for an instant contemplate a coalition with men who, as Ministers, in every transaction, public and private, had proved themselves devoid of every principle of honour or honesty; into the hands of such men he would not trust his honour for a single minute." Lord North avowed his determination not to retire from office until he should receive his Royal Master's commands to leave it, or the wish of the House, expressed in the most unequivocal terms, should point out to him the propriety of withdrawing.—Ed.

† Lord John Cavendish, on the 8th of March, had moved four resolutions. The first three recounted the expenses and losses of the war, and the fourth stated, that the chief cause of all these misfortunes had been the want of foresight and ability in his Majesty's Ministers. Upon this there was a long debate, in the course of which Mr. Welbore Ellis, the new Secretary of State, alluded to his having left a warm and comfortable bed (the Treasurership of the Navy,) and stepped into the ship of state in the midst of storm and tempest. Mr. Burke said, he thought the Right Honourable Secretary very unwise in quitting his flannel nightcap and warm bed for a post of danger, and applied to him the words of Brutus to his wife—

> "Wherefore rise you now?
> It is not for your health, thus to commit
> Your weak condition to the raw cold morning."

In his firm belief, the bed was left merely for the purpose of introducing a Scotch warming-pan. This allusion to the Lord Advocate, which excited much laughter, received an appropriate reply: "I see no reason," said Mr. Dundas, "if the eager expectations of the gentleman opposite should be fulfilled, why it should not be an Irish warming-pan that is to be introduced into the bed." The retort turned the

voured them, though many suspect it was coined on purpose. Admiral Hood was said to have defeated the French fleet, rescued St. Christopher's, and taken the six hundred men that had landed. This would be most fortunate; but it was not confirmed when I left town this morning. In short, I came hither for two days to breathe, and rest my ears from politics, which at such a crisis you may be sure assail them from morning to night: not that I open them voluntarily, you may judge, when I fly hither, though there is to be important matter in the House again to-day, not a syllable of which I shall hear before Wednesday. Lord North is to open his taxes, which probably just now will not be admitted as submissively as of late years; though I suppose they will produce more clamour in a little time than at their birth, when every one who will be affected by them shall begin to apply the grievance to himself, especially as Opposition will naturally paint them in their worst colours. As I shall not go to town to-morrow—one of the two foreign post-days—I could not send this away, were it farther advanced; and on Friday, the other post-day, I shall not know the event time enough to write. The Opposition intend to give battle again on that day, but I do not know what is to be their *cri de guerre;* however, the field will be fought till it will be too late for the post. I am less anxious, as your nephew tells me he writes to you constantly.

The Ministers are certainly run hard; and if they do not make peace with America, or have some great victory, though I do not guess where that is likely to arrive, they will have difficulty to stand their ground. New losses will make their fall more probable, and more dangerous. Minorca, we know, is gone; and we know what other places may follow. The foreign papers will ring with the enormous sum it has cost us to lose America, &c. I saw a letter from abroad last week, which said, that they were amazed so many miscarriages had not overturned the Administration. They may wonder; but, believe me, deprivation would be a feather-bed to what they hear every day—I mean the Ministers. It is a worse service than that of a General. He stands on a rising ground out of cannon-shot, gives his orders, sees his soldiers fall or conquer, and at most is quit for the disgrace, if he loses the day. In Parliament, all the artillery is pointed at the leaders, who are galled during the combat, and must fight the battle themselves. The troops sit by, are paid beforehand, receive not a knock, and retire to their tents as soon as they have said Yes or No! I wish generals were in the same predicament, and suffered all the wounds. Well! I shall reserve the rest of my paper; I may have matter to fill it.

laugh against Mr. Burke; and scarcely three weeks elapsed before Colonel Barré was appointed Treasurer of the Navy. Upon the order of the day, which was moved by Mr. Jenkinson, the Secretary at War, the House divided; when Ministers had a majority of ten, the numbers being 226 to 216.—Ed.

Saturday 16th.

The Tax-day passed very quietly; however, it was reported and generally believed, that Lord North would resign. Nay, it is known that the Chancellor has been negotiating with Lord Rockingham. Whether too little was offered, or too much demanded, a resolution was taken to try one more engagement. The Opposition were very confident of victory, and not without cause; for, when a flag of truce was hung out, the mercenary troop of Calculators was likely to desert to the side that was most likely to possess the military chest. It is probable that that chest was previously abandoned, to retain them; for the Court, at one this morning, had a majority of nine, though the minority were stronger by ten votes than in the former battle.*

I should be very presumptuous, were I to attempt to guess what will happen, when brokers themselves find it so difficult to decide which side has the best of the day. Future historians may dignify the contest with the distinctions of loyalty and patriotism, and I have no doubt but both are engaged; yet I humbly conceive, that, if Potosi lay in the quarters of either army, that corps would gain the victory† —perhaps I have given my opinion to a degree; though the vein of ore is not very redundant.

* On the 15th, Sir John Rous moved a resolution, which comprehended the substance of Lord John Cavendish's four resolutions which the House had rejected in the preceding week, and concluded with declaring that the House could have no further confidence in the Ministers who had the direction of public affairs. Lord North, in the course of a long and pathetic speech, said, he not only wished for peace, but would be no obstacle to a coalition of parties, for the formation and adjustment of a new Administration, in which he should himself have no share. He declared to God, that no love of place or of emolument should keep him a moment in office, if he could retire with honour, and if there were not certain circumstances in the way of his going out at that moment, which he could not then explain. Mr. Pitt caught hold of the word "coalition," and said, if he knew the meaning of it, it was the collecting and combining all the ability, integrity, and judgment that could be found; but was that a work fit to be entrusted to the noble Lord? Such a proposition was a gross insult to Parliament; as the administration of the noble Lord had been an administration of influence and intrigue: he thanked God an end was about to be put to it, and he trusted the House would not contaminate their own purpose by suffering the present Ministers to interfere with the appointment of their successors. On the division, the numbers were 236 for Ministers, and 227 against them, leaving them a majority of nine. While the division was taking place, Mr. Fox said in the lobby, that, upon consulting with the gentlemen near him, it was thought right that a motion to the same effect should be made on Wednesday the 20th.—Ed.

† "Up to the 19th of March," says Wraxall, "positive assurances were given, in all the departments, that no resignation was intended, Lord North himself, whatever fluctuations of mind he might undergo, personally reiterated those declarations to his nearest political connexions. No man doubted the firmness of his Majesty, or suspected him of abandoning his Ministers from personal timidity. Each party, therefore, prepared to try their force, and both expressed themselves confident of success. Robinson, then Secretary of the Treasury, who knew better than any man the secret of affairs, has many times assured me, that Government would have infallibly had a majority of from fourteen to twenty, if they had gone to a division on the 20th." Historical Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 592.—Ed.

Monday 18th.

Two days and a half (a great while in curiosity's almanac) are passed, and no news of a resumption of negotiation. The Marquis's terms were deemed to trespass on some precious fleurons in the Crown, which, though perhaps new acquisitions, have a finer water than some of the old table diamonds. The camps will therefore probably remain in the field some time longer, though not without skirmishes. At the same time, I do not see that any favourable events are likely to happen on the defensive side. The recovery of St. Christopher's is still in suspense, nor does Hood's advantage seem at all to deserve the name of victory —but I always check myself when I can only conjecture; besides, that in a letter that is to cross the sea, I keep a gag in my pen; for I would not tell France a syllable more than she would know if I never wrote a letter.

Yours, that tells me of your preferment, I have received, and am rejoiced it was so well-timed; for Minorca is gone, and your zeal was handsomely accepted, though unsuccessful.

Tuesday 19th.

I had intended to finish my letter to-day, but have been hindered by company, even till dinner-time, and am not dressed, and am engaged the moment I have dined. Indeed, I have nothing new to add: but, if any thing happens before Friday, I will desire your nephew to write; for not having so much curiosity as the town, nor any wish to see any particular person in place, I shall go to Strawberry on Friday for two days, as air and tranquillity are more requisite to me than a collision of parties. Adieu!

LETTER CCCLXXII.

Berkeley Square, March 21, 1782.

I TOLD you on Tuesday that I would not write by this post, and was to go out of town to-morrow. You will excuse my breaking a promise that you did not desire me to keep, especially when I have so big a revolution to tell you. Out of town I cannot go, for it has snowed all the evening, nor am I so perfectly incurious as not to like to hear the rumours of the hour: for as to settlement, I believe I might be absent two days and not find it come to a consistence— but I recollect that you do not know what has happened, and may have a little curiosity too.

Well! yesterday, as a repetition of the late motion, somewhat varied, was on the point of being made in the house of commons, Lord North rose, and declared the whole Administration was dissolved.*

* On the 20th, in anticipation of the debate on the renewal of the motion of want of confidence in Ministers, which was this day to be brought forward by the Earl

You are not to imagine that this declaration was made in consequence of any negotiation, treaty, compromise, or management. Oh, no! all treaty had been broken off; and that puissant Administration, that had swept away every thing before it—at home, have laid down their arms without being beaten, and without any conditions. Such a surrender, not imagined even in idea at Christmas, is very novel. Not a month is passed since General Conway's successful motion; not that he is entitled to all the glory. Lord Cornwallis's defeat had certainly opened many eyes, which had been obstinately shut to all our other defeats and losses; and an intriguing faction in the Ministry, who did not foresee the discomfit they were bringing on themselves, had disjointed their combined powers, and given encouragement to the Opposition. When some of the Ministers had declared the recovery of America impossible, others, who had been lulled asleep by that vision, found there was more truth in that revelation than they would believe from opponents.* These steps made,

of Surrey, no fewer than four hundred members had taken their seats before four o'clock. Shortly after, Lord North entered, and rose to address the Chair; which created great confusion, one side calling out loudly for Lord Surrey to address the House, the other for Lord North. Having at length obtained a hearing, he stated, that he had come down to announce from authority, that his Majesty had come to a full determination to change his Ministers, and that the Government was at an end. He therefore conceived it unnecessary to debate a question which had for its object a removal already produced. After returning his acknowledgments to the House for the long and steady support extended to him, he added, that "a successor of greater abilities, of sounder judgment, and better qualified for the situation, was easy to be found; but that one more zealous for the glory of his country, more loyal, to his Sovereign, and more desirous of preserving the constitution whole and entire could not so easily be found. Whenever his country called on him to answer for his public conduct, he should be ready to meet any enquiry that might be thought necessary." He then moved, that the House should adjourn to Monday the 25th, in order to allow his Majesty time to form a new Administration. Lord Surrey reluctantly acceded to the motion, accompanied with a menace, that, if any portion of the Ministry should remain in office on that day, he would come forward with a motion still more personal.—Ed.

* The following is the character of Lord North's Administration as drawn, at this time, by Sir Samuel Romilly: "You desire me to send you characters of the members of the present Government. Their private characters I am quite unacquainted with; and it is not easy to distinguish their characters as statesmen, for no one minister has appeared to be the author of any particular measure. All that has been done has had the approbation of the whole Administration; and there are persons who go so far as to assert, that the real authors of all the proceedings against America are still behind the curtain. Of the whole Administration taken together, the principal characteristics are want of system and irresolution; and the latter, indeed, is but a consequence of the former. Having little, confused views, they seem never, from the first, to have formed any comprehensive plan; and this original defect has increased with ill-success. Perplexed and confounded with the mazes and dangers into which they have run, like children, they rather turn away from what affrights them than endeavour to prevent it. They ward off the present evil that presses on them, but leave the morrow to provide for itself; they may truly be said *in diem vivere*. Their plan of operations (for system they have none) changes with every new occurrence: with every various accident, every various passion takes its turn to rule them: regarding only the immediate object before them, they magnify its importance; they are now confident of success, now plunged into

Mr. Conway's motion easily found its way. This is a brief, but I believe, a very true account of what has past.

For what is to come, I am far from being able to give you as just a view. At four o'clock to-day not the smallest advance had been made towards a new establishment. On that head it is not proper to say more. I shall have eighteen or twenty hours before this goes away to tell you, if any thing new finds its way to the public.

In your last you thanked me for the advice I gave your nephew, which he was so wise as to follow, and which proved to have been such good advice. It was not solely given for his own sake. I certainly had *you* in my eye too. But, though my own principles are very determined, no party views have ever, or will, induce me to give insidious counsel to a friend who asks my opinion, nor have I once allowed myself to seduce a son (and I look on your nephew as your son) to act contrary to the inclination and sentiments of his parent; I should think it most dishonourable. When your nephew, two years ago, brought over opinions that I thought would grieve you, I told him that, though they were conformable to my own, I could not encourage him in them; yet on neither of these occasions did I even hint to you, when it might look like making court to the late Ministers, nor certainly did I act thus *à leur intention.**

Well! I revert to my old wishes and prayers for peace! If that arises out of the present chaos, *benedicite!* England's tranquillity and welfare are all my objects. I care not who the Ministers shall be, provided they do but keep those points in view. My dislike of our late measures was founded on no personal interests; nor, should my nearest friends be again employed, as they were in 1766, shall I be a jot more a gainer than I was then. You were the only person then for whom I asked a single favour—one more than I should ask now. The colour of my life has been disinterested. It shall not be contaminated in its dregs.

22nd.

Nothing—nothing at all is settled. To-day's report is, that Lord

despair. The idol they erected yesterday is cast down to-day, and perhaps will be enshrined again to-morrow. In prosperity they are proud, contemptuous, and overbearing; in adversity, supple, mean, and abject. At the commencement of the disputes with America, they treated the refractory colonists as a despicable gang of ruffians; but, the moment a league was formed with France, they prostrated themselves at the feet of those rebels they had spurned, and offered them much more than they demanded. This panic was soon dissipated by a gleam of success; the Ministers resumed confidence, and one of them was imprudent enough to hint, even in the House of Commons, that '*unconditional submission*' was alone to be listened to;

'Quidlibet impotens
Sperare, fortunâque dulci
Ebrius.'" Life, vol. i. p. 190.—Ed.

* In the course of the several debates in the House of Commons in this and the preceding year, the object of which was the removal of the Administration, Sir Horace Mann the younger repeatedly spoke and uniformly voted against the Minister.—Ed.

Shelburne was yesterday two hours with the King.* If Lord Shelburne undertakes, who will carry very little strength but ample unpopularity, I shall think him bolder than wise, and will venture for once to foretell, that he will only share in the defeat of his enemies, instead of partaking the victory of his allies. Thus I must leave you in incertitude; but it is no more than we are—if that is any compensation. Adieu!

LETTER CCCLXXIII.

Berkeley Square, March 26, 1782.

It is natural for people to conclude, that, when a whole Administration is dissolved, another should be appointed in its room. You and I, who have lived longer than the greater part, have seen times when that has not been the case for weeks; but this interministerium has been much shorter. On Wednesday the sentence passed on the late Ministers. On Thursday evening Lord Shelburne was sent for to the Queen's house. What passed has been kept secret; except that he acquainted Lord Rockingham by message that he had not violated their union. Friday and Saturday passed without the public learning any news of an arrangement. On Sunday morning Lord Shelburne notified to Lord Rockingham, that all his Lordship's constitutional demands were granted, with *carte blanche* for the removal and substitution of persons, and that all that was required was the introduction of Lords Gower and Weymouth into the Cabinet. The Marquis was not pleased at Lord Shelburne's having the honour of being the negotiator, instead of transacting his own business himself; nor could digest a Cabinet in which, if Lord Shelburne should take a devious path, and in which he would command a voice or two more, the majority would not depend on the Prime Minister. The Marquis's friends saw that he was falling into a snare that might have been laid to divide the party; and prevailed, though with great difficulty, to waive the jealousy of the negotiator, but to resist the eccentric recommendation of the two other Lords. On that plan Rockingham, at six on Sunday evening, accepted the gracious offers, provided such a Cabinet (as he stated in a given List) should

* The day after Lord North announced his resignation in the House of Commons, the King sent for the Earl of Shelburne, and offered to appoint him First Lord of the Treasury; but the Earl informed his Majesty, that in his judgment no one could at present fill that situation except the Marquis of Rockingham. On the death of the Marquis, in July, the Earl of Shelburne alluded to this circumstance in the House of Lords. Of the above two statesmen, Mr. Fox and Mr. Burke acknowledged the Marquis for their leader; while Mr. Dunning and Colonel Barré looked up to the Earl for protection. Of these four distinguished persons, Mr. Fox only could be regarded as a free agent; for Mr. Burke, having lost his seat for Bristol at the general election, owed to Lord Rockingham his return for Malton; while Calne, the property of the Earl of Shelburne, sent to Parliament Mr. Dunning and the Colonel. —Ed.

be accorded. This answer was transmitted to Lord Shelburne, and by him conveyed accordingly. The time pressed: the House of Commons was to meet on Monday, and were not in a mood to be dallied with. Prudence prevailed, and prevented—no matter now what; all was granted and ceded that Lord Rockingham asked. He accepted; and Mr. Dunning, Lord Shelburne's friend, moved *by authority*, that the House should adjourn till Wednesday, declaring that an arrangement was ready to be made.*

Here is the list of the Cabinet—Lord Thurlow to remain Chancellor; Lord Camden, President; Lord Rockingham, First Lord of the Treasury; General Conway, Commander-in-chief; Admiral Keppel, First Lord of the Admiralty; Lord Shelburne and Charles Fox, Secretaries of State; the Duke of Grafton, Privy Seal: with the Duke of Richmond, Master of the Ordnance; and Lord John Cavendish, Chancellor of the Exchequer; to have seats in the Cabinet. This is all I know, and all I shall seek to know. I am totally indifferent about the arrangement of places, and hate details so much, that I am going out of town to avoid discussions and reports.

Well! this revolution is so surprising, and by me so unexpected, that I can only say, with a change in a Scripture phrase, "This is *not* the *Lord's* doing but the *Commons'*; and it is marvellous in our eyes!" If it produces the two points I have at heart, the recovery of the Constitution (which it appears by this spirit in the House of Commons was not quite gone) and peace, I shall be content, and will never think on politics more. What has a man to do with them who never felt a titillation of ambition? The spirit of liberty alone has made me at any time attend to them; for life without freedom has but a narrower or a wider prison. Honours make one a slave to etiquette, and power to

* Although the King could not prevail upon Lord Shelburne to accept his offer, "he arranged," says Nicholls, in his Recollections of the Reign of George the Third, "the Administration with him, and then sent him to the Marquis of Rockingham, to inform him of the names of the gentlemen who were to form the Cabinet, and of the different offices they were to fill. No man," he continues, "was at that time more confidential with the Marquis than Admiral Keppel, who told me that Lord Rockingham himself was very averse to accept the office offered him; that the noble Lord thought the King had manifested such personal dislike to him, by refusing him an audience, and arranging the Administration with Lord Shelburne, that in his own opinion, he was not a fit person to be in the King's service." Nor would this reluctance, it is said, have been overcome, but for the earnest solicitations of Fox, Burke, and the Duke of Richmond. On Friday the 22nd, the Marquis had an audience of the King, at which his Majesty consented to the conditions proposed, "only attempting to stipulate," says Wraxall, "that two of his actual Ministers, the Chancellor and Lord Stormont, should be included in the new Administration. He could not obtain such terms, and it was only after considerable difficulty that Lord Thurlow was suffered to retain his situation. When the House of Commons met again on Monday the 25th, Mr. Dunning, an adherent of the Earl of Shelburne, was elected and *authorized* to communicate the state of affairs at St. James's. Dunning, who forty-eight hours afterwards kissed his Majesty's hands on being created a peer, informed the members that arrangements for the formation of a new Administration were in great forwardness, and moved another short adjournment till Wednesday."—Ed.

solicitation. A private man, who is uncontrolled, is emperor of himself. I am going to my country palace; which is the best enjoyment that the greatest monarch knows.

Having despatched a revolution, I must now trouble you on a private melancholy affair: General Conway has heard from Mrs. Damer, that her aunt Lady William Campbell* is much out of order. I immediately advised Mr. Conway to write, and recommend to Mrs. Damer to carry her aunt directly to Florence, where you could be of the greatest comfort and assistance to them, and could best contrive means of sending Lady William home by sea from Leghorn, in as safe a manner as may be at this moment. He has done so, and begs you will be so good as to give Mrs. Damer your advice in this and any other point; especially of a physician, if there is any Dr. Cocchi at Florence. He desires, too, that you will supply her with what money she wants, and draw upon him directly.

St. Kit's† has followed Minorca! It is sad: yet let us save the Constitution, and I shall not die broken-hearted. If England is free, and America free, though disunited, the whole earth will not be in vassalage.

LETTER CCCLXXIV.

Berkeley Square, April 7, 1782.

As you have received my letters on the total revolution in the Ministry, you will not be surprised that we have been occupied by that event, and have not run, as you expected, into great heats on the loss of Minorca. It has, indeed, made no more impression than if the King had lost his pocket-handkerchief. We are like the fishwoman, who, bing reproached with the cruelty of skinning eels alive, replied, "Ah, poor things, they be used to it!" She mistook her own habitude for theirs. We are at once so dissipated and so accustomed to misfortunes, that, though flayed to the bone, we forget the amputation of a finger in a moment. Were the new arrangement completed, I

* Wife of Lord William Campbell, youngest brother of the Duke of Argyll and Lady Ailsbury. Lady William was an American, born in the province of Carolina; of which Lord William had been Governor.

† The old and valuable English island of St. Christopher's was doomed to be the next victim to the calamity of the times. In January, the Marquis de Bouille landed eight thousand men on the island, and was supported by the Count de Grasse with thirty-two ships of the line. As the garrison under General Frazer did not exceed six hundred effective men, resistance would have been altogether ineffectual. De Bouille accelerated the surrender, by threatening to burn the plantations, and renew the devastations which he had committed at Tobago. The militia in the garrison were too much interested in this menace not to press their commander to capitulate; and the French general acceded to every requisition they made, regarding either public or private property, the garrison, or the inhabitants at large. —Ed.

believe it would cause no more sensation than the capture of an island. As yet, every body is asking, "Who is to have this place, and who that? who are the new peers?" For Minorca, we are satisfied with the encomiums showered on General Murray* by the Duc de Crillon; we know poor Draper was mad†—and we have no further curiosity.

The country and city seem to be pleased with the change; yet moderately too. The disgraced are extremely angry, and I dare to say will show their resentment in due time; but, as only some of the greater and a very few of the lesser posts are yet disposed of, they who hope to escape in the general massacre take care to hold their tongues; and all will probably lie still, till they see whether the new Ministers are lenient or severe. The recess of Parliament, too, for the holidays, re-elections and usual jaunts into the country, and the never-to-be-violated festival of Newmarket, have dispersed many. The House of Commons meets to-morrow, and then things will begin to have a complexion. If the new Administration can make a tolerable peace, and carry any popular bills, they may maintain themselves for a time; yet I do not look on the present system as very stable. Bad as the last it would be difficult to be; and as ruinous it cannot be, for we have not half so much to lose as we have lost.

I do not send you lists of changes, for all are not yet made, and, while the undetermined are in suspense, it would be only giving you guesses that would want corrections, or unfounded reports.‡ The

* Previous to the surrender, the effective garrison was reduced to six hundred. The surgeons remonstrated to the Governor, that a further delay of capitulation would only occasion an unavailing sacrifice of a few devoted victims, whom an enlarged scene of respiration and wholesome nutriment alone could rescue from the jaws of death. The Duc de Crillon readily granted honourable terms, and testified his regret at the sight of this brave band of invalids, marching through their disproportioned ranks to pile their arms.—Ed.

† In consequence of the surrender of Minorca, Sir William Draper, who, in 1779, had been appointed Lieutenant-Governor of the island, exhibited twenty-nine charges against General Murray, his superior in command; for doing which, although the General received a reprimand on account of two of them, his Accuser, it will be seen, was ordered to make an apology. In 1783, Sir William published some observations on the General's defence, and retired to Bath; where he died in 1787.—Ed.

‡ Besides the changes above mentioned, the Earl of Carlisle was replaced, as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, by the Duke of Portland; Mr. Rigby's post of Paymaster of the Forces was given to Mr. Burke. His brother Richard was made one of the two Secretaries of the Treasury; Colonel Barré, Treasurer of the Navy; Mr. Thomas Townshend, Secretary at War; Mr. Kenyon, Attorney-General: Mr. John Lee, Solicitor-General; Mr. Sheridan and Mr. Thomas Orde, Under-Secretaries of State; and General Burgoyne, Commander-in-chief in Ireland. "In forming their arrangements," says Dr. Tomline, "the new Ministers offered Mr. Pitt several situations, and among others a Vice-Treasurer-ship of Ireland, an office of considerable rank and emolument, which, it was thought, would be more acceptable to him, as it had been formerly held by his father; but he resolutely declined this and every other offer, preferring his profession of the law to any official connexion with an Administration of which he did not form a part: he had indeed determined, as he soon afterwards declared, never to accept any subordinate office, meaning an office which did not entitle him to a seat in the Cabinet. This determination did not pro-

genuine alterations you will find in the Gazette. A long catalogue of new peers was expected. Only three have yet kissed hands; Sir Fletcher Norton, Dunning, and Admiral Keppel.*

I must now answer yours of March the 19th. In my last, I begged you to assist Mrs. Damer in her distress on her aunt's disorder. You would want no spur to good offices there. Lord Orford, I hear, is to be removed from the Rangership of the two Parks. It was intended by the new Ministers to leave him in the King's Bed-chamber; which out of respect they did not mean to touch. Whether his dismission from the former post had been notified to him or not, I cannot tell. I should think it had; for he has sent his resignation of the Bed-chamber also, though saying it is on account of his lameness. He has long had a very swelled leg, which I suppose balances or drains his head, and prevents it from quite oversetting again. Indeed, as he has been so warm an advocate for the late abominable system, I must a little wonder, if he is angry, that he has palliated the cause of his resignation—but who can argue on a lunatic?

It looks very much as if we should be reconciled with Holland; and, as Russia espouses that temper, I should hope pacification would spread farther. How blessed would that moment be! But we have another grievous thorn in our very side! Ireland is little less estranged than America; and a most wicked coxcomb, one Eden, Secretary to the late Lord Lieutenant,† has dared to do his utmost to heighten the rupture. As he had not sense or judgment enough to cloak his folly, it has fallen on his own head with general indignation; but, as Irish heads are not better poised, we fear consequences. You will see the detail in the papers, too long for a letter.‡ The late Adminis-

ceed from any overweening self-opinion or reprehensible ambition, but from an unwillingness to be considered as pledged to measures in framing which he had no concern." Life, vol. i. p. 66.—Ed.

* Admiral Keppel was created a Viscount, and appointed First Lord of the Admiralty. On the subject of his peerage, he thus wrote, on the 2nd of April, to Lord Rockingham: "I cannot help thinking that I ought to be well satisfied with the King's behaviour throughout this business. I need not doubt your finishing it in the properest manner, without any stipulation as to the degree of peerage or precedency of the two gentlemen of the law, in case I am called to the House as a Baron. They have kissed hands before, and the contention might breed unpleasant disputes, which are not necessary in our present situation." Life, vol. ii. p. 377.—Ed.

† The following is the character of Mr. Eden, afterwards Lord Auckland, as drawn by Hardy, in his memoirs of the Earl of Charlemont: "Perfectly skilled in Parliamentary language and management, of quick as well as versatile parts, consummate talents for business and correspondent industry, he was well calculated, not only to guide the nation in its newly-opened path of commerce, but to form such establishments as would advance its progress therein, and enable them to improve what they had acquired. But for such acquisitions a more pacific season was requisite." Vol. i. p. 396.—Ed.

‡ The following is Sir Samuel Romilly's account of the proceeding here referred to: "The Ministers seem likely, at the very commencement of their administration, to have great difficulties to encounter in the affairs of Ireland. You know the Irish have long talked of throwing off the supremacy of Great Britain. A motion for that purpose has been made this session in the Irish Parliament, but lost

tration had neglected and inflamed that business, as they have acted in almost every other. Such grievous waste and negligence appear from every office, that it is very doubtful whether they will fall so lightly as they expected.* Though they will be very ready to accuse, it may chance that they will be accused first. They have provoked and invited four wars, neglected all, succeeded in none, rejected every overture of peace, while tampering for peace, and by profusion and carelessness thrown away the means of making war any longer. As ministers, generals, treasurers, negotiators, they have proved themselves as incapable as any set of men who ever overturned a great country; and in the rapidity of their achievements they have exceeded all. Strange it was that they did not fall sooner! And yet their fall was instantaneous and unforeseen! My sentiments about them have been uniform. I restrain rather than exaggerate them. Every country in which we are concerned testifies to the truth of what I say. I reap no advantage from their fall, nor shall; fully content if peace is restored, and as much as can be of our Constitution, credit, and felicity. Adieu!

LETTER CCCLXXV.

May 5th, 1782.

I HAVE given the new Administration time to breathe; that is, I did

by a very great majority; since which, the different associations in Ireland have come to resolutions to assert their independence. This has been followed by tumults at Dublin. Lord Carlisle, the Lord Lieutenant, has not dared to stir out of his Castle; and Eden, his Secretary, was near receiving personal violence from the populace as he was setting off for England. The object of his journey was to bring Lord Carlisle's resignation of his vice-royalty, and to represent to the Ministers the state of affairs in Ireland; but on his arrival, he found the Ministry changed, and Lord Carlisle deprived of the lord-lieutenancy of the East Riding of Yorkshire, and also of the vice-royalty of Ireland; which was now conferred on the Duke of Portland. Piqued at this affront, as he considered it, to Lord Carlisle, he refused to give the Secretaries of State any information; but told them he should, on the first day of the Commons meeting, make a motion relative to the affairs of Ireland. Accordingly, last Monday, he moved to repeal a clause in an act of George I. which declares the supremacy of the British over the Irish Legislature. The Ministers, particularly Fox, complained loudly of the very uncandid manner in which Eden had behaved. They said, that, for themselves, having no information of the state of affairs in Ireland, or of that people's demands, they could not judge how far the measure proposed was proper; but that it seemed, like all the measures of the late Ministers, designed to palliate, not eradicate, the evil: that the present Ministers intended to make such a settlement of the affairs of Ireland as would be agreeable to both countries, and remove all fears and jealousies for the future. Eden was desired by a number of Members to withdraw his motion, but for a long time he refused. General Conway talked of moving a vote of censure on him: at last he complied with the wishes of the House." Life, vol. i. p. 218.—ED.

* In the course of his speech in the House of Commons, on the first day of its meeting after the adjournment, Mr. Fox said, "that, since he and his colleagues

not send you details of removals* and preferments, that were the mere business of taking possession, and which affect individuals, not the public, and consequently not you. Since their first entry, the most notifiable event, of that sort too, was the disposition of the Garters, given to one of the Princes, to the Dukes of Richmond and Devonshire, and to Lord Shelburne; the last a little unprecedented, as he is but a recent Irish Earl, and a more recent English Baron. The King had unaccountably reserved four—certainly, not on purpose for the three persons last named! Lord Ashburnham, to whom one had been promised, and who was still more unaccountably saved, as Groom of the Stole, by his Majesty, with the Duke of Montagu, when the new *Regents* left him the choice of two for mercy, has resigned in dudgeon, and not very gratefully; as *two* garters had certainly not been left to the King's nomination. The late success of Admiral Barrington† against the equipment from Brest is more substantial gilding, and illustrates the dawn of the new system. I wish I saw any symptoms of peace.

had come into office, they had found many more instances of the shameful neglect and mismanagement of the late Ministers even than they had suspected; such instances of mismanagement, as would render public inquiries on the subject necessary."—Ed.

* In consequence of the political revolution which had taken place, the Drawing-room at St. James's underwent a considerable alteration in its appearance. The Earl of Hertford, who had held the white wand of Chamberlain for more than fifteen years, and whose presence in the circle seemed almost essential to its existence, was succeeded by the duke of Manchester; and Lord Effingham became Treasurer of the Household, in the place of Lord Salisbury; but no removal was more regretted by the King than that of Lord Bateman, who had held, during many years, the post of Master of the Buck-hounds. On the subject of these removals, Hannah More wrote thus: "It has affected me very much to hear of our King's being constrained to part with all his confidential friends, and his own personal servants, in the late general sweep. Out of a hundred stories, I will only tell you one which concerns your old acquaintance Lord Bateman: he went to the King, as usual, over-night, to ask if his Majesty would please to hunt the next day; 'Yes, my Lord,' replied the King, 'but I find, with great grief, that I am not to have the satisfaction of your company.' This was the first intimation he had of the loss of his place." Life, vol. i. p. 251.—Ed.

† Lord Keppel's appointment, as First Lord of the Admiralty, infused a new spirit into the navy; and several distinguished officers, who had been excluded from employment, were immediately restored to the service. On the 13th of April, Admiral the Honourable Samuel Barrington hoisted his flag on board the Britannia, a first-rate, in which he was despatched with a squadron to intercept a French fleet bound to the East Indies. Of these, the ships under his command succeeded in capturing eleven out of eighteen transports, and the Pégase and l'Actionnaire, men-of-war of seventy-four guns and seven hundred men. The Pégase was engaged and captured by the gallant Captain Jervis, afterwards Earl St. Vincent; who was separated from his companions by a fog. He came up with her at one o'clock at night, and, after a close engagement of three quarters of an hour, compelled her to strike. In his report to the Admiralty of this action, Admiral Barrington said, "My pen is not equal to the praise due to the good conduct, bravery, and discipline of Captain Jervis, his officers and seamen, on this occasion. Let his own modest narrative speak for itself." The Admiral also, in relating to a friend the result of the squadron's cruize, thus wrote: "But the Pégase is every

Reformation* is begun, and is decorated with the King's name, who has given up many employments in the Court and its purlieus. Other popular bills, that aim at ransoming the House of Commons from its late servility to the Crown, do not pass so glibly. The Chancellor resists them tooth and nail in the other House,† and it is supposed, will not want support from his former associates in due time, nor perhaps from some of his new. These hints will prevent your surprise, should the new machine receive any jolt. There is another public business on the carpet, not connected with politics, that is no small one. Sir Thomas Rumbold, a Nabob, swelled from nothing to a million, is likely to be obliged to disgorge.

A much more important, Ireland, is yet unsettled. It must be settled, and to their own liking. These outlines will help you to a clue through the newspapers—I pretend to no more.

One of the Duchess of Gloucester's daughters is married; the ceremony took place this morning. I am just come from Lady Laura's wedding with her cousin, Lord Chewton,‡ at Gloucester House. The Duke himself gave her away. I am returning thither for the Court at night, when the Duchess receives compliments: but the married pair are gone out of town, though it is the depth of winter. Never was there such a spring! After deluges of rain, we have had an east wind that has half-starved London; as a fleet of colliers can-

thing, and does the highest honour to Jervis. What a noble creature! were we all like him, what might not be our expectations! Is it not surprising that he should take a ship of equal force, without losing a man? He, poor fellow, has got an honourable mark above his eye, which I conceive will be of no bad consequence, rather the reverse; for as a man of middle age, it may make his fortune. The fair honour the brave, and we suppose, delight in kissing the honourable mark." See the interesting and very valuable Memoirs of Earl St. Vincent, by J. S. Tucker, Esq., vol. i. p. 74.—Ed.

* The great plan of reform and economy in the Civil List expenditure was again brought forward by Mr. Burke, now become Paymaster of the Forces, and introduced to the House of Commons, on the 15th of April, by a message from the King, recommending "the consideration of an effectual plan of economy through all the branches of the public expenditure, and stating that he had taken into his actual consideration a reform and regulation in his Civil expenditure, which he would shortly cause to be laid before the House." The address thereon was moved by Mr. Burke; who, in the beginning of May, brought in his celebrated Bill to carry into a law the retrenchments which his Majesty proposed to make in the Royal Household.—Ed.

† Two bills, one to prevent Contractors from sitting in Parliament, and the other for excluding Officers of the Excise and Customs from voting at Elections, were speedily carried through the House of Commons; but in their passage through the Lords, they experienced opposition from the Chancellor, as well as from Lords Mansfield and Loughborough. "Thurlow," says Wraxall, "while holding in his hand the Great Seal, and in his own person a member of the Cabinet, expressed, with that gloomy indignation which characterized his style of speaking, the disapprobation that he felt at such inroads on the Majesty of the Crown as well as on the franchises of the subject. Unawed by the appearance of Fox and Burke, who, to show the interest they took in their success, usually appeared on the steps of the Throne while the bills were debating, the Chancellor animadverted upon them with the utmost severity, and divided in the minority."—Ed.

‡ George Waldegrave, eldest son of John, third Earl of Waldegrave; whom he succeeded in the title in 1784.

not get in. Coals were sold yesterday at seven guineas a chaldron; nor is there an entire leaf yet on any tree. Yet I can prove it is past the first of May by a *bon-mot* of George Selwyn that is much in fashion. He called on me that morning (the day the milk-maids and chimney-sweepers dance about with garlands:) "We have heard so much lately," said he, "of the *Majesty of the People*, that, meeting the chimney-sweepers with their crowns of gilt paper, I suppose they are taken for the *Princess of the People*, and that this day is a Collar-day."*

When are you to have the Pope returned on your hands? I hear the Emperor walled up every door but one of the palace in which he is lodged, and set guards at it.

Your last is of April the 13th. You had not then heard of the Revolution, but was still talking of Minorca; which was totally absorbed in the late change, and has not emerged since, nor do I think it will, at least not from want of matter. Such a revulsion as the late one may stun; it does not compose. Virtue and reformation may give the new Ministers some momentary popularity, but it will not be equally durable with the resentment of the displaced and the cashiered; nor do I take the late crew to be so punctilious as the late Opposition: nor is the nation so very virtuously disposed, as to be genuine admirers of reformation. People must be wondrously changed, if they vote as readily from esteem as they used to do for pay. Esteem is no principle of union. When men are paid, they must vote for what they are bidden to vote. They will have a thousand vagaries when at liberty to vote for what they fancy right or not. The Ministers† must continually

* The following is Hannah More's version of George's *bon-mot:* "Lord Pembroke came in laughing; I asked what diverted him. He told me he had met George Selwyn, who found himself very much annoyed in the street, with chimney-sweeping boys; they were very clamorous; surrounded, daubed, and persecuted him; in short, they would not let him go, till they had forced money from him: at length he made them a low bow, and cried, 'Gentlemen, I have often heard of the *Majesty* of the People; I presume your Highnesses are in Court mourning.'" Life, vol. i. p. 254.—Ed.

† The state of the Rockingham Administration in May 1782, is thus described by Nicholls: "The Cabinet was composed of eleven: five Rockinghams, five Shelburnes, the King retaining one, viz. Lord Thurlow. Every man saw that such a Cabinet was formed for contention, and that it could not long hold together. Every day brought forth new proof of the hatred of the parties to each other. The Rockinghams every where abuse Lord Shelburne for want of good-faith. The reply of the Shelburnes was, that they were noways pledged to Lord Rockingham. If any man applied to Lord Rockingham for an employment, and failed to obtain it, he had but to signify this the next day to the Earl of Shelburne, who immediately got the place for him. On the other hand, if a man went first to the Earl of Shelburne, his answer was 'You should not apply to me, I am not the Minister: Lord Rockingham is the Minister; he is the man to whom you should apply.' I had an acquaintance who succeeded with both of them: it was Humphrey Sturt, the Member for Dorsetshire. He applied to Lord Rockingham for a writership, in Bengal, for a younger son. Lord Rockingham answered, 'After the support you have uniformly given us, Mr. Sturt, you certainly are entitled to ask for such a favour; you shall have it.' A few days after, Mr. Sturt met the Earl of Shelburne riding in the Park. 'Why, Sturt,' said the Earl, 'how could you think of applying to the Marquis of

propose or support popular questions, or even yield to those who are running races of popularity with them; while the advocates for prerogative are crying out against inroads made on it. All this, I have no doubt, will happen, unless some master-genius gains the ascendant. Mr. Fox alone seems to be such a man. He already shines as greatly in place as he did in opposition, though infinitely more difficult a task. He is now as indefatigable as he was idle. He has perfect temper, and not on only good-humour but good-nature; and, which is the first quality in a Prime Minister in a free country, has more common sense than any man, with amazing parts, that are neither ostentatious nor affected. Lord North had wit and good-humour, but neither temper, nor feeling, nor activity, nor good-breeding. Lord Chatham was a blazing meteor that scattered war with success, but sunk to nothing in peace. Perhaps I am partial to Charles Fox, because he resembles my father in good-sense—I wish he had his excellent constitution too; yet his application to business may preserve his life, which his former dissipation constantly endangered.* Another advantage we have is in Mr. Conway's being at the head of the Army. With him no body stands in competition. His military knowledge is unquestionably without a rival. His predecessor, Lord Amherst, was as much below all rivals. There is no word for him but downright stupidity. Had five thousand French landed while he commanded, he was totally incapable of preparing or putting in motion the least opposition. I could tell you facts that would not be believed, though known to every ensign in the army. The Fleet will now be united, and want none of its best officers. Lord Sandwich, though certainly a man of abilities, was grown obstinate, peevish, intractable, and was not born for great actions. He loved subtlety and tricks and indirect paths, qualities repugnant to genius. Still, I conclude, as I used to do before the change,

Rockingham for a writership for your son? I thought it would suit you, and I kept a Bengal writership for you.' 'My Lord, I have another younger son; give me your writership for him.' Lord Shelburne could not disengage himself from this voluntary offer, and Humphrey Sturt got both the writerships." Recollections, p. 46.—Ed.

* "This session," says Nicholls, in his Recollections, "was the glorious campaign of Charles Fox; his health was entire, his troops followed him with confidence; he felt that he was gaining ground on every debate,

'His spirit lent a fire
E'en to the meanest peasant in the camp.'

I still retain the remembrance of the pleasure which I experienced from the events of that session; and, whatever mistakes Charles Fox might afterwards make, the service he did his country at that time can never be forgotten. His exertions terminated the contest: had it been continued much longer, the country must have sunk." Speaking of Mr. Fox in the following year, Mr. Burke said, "He has faults; but they are faults that, though they may in a small degree tarnish the lustre and sometimes impede the march of his abilities, have nothing in them to extinguish the fire of great virtues. In those faults there is no mixture of deceit, of hypocrisy, of pride, of ferocity, of complexioned despotism, or want of feeling for the distresses of mankind."—Ed.

let us have peace! We certainly are so far nearer to it, that these Ministers will leave nothing vigorous unattempted while the war lasts. The last neither thought of peace, nor took one proper step towards success in the war. The nation must have been utterly undone, had they remained a year longer in power. They thought their power secure, and really cared about nothing else; and many of them and all their tools and creatures wished for, and talked for, arbitrary power, as a compensation for all our misfortunes and disgraces. Indeed, I tell you the truth. I have seen it and known it long, and have not the smallest private interest in my opinions. From my father's death to my own it will be evident, that I never received a favour for myself from any other Minister of whatever party.

LETTER CCCLXXVI.

Berkeley Square, May 18, 1782.

Fortune's weathercock has changed once more in our favour; we were drowning, but now ride again in triumph through the streets of our capital, the Ocean. Two days ago we learnt the conquest of the principal Dutch settlement—on Ceylon;* and, as we have not many tributary monarchs left, I suppose, shall bully that Emperor, like our predecessors. We expect to be up to the ears in rubies, elephants, cinnamon and pepper. However, as the House of Commons has at last had the decency to call some of our abominable Nabobs to account, and are going to squeeze Sir Thomas Rumbold's sacks of diamonds, and rupees, it is to be hoped that the poor Ceylonists will be plundered less impudently. I am partial to them, having been intimate with them as the isle of Serendep, from the days of the Arabian Nights.

But riches and cinnamon are baubles in comparison of glory. To-day we hear that Sir George Rodney has defeated—ay, and taken—Monsieur de Grasse in his own ship, La Ville de Paris, of a hundred and ten guns, three others of seventy-four, one of sixty-four, and sunk another of the line.† We have lost three hundred, have seven

* On the 11th of January, the Dutch forts and settlements of Trincomale in the island of Ceylon, celebrated for its produce of the cinnamon-tree, were taken possession of by the combined forces, under the command of Sir Edward Hughes and General Sir Hector Monro.—Ed.

† On the 18th of May, the country was thrown into a delirium of joy, by receiving the intelligence of Admiral Rodney's victory over Count de Grasse, on the 12th of April. The scene of action lay between the islands of Gaudaloupe, Dominique, the Saints, and Marigalante; and bounded both to windward and leeward by very dangerous shores. The battle commenced about seven in the morning, and was continued with unremitting fury until near the same hour in the evening. Thirty-six chests of money, destined to the pay and subsistence of the troops in the designed invasion of Jamaica, were found in the Ville de Paris; a ship remarkable for her size and beauty, and which had been a present from the City of Paris to Louis XV. in that fallen state of the French marine which prevailed towards the close of the

hundred wounded (whom, alas! a West India climate will not recover,) three captains, and Lord Robert Manners, a fine young fellow, only brother of the Duke of Rutland, who died of his wounds on the passage,*—but not one ship; yet you see the action must have been bloody. Rodney was recalled by the new Admiralty, but recovers from his falls with marvellous agility. The late Ministers are thus robbed of a victory that ought to have been theirs; but the mob do not look into the almanack. The city of Westminster has just

former ruinous war against England. Wraxall who states that he had an account of the engagement from Lord Cranston, who was sent to take possession of the ship, as well as to receive De Grasse's sword, says: "The French Admiral had received a contusion in the loins from a splinter, but was otherwise unhurt; a circumstance the more remarkable, as he had been, during the whole action, exposed to a destructive fire, which swept away almost all his officers. He was a tall, robust, and martial figure; presenting, in that moment, an object of respect, no less than of concern and sympathy. He could not recover from the astonishment into which he was plunged at seeing, in the course of so short a time, his vessel taken, his fleet defeated, and himself a prisoner."—Ed.

* Crabbe, the poet, who had this year, through the powerful recommendation of Mr. Burke, been appointed domestic chaplain to the Duke of Rutland, has given, in a note to his poem of "The Village," an interesting memoir of the heroic young commander: "Lord Robert's last action," says he "was that memorable one of the 12th of April 1782, when the Resolution engaged very desperately nine or ten of the enemy, in breaking through their line; which she did, the third ship to the Admiral. It was in this attempt that Lord Robert had both his legs shattered, and his right arm broken at the same instant: his mind, however, remained unsubdued; for neither at that, nor at any future period, neither when he was under the most painful operations, nor when he became sensible of his approaching fate, did he betray one symptom of fear or regret. It was with great reluctance he suffered himself to be carried to the surgeon's apartment, and he objected to the amputation of his leg, because he had conceived it would prevent his continuance on board his ship; but, being assured to the contrary, he permitted the surgeon to proceed. At this time all his thoughts and inquiries were directed to the event of the day; which being soon after announced to him, every consideration of his own misfortune was suspended, and he both felt and expressed the greatest joy and exultation on a victory so important to his country, and so fatal to himself. Being persuaded to return to England, he was removed on board the Andromache frigate; but, before he quitted the Resolution, he ordered every man whose good conduct had been remarkable during his command to come into his cabin; where he thanked him for his attention to his duty, and gave each a present of money, as a token of his particular regard. He prepared for his approaching fate with the utmost calmness and composure of mind; and, having settled his worldly affairs with his accustomed regularity and despatch, he ended a life of glory with resignation and prayer." Lord Robert survived till the 24th of April. In the admirable Life of the Poet, by his Son, the following affecting instance of the Duke of Rutland's affection for his brother is recorded: "Some short time previous to his lordship's death, his hat, perforated with balls, was sent at the Duke's request to Belvoir Castle. The Duke first held it up with a shout of exultation and triumph, glorying in the bravery of his beloved brother; and then, as the thought of his danger flashed suddenly on his mind, sank on his chair in a burst of natural and irrepressible feeling. A few months after Lord Robert's death, my father accompanied his Grace to London, and went to the studio of the Royal Academician Stothard; where he consoled his sorrow by giving directions for the painting of the beautiful picture from which the well-known print of the melancholy event is engraved." Crabbe's Life and Poems, vol. i. p. 117.—Ed.

nominated our young Cicero, Mr. William Pitt, to replace Sir George as their representative at the next general election; the latter being a little under a cloud from his rapacity at St. Eustatia.* Now Mr. Pitt must exert some oratorical modesty, and beg not to dethrone a hero!

These naval rostra arrived very opportunely to stay our impatience for a victory over the Dutch, which we have expected a good week from Lord Howe's hands—charming victories, if they facilitate peace! We have two negociators actually at Paris; the principal, Mr. Thomas Grenville,† whom you saw so lately. It will be one of Fortune's caprices, if the son of the author of the Stamp Act and of the war is the mediator of peace.

Lest we should be too exalted by these successes, we yesterday drank a cup of humiliation. Both Houses, in very few hours, signed the absolute Independence of Ireland.‡ I shall not be surprised if our whole trinity is dissolved, and if Scotland should demand a dissolution of the Union. Strange if she alone doesn ot profit of our distresses. It is very true, she has grown more fond of availing herself of our prosperity.

There, there is a better cargo of news than I have sent you for some years!

I have received yours with the melancholy account of Lady William Campbell, and the one enclosed for General Conway. I shall probably see him this evening, for I am confined by a little gout in my foot. I caught a violent cold last week, which turned to a fever and great oppression on my breast. Two bleedings carried off all entirely; but, as I expected, left me this gout in lieu. However, I know better how to manage an English mastiff that I am used to, than a tiger from Afric.

* "Admiral Pigot, who had been appointed a Lord of the Admiralty, and promoted to the rank of Admiral of the Blue, was sent to the West Indies, to supersede Sir George Rodney, who was considered to have acted harshly in the capture of Eustatia, by confiscating the property of its inhabitants. Pigot was despatched, and could scarcely have sailed, when the news of Rodney's famous victory over Count de Grasse arrived in England. Keppel, who at once perceived the impropriety of recalling Rodney at such a moment, sent an express to stop his sailing, but it was too late: a fast-sailing cutter was then despatched, but was also unsuccessful in overtaking him." Life of Keppel, vol. ii. p. 379.—Ed.

† In the month of April, the British Cabinet made propositions for peace to the Court of Versailles, with a view to a general peace; and despatched Mr. Thomas Grenville to Paris for that purpose. The other Commissioner mentioned by Walpole was Mr. Oswald. Admiral Digby and Sir Guy Carleton were also sent to America, with instructions to offer an immediate acknowledgment of the independence of the thirteen colonies.—Ed.

‡ On the 17th of May, the two Secretaries of State, Lord Shelburne and Mr. Fox, moved in both Houses the repeal of the Act of George I., for the better securing the dependency of Ireland upon the Crown of Great Britain; and also, that it was indispensable to the interest and happiness of both kingdoms, that the connexion between the two countries should be established, by mutual consent, upon a solid and permanent footing. The motions passed without opposition; and, in return for this liberal procedure, the Parliament of Ireland voted 100,000*l.* for the purpose of raising twenty thousand Irish seamen.—Ed.

I am concerned for your loss of Patch.* He had great merit in my eyes in bringing to light the admirable paintings of Masaccio, so little known out of Florence till his prints disclosed them.

As our trophies arrived to-day, I was impatient to seize them for you; but the post set out last night, and will not depart again till Tuesday, by which time I may be able to send you another naval crown. I hate myself for being so like a sportsman, who is going out to hunt, and hopes to be able to make his friend a present of more game; but I doubt we must wade through more destruction to peace. What idiots are mankind to sacrifice themselves to the frantic passions of a few! The slain only pass for rubbish, of which the use is destroyed: who thinks on them? I do not quite love your Emperor, though he has demolished convents. I doubt he calculates, that, the more copulation is encouraged, the more soldiers he shall have.

21st.

Lord Howe's victory is not yet hatched; we reckon him in pursuit of the Dutch. The whole town was illuminated to Rodney's health on Saturday night. I was just going to bed in pain, when a mob, the masters of our ceremonies, knocked outrageously at the door, and would scarce have patience till the servants could put out lights; and till three in the morning there was no sleeping for rockets and squibs. Lord Robert Manners lost one leg and had the other and one arm broken, yet lived three weeks in good spirits, till the locked jaw came. How many others, of whom one shall not hear, because they were not young Lords!

After dinner.

The Dutch fleet have escaped into the Texel, and Lord Howe is expected back into the Channel.†

LETTER CCCLXXVII.

Strawberry Hill, June 10, 1782.

Since the naval triumph in the West Indies, I have had no public event to send you, nor any thing else but journals of the epidemic disorder, which has been so universal and so little fatal, that a dozen names would comprise all I know who have escaped it, or died of it.

* An English painter settled at Florence.

† Early in May, Lord Howe, who had been promoted to the rank of Admiral of the Blue, created a British peer, and appointed to the command of a powerful fleet, proceeded with twelve sail of the line to the coast of Holland, in the hope of intercepting, or at least confining, the enemy, and of frustrating any designs he might have formed upon our North Sea and Baltic trade. The Dutch fleet had already sailed, but the intelligence of Lord Howe's movements obliged them to return hastily to the Texel.—Ed.

The strangest part of it is, that, though of very short duration, it has left a weakness or lassitude, of which people find it very difficult to recover. One has had nothing to do but send messages of inquiry after one's acquaintance; and yet, no servants to send on those messages. The theatres were shut up, the Birth-day empty, and the Ball to-night a solitude. My codicil of gout confined me three weeks. I came hither to-day to air myself, though still very lame, and it is so cold that I am writing close to the fire. We are paying the fine of three sultry summers together. I was afraid we should have had too much *fire* too; but we have narrowly escaped a contested election at Westminster. Some of the late Ministers set up the new Lord Hood in the room of the new Lord Rodney; and the new Ministers, not very prudently I think,* named a Sir Cecil Wray, very unknown. Fortunately, Lord Hood's friends declared against his being a candidate.

I do not hear of the peace advancing. They say, the King of France is *obstinate;* which, by courtiers, is always called *firm.* This is unusual: France commonly is the only nation that has sense enough not to persist on an ill-run, but to leave off play, and wait for better luck. However, I have hopes yet. The change of Administration, and the disposition of the new one to grant independence, must please the Americans; and as France, by the demolition of De Grasse's fleet, can send no reinforcements to America, the latter must see that this is the moment to shake off dependence on France as well as on England. The contribution, too, of twenty thousand seamen from Ireland must be sorely felt by our enemies.

The old Ministers have begun to revive a little, but have had no cause from success to be proud of their bickerings. Lord North, Lord Loughborough, and Lord Hillsborough have been most severely handled for their flippancies by Charles Fox, the Duke of Richmond, and Lord Shelburne; and all the new measures have been carried far more triumphantly than was expected.† Still, I do not doubt whatever impediments can be thrown in their way, will be: but I am no dealer in futurities.

We expect Mrs. Damer every hour. Mr. Conway and Lady Ailesbury have told me how infinitely sensible they are of your attentions and goodness to Lady William.

I shall not go to town till Wednesday, and therefore shall not finish this till Friday, by which time I may have more to say.

* "By Rodney's being created a peer, his seat in Parliament is become vacant. Hood has been proposed to succeed him; but the Westminster committee have named another candidate. This opposition to Hood is said to be ungenerous and ungrateful; but why, is more than I can tell, unless a seat in Parliament is to be considered merely as a reward, a titular dignity; or unless it be proved that the same qualities are requisite to make a good senator as to constitute a brave Admiral." Sir S. Romilly to the Rev. J. Roget, Life, vol. i. p. 231.—Ed.

† Several warm debates had taken place in both Houses on the recall of Admiral Rodney by the new Ministers.—Ed.

Thursday, 13th, London.

There are letters from France which say, that their losses in the West Indies are greater than we know yet. I hate to be hoping that any misfortunes are true; but, fortunately, one's wishes do not add a hair to the scale, except one is a stock-jobber. Such gentry coin disasters, to cheat some body by sinking the funds without cause. If gospels mended mankind, there should have been a new sermon preached on the Mount, since 'Change Alley was built, and since money-changers were driven out of the Temple over all Europe.

Friday, 14th.

Mrs. Damer arrived last night. She looks in better health than when she went; but I cannot say, at all plumper. She said, "Pray, tell Sir Horace how much obliged to him I am;" and, do you know, she added, that "he is not only one of the most amiable men in the world, but the most agreeable." I see that you understood her as well as she does you; for you have given her an antique foot that is the perfection of sculpture. I have not time to add a word more, but that she told me that at Paris the universal language is, that the late change in the English Ministry *est bien malheureux pour la France.*

LETTER CCCLXXVIII.

Monday night, July 1st, 1782.

This is to announce an important event which you could not expect. Lord Rockingham died at one o'clock at noon to-day. You will want to ask one, and many other questions, which no body in London can answer yet. Who is to be First Minister? Will the new Administration continue?—Stay,—till I can tell you the first, it is in vain to proceed in your interrogatories—I may as well go back for a few days. This letter will not depart till to-morrow night. Whether I shall be able to tell you more by that time, can I guess?

This death was not a sudden one. The Marquis has been ill above a week, and in danger for some days. At first Dr. Warren thought it water in his stomach, then changed his opinion; Sir Noah Thomas doubted whether it was water. It signifies little now what it was. He was always of a very bad constitution.* I remember an elder

* The Marquis of Rockingham, though only fifty-two years of age, already sunk under an infirm and debilitated constitution. Early in June he had been attacked by an epidemic disease, to which was given the name of influenza. The Marquis appeared in the House of Lords for the last time on the 3rd of June; where he both spoke and voted in support of the bill for preventing Revenue officers from voting at elections. In the course of his speech, he said, that the disorder universally prevalent affected him so violently, that at times he was not completely in possession of himself. Leaving no issue, the greater part of his vast landed property, as well as his borough interest, descended to his nephew, Earl Fitzwilliam.—Ed.

brother of his at Eton, who was subject to violent convulsions, and died of them. Lord Rockingham was extremely splenetic about his health (the consequence of bad,) and some years ago wanted to have his side opened, believing that he had an abscess there. Six weeks ago, I heard that Dr. Warren told him he could not live if he continued in business.

Well! no man ever before attained twice the great object of his wishes, and enjoyed it both times for so short a season: the first time but a year—now, not four months. The death of the late Duke of Devonshire, and the want of a leader, set Lord Rockingham at the head of the Whigs, from his rank, great fortune, and fair character. Those were his pretensions and merit. His parts were by no means great: he was nervous, and mere necessity alone made him at all a speaker in Parliament; where, though he spoke good sense, neither flattery nor partiality could admire or applaud. He was rather trifling and dilatory in business than indolent. Virtues and amiability he must have possessed; for his party esteemed him highly, and his friends loved him with unalterable attachment. In the excess of faction that we have seen, he was never abused; and no man in public life, I believe, had ever fewer enemies.* His death may be more remembered than his actions would have been, and may have greater consequences than any plan of *his* would have had; for he countenanced a system rather than instigated it. Whoever is his successor will not be of so negative a character.

This is the second prime minister I have seen die in office. I do not believe the current will glide on as smoothly as it did on Mr. Pelham's death; but that moment was very different from this! I could make divers reflections on all I have seen and known in a long life—but I will not.

Adieu! till to-morrow—not that I expect to be able to tell you more of the Administration then. If you do not hear again by Friday's post, you will conclude that nothing is settled. You have known longer interministeriums.

Tuesday, after dinner.

The evening comes on, and I must go out, without being able to

* The following is a portion of the inscription upon the pedestal of Lord Rockingham's statue, in the mausoleum at Wentworth, from the pen of his friend Burke: "A statesman in whom constancy, fidelity, sincerity, and directness were the sole instruments of his policy. His virtues were his arts. A clear, sound, unadulterated sense, not perplexed with intricate design, or disturbed by ungoverned passion, gave consistency, dignity, and effect to all his measures. In Opposition he respected the principles of government, in Administration he provided for the liberties of the people. He employed his moments of power in realizing every thing which he had promised in a popular situation. The virtues of his public and private life were not in him of different characters. It was the same feeling, benevolent mind, that, in the internal relations of life, conciliates the unfeigned love of those who see men as they are, which made him an inflexible patriot. By his prudence and patience he brought about a party, which it was the great object of his labours to render permanent, not as an instrument of ambition, but as a living depository of principle."—Ed.

tell you more than I wrote last night. Because they do not know, the town has guessed many successors—as Lord Shelburne, the Dukes of Richmond, Portland, and Devonshire, and Lord Gower. The first and last may be candidates: I believe none of the Dukes are. From my late letters you may perceive that there might be still a sixth person in question, but who certainly will not be,—I mean, not successor: but you must have patience; and it is better not to be surprised, whatever you shall hear. I shall be much surprised, if nothing happens to surprise you. Adieu!

LETTER CCCLXXIX.

Berkeley Square, July 7, 1782.

I do not pretend to be a prophet; at least, I confess I am one of that wary sort, who take care to be very sure of what will happen before they venture to foretell. I ordered you to expect to be surprised—no very wise way of surprising! In truth, I did foresee that Lord Rockingham's death would produce a very new scene; and so it has: but is it possible to give an account of what is only beginning? The few real facts that have actually happened are all that one can relate with certainty. They will open wide fields of conjectures to you, and, at your distance, probably not very just ones; nor, as I affect no sagacity, shall I offer you a clue that may lead you as much out of the way.

Lord Rockingham died on Monday. On Tuesday it was known amongst the Ministers, that Lord Shelburne was to succeed.* This

* "Within three hours," says Mr. Nicholls, "after the Marquis of Rockingham's death was known, a friend of mine called on Charles Fox. The question which naturally occurred was, 'Who is to succeed Lord Rockingham as First Lord of the Treasury?' Mr. Fox replied, 'I think it must be the Earl of Shelburne; he is first oars, and I do not see how we can resist his claim.' But Mr. Burke had afterwards sufficient influence with Mr. Fox and the other leaders of the Rockingham party, to prevail on them to resist the appointment of the Earl. He insisted that the Duke of Portland should be sent for from Ireland, and appointed First Lord. This proposal was offensive, even to some of the Rockingham party, particularly to the Duke of Richmond; who said, that, as the Duke of Portland was provided for in Ireland, he himself had a better claim to be considered as the head of the Rockingham party. But this was not acceptable to Mr. Burke. At a meeting held soon after at Earl Fitzwilliam's, Mr. Burke used such coarse language respecting the Earl of Shelburne, that intercourse, even in appearance friendly, could no longer exist between the parties." Recollections, p. 49. Mr. Prior, however, contradicts the assertion, that the resignations which immediately followed, arose from the irritation of Mr. Burke: "On the contrary," he says, "the suggestion came from Mr. Fox, whose importance, from the situation he held, was more directly affected. It is undoubtedly true, that both, while they disagreed with Lord Shelburne on some public points, entertained a strong personal dislike to the man; he, in return, is said to have felt quite as cordial an aversion to them, (particularly to Mr. Burke,) from a jealousy of being constantly outworked and outshone by them in Parliament, added to their greater estimation in popular opinion, and standing in the midst of his path to power." Life of Burke, p. 268.—Ed.

was not unforeseen; but did not please those the better who were disposed to dislike it. Lord John Cavendish, who had most unwillingly been dragged into the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, declared, that nothing should make him retain it under any other man than his late friend, for whose sake he had undertaken it. Mr. Fox more directly protested against Lord Shelburne. The Duke of Richmond and General Conway endeavoured to prevent disunion in the new system, and on Wednesday night did not despair; but on Thursday, at Court, Mr. Fox arrived, took Lord Shelburne aside, asked him abruptly, if he was to be First Lord of the Treasury; and, being answered in the affirmative, said, "then, my Lord, I shall resign"—went into the Closet, and left the Seals, which he had brought in his pocket, with the King.

The schism begun, has gone farther. Every body knew that the Rockingham and Shelburne squadrons, who had never been cordial even in opposition, had with great difficulty been brought to coalesce in the formation of the Administration; and some knew, that their conjunction had not proceeded with much amity. In the first moment, it was still hoped by moderate men that the breach—I mean the present—would not go far; as many disapprove Mr. Fox's precipitation.* But he and Lord John had not taken their part with indifference. A meeting of the late Marquis's friends was held yesterday at Lord Fitzwilliam's—the nephew or Octavius of the late Cæsar, but no more likely to be an Augustus, than the Marquis was a Julius.

After a debate of six hours the whole junto, except the Duke of

* In the House of Commons, on the 9th of July, Mr. Fox stated, that the cause of his resignation was a difference of opinion upon some essential points between him and those who remained in his Majesty's councils. General Conway, after insinuating that disappointment in a contest for power was the real cause of Mr. Fox's resignation, positively declared that, in his judgment, there was no disagreement in the Cabinet sufficient to justify Mr. Fox in withdrawing himself from it. This declaration from one of the Ministers made it necessary for Mr. Fox to rise again. He acknowledged that the appointment of Lord Shelburne to be First Lord of the Treasury, was one reason which induced him to retire. Since that promotion, he said, the Administration was no longer that which the Parliament and the nation had brought in; that he had not the least confidence in the present Administration, and that he had, as was his duty, resigned: he did not affect such a stoic indifference for what all the rest of the world earnestly aspired to, as to pretend that he had, without regret, resigned high distinctions of fortune, power, honour, and glory; but he did not hesitate a moment to give up all these advantages, rather than submit to the treachery and infamy of continuing in office, and patronizing by his name an Administration and its measures, which, in his conscience, he disapproved and believed dangerous to the country. Mr. Burke exclaimed, with uncommon warmth, that he had no confidence in the Administration, constituted as it now was; that he saw in them, indeed, 'satis eloquentiæ, sed sapientiæ parum;' and that in his soul he believed the government was more safely entrusted to the hands of the late Ministry. Mr. Pitt answered them in severe terms; said that their great talents ought to be considered at that time as public property; and that to withhold their assistance from the public when it stood so much in need of them was a species of treachery. He ascribed their resignation to a dislike of men, and not of measures; to private pique, and not to public grounds. See Life of Pitt, vol. i. p. 83, and Life of Romilly, vol. i. p. 237.—Ed.

Richmond, resolved to secede; but, by *whole junto*, you must not understand all who have been adherents to Lord Rockingham. Some who had been, would not attend this novel institution of hereditary right, nor understand why the Government is to be permanent in two or three great families, like the Hebrew priesthood in one tribe; General Conway, you may be sure, was not of that assembly. He never would attach himself to either or any faction; and, though they may change their note, the dissidents themselves yet allow that they have no claim to his allegiance, and that he always acts by the rule of right—they forget that that law ought to supersede the ties of party.

Mr. Fox's proclamation of his pretensions—which I allow are very good, if qualifications gave a right of succession, (which he did not indeed directly claim, naming the Duke of Portland for successor to Lord Rockingham, who certainly would not degenerate if insufficience proved the true heir,)—has called forth a rival, who it was foreseen, must become so sooner or later. Don't you anticipate me, and cry out "What! Mr. William Pitt?" Yes! he is to be Secretary of State—at two and twenty—that is some glory![*]

What else is to be, I am sure I cannot tell you. Perhaps by Tuesday night more may be settled; for, as the Parliament is to rise on Wednesday, the posts that may be vacant will be filled up, for the new writs to issue. Guesses I do not name, not to be obliged to contradict them. The new Opposition will be weak in numbers, and have none at all but dignified cyphers in the House of Lords. Lord Rockinham's party was not numerous, though the strongest of any single faction; and it loses its real chief, the Duke of Richmond, and a few more. Fox and Burke are its only efficient men. There are other points on which you might wish to question me; but I do not choose to *write* more than might be in the newspapers, but with this difference, that I relate nothing but facts that have entity.

* Lord Shelburne having been promoted to the head of the Treasury, and Mr. Fox and Lord John Cavendish having resigned their respective situations, Mr. Thomas Townsend and Lord Grantham were made Secretaries of State, and Mr. Pitt Chancellor of the Exchequer. "Thus," says the Bishop of Winchester, "did Mr. Pitt, when he was little more than twenty-three years old, attain the important office of Finance Minister in the House of Commons, where all measures relative to the revenue must originate; and at a time when the pecuniary concerns of the country were known to be in a state of the greatest embarrassment in consequence of a long and expensive war, which still continued. He did not, like other eminent statesmen, who began their political career in the House of Commons, previously pass through some subordinate office; nor did he wait till the period of life which had hitherto been considered as necessary to mature the judgment, and to qualify even men of the most brilliant talents for the higher departments of executive government. He was at once, at this early age, placed in a situation which before had always been filled by persons of tried discretion and long-established character, and which, from peculiar circumstances, was now attended with greater difficulties than had been encountered by any of his predecessors." Life, vol. i. p. 85.—Ed.

Monday.

The meeting at Lord Fitzwilliam's was not so unanimous as I had heard. Lord Temple was warmly with the Duke of Richmond, and two or three other Lords. The former, it is supposed, will be Secretary of State with his cousin Pitt. The Duke is grossly abused by the new Separatists, as he has been before by the late Administration. When a man is traduced by both sides, it is no bad symptom of his virtue. If a man sacrifices all parties to his momentary interest, he may be universally despised, but he does not provoke. If his change proceeds from conscience, he must be aspersed, that his integrity may not shine. As the Duke was conspicuously more proper for the first post than Lord Rockingham, he had more reason to be dissatisfied with the nomination than to support it. The trifling post of Master of the Ordnance could not be an object worthy of his ambition or selfishness; and, by retaining it, he shows he did not aim at a higher.

Tuesday.

If any thing extraordinary should happen before Friday, I will write again on that day, as this must go away to-night. I shall go to Strawberry at the end of the week, and come to town very seldom before winter; consequently shall know nothing but general news, which I shall send you as usual. I never trouble myself about the disposition of places; I wish for peace fervently, and must preserve my own, if I cannot contribute to that of the public or of particulars. Luckily, I remember that I am older than almost any man left upon the stage, and will not hobble like Nestor to the Siege of Troy, with boys three hundred years younger than myself, who would be tired of my old stories of their grandfathers. Adieu!

LETTER CCCLXXX.

Strawberry Hill, July 21, 1782.

Your letter of the 6th which I received to-day, sets me to writing, though I have no novelty to tell you since the new arrangement of the Administration;* of which I think I gave you a sketch in my

* The following is a list of the Shelburne Administration, as finally settled: Lord Shelburne, First Lord of the Treasury; Mr. Pitt, Chancellor of the Exchequer; Lord Grantham and Mr. Thomas Townsend, Principal Secretaries of State; Lord Thurlow, Lord Chancellor; Lord Keppel, First Lord of the Admiralty; Lord Camden, President of the Council; Duke of Grafton, Lord Privy Seal; Duke of Richmond, Master-General of the Ordnance; Lord Ashburton, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster; Sir George Yonge, Secretary at War; Henry Dundas, Esq., Treasurer of the Navy; Colonel Barré, Paymaster of the Forces; Lloyd Kenyon,

last of the 9th. The most material part to you is the addition of Lord Grantham as Secretary of State. He is a sort of old acquaintance of yours when he was at Vienna, and I suppose, at Madrid; though I believe you never met. He is a very agreeable pleasing man. Lord Shelburne is certainly the Minister paramount.

The moment is certainly a solemn one; the combined fleets are at the mouth of the Channel, but Lord Howe, though with inferior force, is watching them, and is very different from such old women as Harda or Darby, and has a most chosen set of officers, men, and ships; as at land we have General Conway, instead of that log of wood, Lord Amherst, whose stupidity and incapacity were past belief, though, before he was known, he was for a moment a hero; for more moments supposed a great man, the Lord knows why.

I have been here these ten days, consequently know nothing more than what you see in the papers; I must therefore owe the rest of my letter to answering yours. It is not worth while even for the sake of a paragraph, to tell you that my last morsel of gout was acquired by being blooded twice for the influenza, which I had one of the first. I am now mighty well for me.

I am quite ignorant of your nephew's late campaign in Kent, of which I know nothing but by your letter. I do but cast my eyes on the newspapers; which are detestable for their lies, blunders, and scandal, and are half filled by letters of the partisans of different factions, whose sole object is to mislead and infuse prejudices. I never look at the advertisements and paragraphs that relate to elections; and must be surfeited, you may well imagine, after sixty years, with the clamours of parties, with which I have nothing to do. Your nephew I have not seen for some time. He has, I think, a good heart; but, being a little volatile and precipitate, his honesty is apt to make him take his part without much consideration. This may draw him into difficulties, but not disreputable ones. Experience will make him more wary; and he will distrust his own judgment, when he finds it is not an infallible guide.

I do not recollect what you said of an *old portrait:* you told me something about one, but I forget what; you now say I have seen it —not to my knowledge. My memory and other defects tell me how old I grow. I hope at least to remember that I do forget. Ancient folks are apt to parry and palliate their decays: it is my duty to watch them, and convince myself of them; which one should think would not be difficult—but self-love is such a flatterer! Adieu!

Esq., Attorney-General; Richard Pepper Arden, Esq., Solicitor-General; Earl Temple, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; and the Hon. William Wyndham Grenville, Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant.—Ed.

LETTER CCCLXXXI.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 20, 1782.

I DID think it long since I heard from you; but your letter of July 30th explains your silence, on your ignorance to whom you was to address yourself on the late changes. In fact, no new Secretaries of State were appointed for some time, none therefore could write to you; nor could I tell you who was your new principal, till you had one. Events there have been none to tell you; for the hide-and-seek at which the combined fleets have been playing with ours, produced none till each returned to its own home. Ours, they say, is to relieve Gibraltar, but I do not answer for the truth. I have been in town but two nights for a great while, and know no better than the newspapers what is passing. I have heard here that we have abandoned Georgia and the Royalists to the mercy of their enemies; but perhaps there is not a word of truth in it. A suburban village is no very authentic coffee-house. Our Jamaica and Leeward fleets are arrived safely. Such articles are very important in war, though they made no figure in the history of a campaign. the fleets might almost sail up hither; for we have had such incessant deluges of rain, that our quiet Thames looks like a little turbulent ocean, and seems setting up for itself too, like others of its sovereign's dominions.

Monsieur de Grasse has been here, and was graciously treated; which is more than it is thought he will be at home. I hope he will not be used as inhumanly as poor Admiral Byng, whose fate the French so justly condemned.*

I shall be very sorry if your attendance on the Duchess of Parma has over-fatigued you: may you be quit for the ennui which such ceremonies must create after a certain age! I never feel my antiquity so much as when I am obliged to appear at any of those functions. Courts were not made for old age; it requires all the giddy insensibility of youth not to be struck with such farces. How one should smile if one could look down on a crowd of insects acting importance, dignity, or servility! And how would one of them reciprocally smile, could they observe one of our species tottering to the last to so foolish a pantomime! The young are a sort of insects who do remark that foolishness in their seniors—and they are in the right.

* Count de Grasse landed at Portsmouth on the 5th of August; where he, together with his officers, were most hospitably entertained by Vice Admiral Sir Peter Parker, until the Count had permission to proceed to London. During his stay in the metropolis, he took up his residence at the Royal Hotel, in Pall-Mall. The Count was the first commander-in-chief of a French fleet or army who had been prisoner in England since the reign of Queen Anne, when Marshal Tallard was taken by the Duke of Marlborough, and confined to the town and environs of Nottingham. On his return to France, the Count published a Memoire Justificatif. —Ed.

Most things are excusable in youth, and almost all things become them. Few become the old but propriety, and that kind of quiet common-sense that avoids particularities, and dreads to make itself talked of. Thus it would be affectation in you, who wear a public character, not to conform to its duties. But when I see men late in life thrust themselves into the world's face without a call, I feel a contemptuous pity for them—but they are always punished: they find themselves misplaced; and, the more they try to adapt themselves to the tone of an age to which they belong not, the more awkwardly they succeed. Not only the fashions in dress and manners change, but the ways of thinking, nay, of speaking and pronouncing. Even the taste in beauty and wit alters. A Helen, or a Lord Rochester, perhaps, would not be approved but in one specific half-century. Sir William Temple says, that the Earl of Norwich,* who had been the wit of the Court of Charles the First, was laughed at in that of Charles the Second. I myself remember that Lord Leicester,† who had rather a jargon than wit, which was much admired in his day, having retired for a few years, and returning to town after a new generation had come about, recommenced his old routine, but was taken for a driveller by the new people in fashion, who neither understood his phrases nor allusions. At least, neither man nor woman that has been in vogue must hazard an interregnum, and hope to resume the sceptre. An actor or actress that is a favourite may continue on the stage a long time; their decays are not described, at least not allowed by those who grow old along with them; and the young, who come into the world one by one, hearing such performers applauded, believe them perfect, instead of criticizing: but if they quit the stage for a few years, and return to it, a large crop of new auditors has taken possession, are struck with the increased defects, and do not submit, when in a body, to be told by the aged that such a performer is charming, when they hear and see to the contrary.

I wrote this two days ago, but have heard nothing to add. The war seems to partake of old age, and to be grown inactive—I wish it may be grown so old as to die soon. Sir William Draper, some weeks ago, preferred a complaint in form against General Murray; but the Judge Advocate said it was not sufficiently specific. I believe

* George Goring, in 1632, created Lord Goring, and in 1644, for the great services he had rendered to Charles I., advanced to the dignity of Earl of Norwich. In the preceding year he was sent Ambassador Extraordinary to Paris. "I went to meet him," says Evelyn, "in a coach and six horses, at the palace of M. de Bassompiere, where I saw that gallant person, his gardens, terraces, and rare prospects. My Lord was waited upon by the Master of the Ceremonies, and a very great cavalcade of men of quality, to the Palace Cardinal, where he had audience of the French King, and the Queen-Regent his mother, in the Golden Chamber of Presence."—Ed.

† Thomas Coke, created, in 1725, Lord Lovel of Minster-Lovel, in Oxfordshire, and, in 1744, Viscount Coke of Holkham, and Earl of Leicester; which titles became extinct at his death in 1759.—Ed.

he has given one now less general; but the cause cannot be tried yet for want of Colonel Pringle, who was hostage for the transport vessels. The King's youngest son, Prince Alfred, was at the point of death this morning. He is not two years old.* Adieu!

LETTER CCCXXXLII.

Strawberry Hill, Friday evening, Aug. 30, 1782.

I HAVE this moment received from London your letter which Cardini brought, and shall send one of my servants to town to-morrow morning with this answer, and conclude he will not be set out on his return. As it will not go unless by him, I can have no difficulty of writing freely to you; and yet you will be surprised at the very little information I can give you. In short, I have totally done with politics—even with thinking on them, when I can help it. This country is absolutely lost. I mean past recovery. The phrensy of the American war was pushed so far and so long, that, besides flinging away all we had acquired in near two centuries, doors have been thrown open to a thousand collateral misfortunes. Our credit has been screwed to a pitch that imminently endangers it all. There is an enormous debt yet unprovided for; nevertheless, the vast current expense continues. Ireland has shaken us off—not unfortunately, *if it goes no farther;* for it will flourish, which our jealousy hindered. Scotland, after doing us every mischief to the end of the last reign, and after engrossing every thing in the present, seems to be at the eve of setting up for itself too. When it was little to be expected, at least not five months before, a change happened in the spring, which delivered us at last from so criminal an Administration. The new one, it is true, was but ill-cemented, and was dissolved by Lord Rockingham's death in three months; and in three days the remainder split to pieces.†

* Prince Alfred, the King's ninth son, was born on the 22nd of September, 1780, and died on the 20th of August, 1782.—ED.

† On the death of the Marquis of Rockingham, all the members of the Administration resigned, with the exception of the Duke of Richmond and Lord Keppel. The following strictures on the Admiral's retention of office after the retirement of his friends, are from Horace Walpole's *Unpublished Memoirs of the Reign of George the Third:*—

"The point that stuck most with the Duke of Richmond was his cousin and friend, Admiral Keppel, whom the zeal of Lord Rockingham and the Cavendishes on his trial, called on to fulfil his debt of gratitude. To Lord Shelburne he had no obligations; to the Duke of Richmond the same as to the Cavendishes. The Duke did prevent the Admiral's immediate resignation; but he declared he meditated it, and did intend it so much, that he satisfied the Cavendishes; and they, in their turn, chose to seem satisfied, that, by maintaining friendship with him, they might preserve opportunities of urging him to resign. This dubious conduct of Keppel led the Duke to profess the same kind of neutral ambiguity. Keppel professed to

I confess I had neither youth nor perseverance enough to form any new plan of hopes for my country. I took the resolution of abandoning even speculation and observation; and now, literally, never so much as ask a political question. I have no quarrels, no enemies. I wish most heartily well to Mr. Conway and the Duke of Richmond; I have always been civilly and obligingly treated by Lord Shelburne, therefore there is no disgust in my conduct: but I am so mortified at the fall of England, I see so little or no prospect of its ever being a great nation again, that I have not courage to hope about it. I have outlived the glory of my family and of my country. Houghton and England are alike stripped of all their honours.—But, instead of declamation, I will answer your letter.

Gibraltar, I am persuaded will follow Minorca, if not already gone. So far from the fleet being sailed to its relief, part is gone in pursuit of the Dutch to the Baltic, though the Dutch are really in the Texel. I truly do not know what has occasioned this strange management. The papers ring with dissensions in the Fleet; but the particulars I have not heard, for I have not been in London this month. Rodney, too, let the French fleet, that he had beaten and cooped up, slip out; which will probably occasion the loss of New York. The East Indies are not secure either. Mr. Fitzherbert* is gone to Paris to treat. When they have quite ruined us, perhaps they may grant us a peace.

retain the Admiralty but till the peace; the Duke the Ordnance, till he should complete his reforms. It would have been improper in Keppel to resign at that moment: he had sent Admiral Pigot to supersede Lord Rodney, who had just obtained a great victory. News had come of the Quebec fleet being taken: had Keppel retired then, he would have opened new ways to his enemies of loading him with obloquy, and given them power to oppress him."

In furnishing the Hon. and Rev. Thomas Keppel with the above extract, the late lamented Lord Holland accompanied it with the following note: "Walpole calls Keppel's conduct 'dubious;' but his motives were avowed and correct, and he acted up to them. He gave his reasons for not resigning; and his friends who did resign never complained of them; and, when those reasons ceased, he followed their example, fulfilled his intentions, and resigned before the termination of Lord Shelburne's Ministry."

The reasons for Lord Keppel's continuing in office after the resignation of his friends are stated by his able biographer to have been these: "Two Admirals at that time employed—Barrington was one (the writer is not quite certain of the name of the other)—entertained so low an opinion of the honesty of a Tory government, that they signified to Lord Keppel their determination to keep their flags flying no longer than he retained office; Barrington (who was second in command at Gibraltar) saying, with professional bluntness, in reference to the party likely to succeed Keppel, 'I should not consider my life safe in the hands of such scoundrels!' To avoid the confusion that would arise from the sudden retirement of these officers, Keppel consented to remain until the peace (the preliminaries of which were in the course of signature) was finally arranged." Life, vol. ii. p. 400.—Ed.

* Alleyne Fitzherbert, Esq., afterwards created Lord St. Helen's. In March 1777, he had been appointed British Minister at Brussels, and resided at that Court till August 1782, when he was sent to Paris by the new administration with the commission of sole plenipotentiary for negotiating a peace with the Crowns of France and Spain, and the States-General of the United Provinces. To a letter written by

This is a summary of our situation, and of that of my mind; the latter certainly is not important enough to be blended with the former, but was absolutely necessary to explain why I can tell you so little, and to prevent your concluding that there is some mystery or reserve in my behaviour: but as no changes make any either in my principles or fortune, you may be very sure that I am sincere, and that my politics have never had any object but first, the liberty, and then, the honour of my country. My friends have more than once succeeded; yet I have never accepted or asked the smallest emolument for myself. I may then, at sixty-five, say that I have never varied; but one may be tired out—I am, I own; and though I never meant to profit by the splendour of my country, I cannot be so fond of it in its depression and rags.

I shall continue to send you any striking novelties; though, by the account I have given you of myself, I must become a less valuable correspondent. Indifference is not a good ingredient in letters—I think, in nothing; no, not where it is demanded, and commonly pretended, in history. But, if the writer does not keep his word, neither is the reader displeased; nay, if he is, it is only because the historian is not partial on the same side as his reader.

We have had the most deplorably wet summer that ever I remember, after three hotter than any in my memory. But I may as well finish when I have nothing better to talk of than the weather; it shows what a retired and insipid mortal I am.

I frequently ask Mrs. Noel, whom I see often at Twickenham Park, about your nephew; but she has only heard of him once at a cricket-match, a proof of his being well. Cardini assured me, by a line, that he left you so, which he knew would be the most welcome news he could give me: and, if he saw me, he would carry you as favourable an account of me; for, though I think myself older than any body of my age, my health in general is very good, and I am content with it; and, though my spirits are less nimble than they were, they are never low. Adieu! my dear sir. Shall not we be very venerable in the annals of friendship? What Orestes and Pylades ever wrote to each other for four and forty years without once meeting? Adieu!

Lord Grantham, the new Secretary of State, to Dr. Franklin, of which Mr. Fitzherbert was the bearer, the Doctor, on the 11th of September, replied: "You do me justice in believing that I agree with you in earnestly wishing the establishment of an honourable and lasting peace; and I am happy to be assured by your Lordship, that it is the system of the Ministers with whom you are co-operating. I know it to be the sincere desire of the United States; and, with such dispositions on both sides, there is reason to hope, that the good work in its progress will meet with little difficulty."—Ed.

LETTER CCCLXXXIII.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 8, 1782.

Two days after your letter by Cardini, I received yours of the 17th of last month, which you had written before that by him, but which, as you foresaw, his diligence would precede. I now write merely to answer what you say about Mozzi's business, for I do not know a tittle of news.

As the Cavalier is coming himself, I saw no cause of delivering his letter to Mr. Duane: however, as he had mentioned it to Sharpe, I did deliver it; and the next day received another from Sharpe, of Mozzi to him, with his own opinion, that I should either take the whole on myself, or accept of Mr. Duane. I confess, this shuffling did provoke me, and I have given it to Sharpe pretty roundly. I told him, that when I proposed Mr. Duane, he (Sharpe) would not consent, though Lucas had approved of him. I was glad thus to sow division between these two. From my Lord I expect no justice; but I will let him and them hear the truth whenever I have occasion. I never trouble myself about him or them but when they come across me, though the usage I have received from all would exasperate a cooler temper than mine.

To this moment my Lord has not paid my brother or me on shilling of our fortunes, though bound by bond to pay us on his mother's death; nor sixpence of the interest, though due from the date of the bonds. When he sold the collection of pictures at Houghton, he declared at St. James's that he was forced to it, to pay the fortunes of his uncles—which amounted but to ten thousand pounds; and he sold the pictures for forty, grievously to our discontent, and without any application from us for our money, which he now retains, trusting that we will not press him, lest he should disinherit us, were we to outlive him. But we are not so silly as to have any such expectations at our ages; nor, as he has sold the pictures, which we wished to have preserved in the family, do we care what he does with the estate. Would you believe—yes, for he is a madman,—that he is refurnishing Houghton; ay, and with pictures too—and by Cipriani. That flimsy scene-painter is to replace Guido, Claude Lorraine, Rubens, Vandyke, Carlo Maratti, Albano, Le Sueur, &c.; and with subjects out of Homer and Dryden's Fables, selected and directed by his Lordship himself. But enough!—it is madness to dwell on Bedlam actuated by attorneys!

I am perfectly ignorant of the state of the war abroad; they say we are in no pain for Gibraltar: but I know that we are in a state of war at home that is shocking. I mean, from the enormous profusion of house-breakers, highwaymen, and foot-pads; and, what is worse, from the savage barbarities of the two latter, who commit the most wanton cruelties. This evil is another fruit of the American war. Having no vent for the convicts that used to be transported to our

late colonies, a plan was adopted for confining them on board of lighters for the term of their sentences. In those colleges, undergraduates in villany commence masters of arts, and at the expiration of their studies issue as mischievous as if they had taken their degrees in law, physic, or divinity, at one of our regular universities; but, having no profession, nor testimonial to their characters, they can get no employment, and therefore live upon the public. In short, the grievance is so crying, that one dare not stir out after dinner but well-armed. If one goes abroad to dinner, you would think one was going to the relief of Gibraltar. You may judge how depraved we are, when the war has not consumed half the reprobates, nor press-gangs thinned their numbers! But no wonder—how should the morals of the people be purified, when such frantic dissipation reigns above them? Contagion does not mount, but descend. A new theatre is going to be erected merely for people of fashion, that they may not be confined to vulgar hours—that is, to day or night. Fashion is always silly, for, before it can spread far, it must be calculated for silly people; as examples of sense, wit, or ingenuity, could be imitated only by a few. All the discoveries that I can perceive to have been made by the present age, is to prefer riding about the streets rather than on the roads or on the turf, and being too late for every thing. Thus, though we have more public diversions than would suffice for two capitals, nobody goes to them till they are over. This is literally true. Ranelagh—that is, the music there,— finishes at half an hour after ten at night; but the most fashionable set out for it, though above a mile out of town, at eleven, or later. Well! but is not this censure being old and cross? were not the charming people of my youth guilty of equivalent absurdities? Oh, yes; but the sensible folks of my youth had not lost America, nor dipped us in wars with half Europe that cost us fifteen millions a-year. I believe the Jews went to Ranelagh at midnight, though Titus was at Knightsbridge. But Titus demolished their Ranelagh as well as Jerusalem. Adieu!

LETTER CCCLXXXIV.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 25, 1782.

I do not at all guess when this letter will set out; for I do not know when I shall have any thing to put into it, except an answer to one or two points of yours of the 15th of this month, which I have received this morning so soon, that I suppose the East-wind must have brought it himself. I cannot tell why your nephew neglected so many posts; I neither believe him ill nor on the road to Florence, either of which I think I should have heard from Mrs. Noel; but I shall see her this evening at Twickenham Park, and will ask her. *My* nephew, who *is* going to you, has not so much reason for that

journey. He was disappointed of preferment when Lord Shelburne, with whom he had connected himself, was made Secretary of State. However, Mr. Fox, who had the other Seals, named Lord Cholmondeley for the embassy to Berlin. When those two Ministers quarrelled, Lord Cholmondeley thought it became him to follow Mr. Fox, and resigned his unenjoyed post. This is what I have heard; for I have not seen him since the affair happened, nor am I of his privy council.

At night.

I have been at the Duchess of Montrose's. Mrs. Noel knew nothing of your nephew; but Miss Howe, who was there too, had a letter to-day from her sister, General Pitt's wife,* who is at the camp at Cox-heath, and happened to say that your nephew was there the day before yesterday with the son and daughter of your brother Edward; so, t'other Sir Horace is neither ill nor on the road to you. I hope you know so from himself before this.

We are in no pain for Gibraltar. There are accounts of Lord Howe having passed Lisbon. We reckon that the Bourbonian Princes will have made but a foolish jaunt.† Our rich fleet from the Baltic is arrived with all the stores we wanted. This is the sum total of our present news, and the relief of Gibraltar will probably be all we shall have this season. By the silence of new letters from New York, the fable of Colonies revolting from the Congress is quite annihilated. Every thing is mighty quiet here; and as the Parliament does not meet till the very end of November, I shall probably have very little to tell you for the next two months.

I am not sorry that your influenza ended in a little gout, which will carry it off. I have great respect for the Gout, though it has broken my limbs to pieces, like the rack; but it is like the Turk, it seldom

"——bears a brother near the throne."

I am afraid it will not cure a famine. We expected one from a very different cause—from heat and draught. In this region of humidity never was so wet a summer as the present; but we had a

* General Sir William Augustus Pitt, K. B., brother to George Lord Rivers, married Mary, sister of Richard the fourth Viscount Howe.—Ed.

† The length and celebrity of the siege, rendered more interesting by the fame of the extraordinary preparations now going on by sea and land, had drawn volunteers from every part of Europe to the camp before Gibraltar; and not only the nobility of Spain, but many of other countries were assembled, either to display their valour, or to gratify curiosity in beholding such a naval and military spectacle as, it was probable, had never before been exhibited. The arrival of two Princes of the blood-royal of France, served to increase the splendour of the scene. The Count d'Artois, and his cousin the Duke de Bourbon, seemed eager to immortalise their names, by partaking of the glory of so signal an enterprize as the recovery of Gibraltar to the crown of their kinsman and ally. So confidently was success anticipated, that the Duke de Crillon was thought extremely cautious of hazarding an opinion, when he allowed so long a term as fourteen days to the certainty of being in possession of the place.—Ed.

parenthesis of fine weather for ten days, that housed most of the corn, of which there were plenty. Grass and leaves we have in such abundance, that our landscapes are even uncommonly luxuriant. Nebuchadnezzar, who used to eat his dominions, would here be the most opulent prince upon earth.

Our papers say, Lady Hamilton is dead at Naples. I am very sorry for her; but I hope, as she was a good fortune in land, that Sir William loses nothing by her death. If you write to him, pray mention my concern.

30th.

My answer to your last would be so mouldy if I detained this any longer, that I determine to send it away. I might keep it back to the end of the week, by which time some account of Lord Howe and Gibraltar is expected; but that event may reach you before my letter could. I shall content myself if I am able to wish you joy; for I reckon Gibraltar in your department, especially as your vigilance and activity extend themselves to every possible duty that you can hook into your province.

LETTER CCCLXXXV.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 12, 1782.

An hour after I had sent my last to town for the Secretary's office, I received the account of the demolition of the Spanish floating batteries at Gibraltar.* There was no occasion for sending a postscript after my letter as I was sure you must learn that great success before my relation could reach you, especially as our intelligence came from

* On the 13th of September, the ten floating batteries of the enemy were observed to be moored in a line, lying parallel to the Rock, and at about nine hundred yards' distance. The surrounding hills were covered with people; and it seemed as if all Spain had assembled to behold the spectacle. The cannonade and bombardment, on all sides and in all directions, from the isthmus, the sea, and the various works of the fortress, was tremendous beyond example. The prodigious showers of red-hot balls, of bombs, and of carcasses, which filled the air, astonished the commanders of the allied forces. A scene more terrible than this day and the succeeding night exhibited, imagination could not conceive. By two in the morning, the Admiral's ship and the ship commanded by the Prince of Nassau were in flames, and the rest took fire successively. The ten floating batteries were all consumed. "Such," says the historian of this mighty achievement, "was the signal and complete defensive victory obtained by a comparatively handful of brave men over the combined efforts and united powers, by sea and by land, of two great, warlike, and potent nations, who, sparing no expense or exertion of art for the attainment of a favourite object, exceeded all former example, as well in the magnitude as in the formidable nature of their preparations; a victory which has shed a signal blaze of glory over the whole garrison, but which cannot fail particularly to immortalize the name of General Eliott, and to hand down to posterity, with distinguished honour, those of Lieutenant-General Boyd and the other principal officers.—Ed.

the Continent. We have heard nothing but confirmations of that shining advantage, and assertions that the combined fleets mean to dispute the wall with Lord Howe. He has been detained by adverse winds; but we depend on Eliott's being as firm as his rocks (which are all that are left of Gibraltar) to maintain them till he is relieved, or has nothing but his rocks left to eat. The winds, the only powers that have made a figure in this war, have been playing the devil: we have lost two men-of- war; and the Jamaica fleet, that were dispersed by a storm are not all arrived. The enemies have probably not fared better; for the winds, like the armed nautrality, mean no good to any body.

This nothing is all I have to say; so, must tarry till something happens. I am sorry our correspondence makes us resemble vultures that live upon carcasses, and banquet where there is a notable destruction of the human species. Oh! I had rather it starved!

15th.

Our generals and admirals are very inattentive people! they seem to forget that our correspondence depends on them. Eliott and Lord Howe have not sent me a paragraph for you this fortnight. I have not a dish for your table, brother vulture! but a dozen Jamaica ships that have been cast away; and you are too much the representative of the royal eagle to be content with such vulgar food. A public minister cannot descend to feast on merchantmen. Well! if it is possible, you shall have an arm of the Compte d'Artois; or a leg of the Duke of Bourbon; or, which you would like better, on Mediterranean accounts, the heart of the Duc de Crillon! *A propos*, I hear Sir William Draper persists in bringing General Murray to a court-martial; of which he will probably make nothing.

16th.

I have just received yours of September 28th, when you had not heard of the destruction of the floating batteries; though it had reached us on the 29th, and even me, who live ten miles out of the world, on the 30th. I was told yesterday, that in London the siege is believed to be raised. I hope so, and that there will be no massacres there: though it is thought that the combined fleets will fight Lord Howe—it is not my opinion; but what signifies making conjectures on what is passed by this time one way or the other? I shall no longer wait for the event, but send this to town to-morrow, meagre as it is.

LETTER CCCLXXXVI.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 23, 1782.

Since I wrote last, I have received yours of October 5th, when you did not know of the demolition of the spanish floating batteries; which surprises me, as it happened on the 13th of September, and I had learnt it on the 30th, though certainly I take no trouble to get intelligence, but am here quite ignorant of all that passes. By the common newspapers I see that the raising of the siege is still believed, and that no account is received yet of Lord Howe,* for which the public is as impatient as it is at present for any thing; which is because it is the chief object of the moment. The public does not fa-

* On the 11th of September, Lord Howe had sailed from Portsmouth with thirty-four ships of the line, several frigates and fire-ships, a fleet of transports, victuallers, and store-ships, with a body of troops on board, for the relief of Gibraltar. He was accompanied by as brave and able a set of naval officers as had ever been joined in any service. The following occurrence, which took place during the passage, is related by Mr. Tucker: "A battle with the combined fleets of France and Spain was fully expected; and, the enemy being in very superior force, Lord Howe was desirous of ascertaining the sentiments of the senior officers under his command, whether, if an option presented itself, the day or the night would be more eligible for the action. It was understood that, as against such an out-numbering force, his Lordship's own prepossession was in favour of the night, in confidence that the discipline and practice of the British fleet would compensate for their inferiority in numbers, while in the darkness the disparity would be less perceptible. On the first opportunity during the passage, his Lordship assembled all the flag-officers and captains on board the Victory, and having fully stated the probable chances, commencing with the junior officer, according to the practice of courts-martial, he requested their voice separately. Every officer accorded with what was supposed to be also the commander-in-chief's views, until it came to the turn of Sir John Jervis; but he dissented. Expressing regret that his duty compelled him to offer an opinion contrary, not only to that of his brother officers, but also, as he feared, to that of the commander-in-chief, 'he was satisfied, that, if the choice of a day or night battle were afforded, the former would be greatly preferable. In the first place it would give the fleet the benefit of the able direction and tactics of his Lordship, who might take the more prompt advantage of any mistake on the part of the enemy, or of any fluctuation of wind, to make a successful impression on the most vulnerable point. Then, the execution of any evolution they attempted would be materially aided by the admirable code of day-signals, which his Lordship had then lately introduced. While, in the *mêlée* of a battle at night, there must always be greater risk of separation, and of ships receiving the fire of their friends as well as foes!' Sir John concluded by strongly urging the advantages of a daylight fight. After him the senior captains, and then Rear-Admiral Sir Richard Hughes and Vice-Admiral Milbanke, gave their opinion in conformity with the junior captains, Vice Admiral Barrington alone concurring with Sir John Jervis; only further observing, 'That he could not contemplate that any ship would be found wanting in the day of battle; yet, should there unfortunately be a shy cock among them, daylight would expose him.' It is related, that Lord Howe made no comment. The events of that voyage did not call his Lordship's discretion into exercise; but he seems afterwards to have evinced his sense of the soundness of Sir John Jervis's opinion, by the course he adopted on the evening of the 31st of May, 1794, when the enemy's fleet were directly to leeward of him." Life of Earl St. Vincent, vol. i. p. 79.—Ed.

tigue its memory, or penetration, or anxiety, with aught beyond what is exactly before its eyes. I, in defference to the mode, and weary of having seen so much pass before mine for above sixty years together, have still greater indifference, as becomes me; and, since the nation cares so little about its own affairs, I do not think that a veteran half-superannuated has any thing to do with them, and accordingly the echo suffices for me.

I smiled at my nephew the Earl's giving you so good an account of my health. It is a true one; but he must have shot his knowledge of it flying; for he only saw me as our chaises passed each other, as he was going to take leave of his mother at Hampton Court: but do not mention this. When people come to me, they are welcome; when they stay away, they are welcome too: I make myself very easy about most things. When I was young, I had some unpleasant uncles: now I am old, I have not much joy in my nephews. Very possibly I am not a pleasant uncle to them, but at least I do not interfere with their pleasing themselves; and so, when we do meet, we are upon very good terms. I aim at nothing but to perfect tranquillity; and am so fortunate, that, if nothing disturbs me, my own temper never does. I carefully avoid every thing that can create any disquiet to me. Old folks are easily forgotten, if they will but have the sense not to put the world in mind of them. This is a favourite maxim of mine; I practise it very carefully, and I assure you it answers to my sovereign contentment. I find it one of the comforts of old age, that, if one has hoarded experience, one may live upon it very agreeably in one's latter time. One can execute one's maxims and good resolutions. In youth, our passions interpose and conteract them; but what hinders an old man from acting rationally, if he pleases? In truth, I think myself very happy: I have gout enough to serve as an excuse for any thing I don't like to do, and I have health enough to allow me to do all I desire to do. I am not so infirm as to be a prisoner: I am grown indolent enough to think idleness palatable, and yet can, and like to amuse myself. I perceive a gradual decay of my faculties; which perception, it is well-founded, is a felicity, as ignorance of it might betray me into exposing myself; and I reflect with satisfaction, that, if my present ease should leave me, it cannot be for long.

I could have nothing else to say, when I have talked about myself for a whole page; but if to a friend of above forty years' standing a portrait of my wrinkles would be an acceptable present, why should not the picture of my mind be so? I think such a drawing one of the few things desirable: I cannot interest myself about the young world. The small number of my remaining old friends, and the memory of the past, are my most delicious enjoyments. However, as your life is not chequered with so many solitary hours as mine, you may not have a taste for such reflections; and therefore, when I have the least article of news to send you, I will not forget that I am your gazetteer, and not your philosopher.

LETTER CCCLXXXVII.

Strawberry Hill, Nov. 4, 1782.

The great news of the relief of Gibraltar by Lord Howe arrived this day se'nnight, and of the dispersion of the combined fleets by a storm, in which they lost two or three ships, and we none. This is a fine reproof to his Spanish Majesty's obstinacy. What pitiful beings are monarchs, when they knock their heads against winds and seas—yet even then, alas, they knock other heads too! There is something sublime in this little island, beset with foes, calmly despatching its own safeguard to maintain such a distant possession. I do not desire a codicil with a victory, which must be dearly bought: there would be dignity enough in returning, after having performed the intended service. For these two days, indeed, there has been the report of a battle much in our favour, though with the loss of six ships; but I hear it is not credited in London.

You are going to lose your neighbour, Lord Mountstewart:* he is no farther off than Turin. They talk of some fracas of gallantry; but whether that was the cause, or politics, I am totally ignorant. I know nothing but what the newspapers tell me, or stragglers from town. Lord Northington is the successor. I am little acquainted with him; but he is a decent, good sort of a man.†

The Parliament will meet in three weeks; which must have some novelty, when the Administration is a new one.‡ I wish it may be

* John Stewart, eldest son of the Earl of Bute. In 1783 he was appointed Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the Court of Spain. In 1792 he succeeded his father in the Earldom of Bute, and in 1796 was created an English Marquis, by the title of Marquis of Bute.—Ed.

† Robert, second Earl of Northington. The appointment alluded to did not take place. His Lordship died unmarried in 1786, when the title expired.

‡ The short space of time that intervened between the death of the Marquis of Rockingham and the prorogation of Parliament on the 11th of July, afforded no opportunity of discovering in what manner the House of Commons stood affected towards the changes that had taken place in the administration of public affairs in consequence of the former event. The weight of the new Minister in that assembly, either from political connexion, from private friendship, or public favour, was known to be very inconsiderable. The recess of Parliament was therefore considered as a circumstance highly favourable to the Minister, by enabling him to take steps for forming such alliances amongst the parties out of power, as might insure some degree of strength and permanence to his administration. Of Mr. Pitt's conduct on entering upon the duties of his office, and of his attempt to induce Mr. Fox to become a member of the Government, the Bishop of Winchester gives the following account:—"Immediately after Mr. Pitt was appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer, he left Lincoln's Inn, and, having taking possession of his official house in Downing Street, from that moment devoted his whole time and thoughts to the service to his country. Besides a strict attention to the duties of his peculiar office, he omitted no opportunity of becoming acquainted with the business of every department of the State; and by his penetration and diligence he soon acquired a variety of information both as to foreign and domestic politics. The connexion which had subsisted between Lord Shelburne and Lord Chatham in the latter part

as new by being pacific, and not talk of *one campaign more.* I do not forget how often I have ended my letters with wishes for peace—almost as frequently as Lord Chesterfield talks of *the Graces:* however, peace must come sooner or later, which the Graces never did to his Cub.*

LETTER CCCLXXXVIII.

Strawberry Hill, Nov. 10, 1782.

I DO not know whether you are like those auctioneers who put up a lot at an extravagant rate, and then, if it sells but for what it is worth, cry, "it is given away." I, if my footman goes on a message and executes it, am content; I don't desire he should have threshed another footman and spoiled his own livery. Lord Howe has relieved and victualled Gibraltar, and has been attacked by the combined fleets; who did not admire his reception of them, made him a bow

of Lord Chatham's life, naturally led to a considerable degree of confidence between Lord Shelburne and Mr. Pitt, different as their characters were in some important points; and there was, perhaps, at this time no person in the kingdom from whose knowledge and experience Mr. Pitt would have derived greater advantage. Towards the end of autumn, after an impartial estimate of the support which Government, in the present state of parties, might expect to receive in the House of Commons, it appeared to Ministers very desirable that some additional strength should, if possible, be obtained before the meeting of Parliament. Mr. Pitt, however, positively objected to any application being made to Lord North. He had resolved, from a sense of public duty, not to enter into any political connexion with a man, whose administration had brought so much disgrace and calamity upon the country, and whose principles he had so repeatedly and severely condemned. This determination proceeded from no dislike to Lord North, with whom he had never had any acquaintance or intercourse, but from a conviction that a change from that system, which had been so long pursued, was indispensably necessary to rescue the kingdom from the dangers with which it was surrounded. But neither Mr. Pitt nor Lord Shelburne saw any reason why they should not act with Mr. Fox. It was therefore agreed, that an offer should be made to him to return to office; for which purpose Mr. Pitt waited upon him by appointment. As soon as Mr. Fox heard the object of Mr. Pitt's visit, he asked whether it was intended that Lord Shelburne should remain First Lord of the Treasury, to which Mr. Pitt answered in the affirmative: Mr. Fox immediately replied, that it was impossible for him to belong to any Administration of which Lord Shelburne was the head. Mr. Pitt observed, that, if that was his determination, it would be useless for him to enter into any farther discussion, 'as he did not come to betray Lord Shelburne;' and he took his leave. This was, I believe, the last time Mr. Pitt was in a private room with Mr. Fox; and from that period may be dated that political hostility which continued through the remainder of their lives." Life, vol. i. p. 87.—ED.

* Philip Stanhope, natural son of the Earl of Chesterfield; to whom the celebrated Letters were addressed. Of those Letters, which, on the death of the Earl in 1773, were published by his son's widow, Dr. Johnson observed to Boswell,—"It might be made a very pretty book: take out the immortality, and it should be put into the hands of every young gentleman."—ED.

and retired—and he is coming home without the loss of a wherry.* I like this better than if he had sent home the main-mast of the Admiral's ship to be hung up in Westminster Hall with the standards of Blenheim, and had lost two or three first-rates. The Romans, who had some sense—sometimes—that is, when they thought as I do, loved to be obeyed *au pied de la lettre*. I don't say but Lord Howe had a plenary indulgence for demolishing both squadrons, if he could; but is not there more grave dignity in marching in face of a very superior navy, maintaining a fortress on their own coast, engaging that navy, obliging it to retire, and walking home himself very deliberately? Add, the vexation of that obstinate mule the King of Spain, and the ridiculous flippancies of the Bourbon Princes, and there appear to me ten times more majesty in such sedate triumph, than in a naval victory. Superior armies and fleets have been beaten by inconsiderable numbers; but, when a multitude are baffled by a handful after a mere skirmish, Glory has no true taste if she does not range herself on our side.

As I am of an age to have made a league with all the sober virtues, I would behave temperately on this occasion, and still condescend to offer peace.

Western Europe has, upon the whole, made but a foolish figure of late, either in policy or arms. *We* have flung away men, money, and thirteen provinces. *France* has been spiteful, to gain nothing but the honour of mischief. Spain has been bombastly unsuccessful, and Holland has betrayed imbecility in every light. Dr. Franklin may laugh at *us*; but surely he cannot reverence his allies.

Berkeley Square, 12th.

I am come to town on a very melancholy occasion. Lady Hertford died the night before last of an inflammation in her bowels, after an illness of only eight days.† Her loss to my lord is irreparable, a

* On the night of the 10th of October, a violent gale of wind in the Straits threw the combined fleets at Algeziras into the greatest disorder, and during the course of the storm much damage was done. On the following morning, Lord Howe entered the Straits, and several of the storeships destined for Gibraltar came safe to anchor under the cannon of the fort, without any molestation from the enemy. On the 13th, the combined fleet put to sea, with a view to prevent the remaining storeships, that had overshot the bay to the east, from making good their entrance into it. Having the advantnge of the wind, they bore down upon the British fleet, which drew up in order of battle to receive them; but notwithstanding their superiority, they declined coming to an engagement. On the wind becoming more favourable next day, Lord Howe took the opportunity to bring in the store-ships that were in company; and, the day following, the remainder were conveyed to Gibraltar, and the troops for the reinforcement of the garrison were landed, with a large supply of powder and provisions. Thus, the all-important service of relieving Gibraltar was happily and gloriously performed, under such circumstances of inferiority in force, as not only fully to support, but highly to exalt, the honour of the British flag.—Ed.

† Lady Arabella Fitzroy, youngest daughter of Charles, second Duke of Grafton and wife of Francis Seymour Conway, first Earl of Hertford of that line; by whom she had seven sons and six daughters, who all lived to be men and women. She was Lady of the Bed-chamber to Queen Charlotte.

considerable one to society, and to me a very sensible one. She was not only an incomparable wife, but conducted all the affairs of so numerous a family herself; in short, she had every domestic virtue and a thousand good qualities. To me she had at all times been kind and obliging. I had lived a great deal with her, and it was one of the few houses on which I reckoned for my remaining time. It will make a great chasm, as I do not either seek or encourage new acquaintance—and almost all the old are gone! It is difficult to stop, when common-place reflections crowd on one's thoughts and mix with one's sensations; but it would not be just to moralize to *you*, because *I* feel. You knew not poor Lady Hertford; and therefore every one that drops would be as fit a subject to preach upon.

LETTER CCCLXXXIX.

Berkeley Square, Nov. 26, 1782.

You will be impatient to learn the event of this day, on which depended the horoscope of the present Administration.* I shall not be sorry if you should hear from France, before you receive this, that an æra of much more importance to mankind than the fate of a Minister had intervened. But, to waive riddles; on Saturday last it was declared that the Parliament, which was to meet to-day, was put off to the 5th of next month; by which time the Ministers hoped to be able to declare whether the peace would be made or was desperate.† Our ultimatum went some days ago to Paris: I don't know what it is; therefore I devoutly hope it will be accepted. I look to the scale in which lives are, and not to that of glory; and wish the reality may outweigh the smoke, as it ought to do.

You have seen, I suppose, in the newspapers, the articles preferred against General Murray by Sir William Draper; who has certainly

* "The Pandemonium," wrote Gibbon on the 14th of October, "does not meet till the 26th of November. I am at a loss what to say or think about our Parliamentary state. A certain late Secretary of Ireland reckons the House of Commons thus: 'Ministers, one hundred and forty; Lord North, one hundred and twenty; Fox, ninety; the rest unknown or uncertain.' The second, by self or agents, talks too much of absence, neutrality, moderation. I think Lord Loughborough will take a very decided part. If he could throw aside his gown, he would make a noble leader." Miscellaneous Works, vol. ii. p. 262.—Ed.

† On the 23rd of November, letters were sent by Mr. Thomas Townshend, Secretary of State, to the Lord Mayor and the Governor of the Bank, acquainting them "for the information of the public, and to prevent the mischiefs arising from speculations in the funds, that the negotiations carrying on at Paris were brought so far to a point, as to promise a decisive conclusion, either for peace or war, before the meeting of Parliament, which, on that account, was to be prorogued to the 5th of December." In consequence of this notification, the dealers in stocks were immediately in an uproar and tumult, which continued for several days. The stocks rose and fell one, two, and sometimes three per cent. every day; from 57, the price at which they were when this news arrived, they one day rose to 65.—Ed.

attacked his weak side, his judgment. It is threatened to be a most tedious trial: it is interrupted, at least for the present, by Draper's falling ill. Probably I should not have known so much as this, had I not thought *you* would be curious. I have long determined not to concern myself with courts-martial, which I do not understand; and it is unjust for so ignorant a person to pronounce on men whose honour is at stake: were a lawyer to be tried, his character is of no consequence; at worst, he could be made a Peer. Physicians, though they commit more deaths than soldiers, never are tried; and for Divines, it would be idle, for they expound their own laws as they please, and always in their own favour.

I began this letter, for this was-to-have-been important day, two days ago, but I am not able to finish it myself. I suppose I caught cold on my coming to town, for in three days I was seized with the gout, and have it now from the top of my left shoulder to the ends of my fingers—but enough of that. I have told you before of the savage state we are fallen into: it is now come to such perfection, that one can neither stir out of one's house safely, nor stay in it with safety. I was sitting here very quietly under my calamity on Saturday night, when, at half an hour after ten, I heard a loud knock at the door. I concluded that Mr. Conway or Lady Ailesbury had called after the opera to see how I did; nobody came up; a louder knock. I rang to know who it was; but before the servants could come to me, the three windows of this room and the next were broken about my ears by a volley of stones, and so were those of the hall and the library below, as a hint to me how glad I must be of my Lord Rodney's victory six or eight months ago. In short, he had dined at the London Tavern with a committee of the Common Council; for the Mayor and Aldermen had refused to banquet him. Thence he had paraded through the whole town to his own house at this end, with a rabble at his heels, breaking windows for not being illuminated, for which no soul was prepared, as no soul thought on him; but thus our conquerors triumph! My servants went out, and begged these Romans to give them time to light up candles, but to no purpose; and were near having their brains dashed out. I did not know that my windows were either French or Spaniards; but glaziers and tallow-chandlers always treat sashes as public enemies. As next day was Sunday, I expected to remain in a Temple of the Winds; but my glazier at least had the charity to repair the mischief that perhaps he had done.

Your sister-in-law, Mrs. Mann,* was robbed about ten days ago in New Park, between three and four in the afternoon; the prudent matron gave the highwayman a purse with very little money, but slipped her watch into the bag of the coach. The cavalier, not being content, insisted on more. The poor girl being terrified, gave him not only her own pinchbeck watch, but her grandmother's concealed

* The widow of Mr. Galfridus Mann.

gold one; for which, no doubt, she will undergo many a supernumerary lecture on œconomy and discretion, and the Christian duty of cheating highwaymen. Adieu! for I am weary, and can dictate no more: but indeed I have nothing more to say.

P. S. I expect to hear of Mr. Duane every day; but God knows whether I shall be able to do any business with him yet, for the gout is come into five places at once: poor Mozzi should have younger labourers in his vineyard than Mr. Morrice and me.

LETTER CCCXC.

Berkeley Square, Monday Evening, Dec. 2, 1782.

THE day that I little expected to live to see, is arrived! Peace came this morning: thank God! That is the first thought: the effusion of human gore is stopped, nor are there to be more widows and orphans out of the common course of things.

What the terms are will be known before this goes away to-morrow: they may be public already; but here am I, lying upon a couch and not out of pain, waiting with patience for what I shall learn from the few charitable that I am able to admit. Proud conditions I, nor even you in your representative dignity, can expect. Should they be humiliating, *they* ought to answer who plunged us into a quadruple war, and managed it deplorably for seven years together!

As I have not breath to dictate much, I shall not waste myself on a single reflection: but in truth I am very low; and what are all the great and little affairs of the world to me, who am mouldering away not imperceptibly!

Just now I received yours of the 16th of November, chiefly on the affairs of Gibraltar; you will find how details in that place, like your preceding occupation for Minorca, will be absorbed in subsequent events.

To Cavalier Mozzi I can say nothing at present. I have not seen Mr. Duane, nor am I at all capable of business yet. I am taken up and carried to bed by three servants: Chancellors and Judges are sometimes placed on their woolsacks in as lamentable a condition; but I was not bred to the law, nor habituated to earn money to the last dregs—and, when one is to have no fees, can it be expected that I should go to court? Well! well! I will do the best I can when I am able. Good night till to-morrow!

Friday night, the 6th.

I was much too ill on Tuesday to finish this, and, besides that, recollected that whatever was to be heard you would learn from Paris sooner than from London. I began to write upon the first buzz of the courier being arrived; but all he brought was the Provisional

Treaty with America, which too is not to take place until the general peace does.* This, however, we are told to expect soon—and there I must leave peace and war, kingdoms and states, and trust to your nephew for saying any thing else; for in truth I am not able. The scale of life and death has been vibrating; I believe it is turned

* On the 30th of November, Mr. Fitzherbert had succeeded in obtaining from the American Commissioners the signature of a Provisional Agreement with America; and, on the 5th of December, the King opened the session of Parliament, with a speech from the throne, of unusual length, and of which the following are the leading passages: "I have brought all my views and measures, as well in Europe as in North America, to an entire and cordial reconciliation with those colonies. Provisional articles are agreed upon, to take effect whenever terms of peace shall be finally settled with the Court of France. In thus admitting their separation from the Crown of these kingdoms, I have sacrificed every consideration of my own to the wisdom and opinion of my people. I make it my humble and earnest prayer to Almighty God, that Great Britain may not feel the evils which might result from so great a dismemberment of the empire. Having manifested to the whole world, by the most lasting examples, the signal spirit and bravery of my people, I conceived it a moment not unbecoming my dignity, and thought it a regard due to the lives and fortunes of such brave and gallant subjects, to show myself ready, on my part, to embrace fair and honourable terms of accommodation with all the powers of war. I have the satisfaction to acquaint you that negotiations to this effect are considerably advanced; and I have every reason to hope and believe, that I shall have it in my power, in a very short time, to acquaint you that they have ended in terms of pacification, which, I trust, you will see just cause to approve." There was not, in either House, any opposition to the Address. In the House of Lords, Lord Shelburne explained the offer of declaring America independent, not to be a present and irrevocable recognition of her independence, but a mere offer, which, if peace did not follow, was to be entirely at an end. Mr. Fox, in the other House, understood it to be a full acknowledgment of the independence of America; supposed the word "offer" to be a mere inaccuracy of expression, and upon this ground only approved the measure. The day after the Address had been voted, Mr. Fox said in the House, that he had quite mistaken the purport of the King's Speech; that, as the *offer* of independence to America had been explained by Lord Shelburne in the House of Peers, he by no means approved of it, but retracted all he had said the preceding day in its praise. Mr. Burke made a similar declaration, and talked of moving an amendment to the Address, which Mr. Fox affirmed he would second. The following is the Bishop of Winchester's account of the part taken upon this occasion by Mr. Pitt: "Mr. Burke exerted all his great powers of wit and eloquence to turn the King's Speech into ridicule; commenting upon many of its expressions in a vein of sarcastic humour, which kept the House for some time in constant laughter. He accused Lord Shelburne of 'duplicity and delusion:' but of Mr. Pitt's 'virtue, integrity, and honour,' he repeatedly spoke in terms of the highest commendation. Mr. Pitt reproved the levity of this veteran orator in a grave and dignified strain, which at once marked his readiness at reply, and his correct sense of propriety and decorum. He said he should be happy to share in the delights of that fertile imagination which had so long been the wonder and the pleasure of the House; but he could not indulge himself in admiring 'the beautiful motes which people the sunbeam,' when his mind was occupied with objects so serious and important. He could not believe, that the House would consent to call the Speech from the Throne 'a farrago of hypocrisies and absurdities,' which they had unanimously approved, and for which they had, without a single dissentient voice, agreed to present his Majesty with an address of thanks. I was present when Mr. Pitt delivered this speech, and nothing could exceed the applause with which it was received by the House." Life, vol. i. p. 91.—Ed.

Your great Mediterranean object is safe, Gibraltar. Whatever questionable points there may be in the treaty, they cannot, be they what they will, occasion half the clamour that the rendition of *Rock-Elliot* would have made.* There are many, I believe, who think it is *in the parish of St. Martin's in the Fields* (to talk in the language of acts of parliament,) and would as easily have relinquished the Isle of Wight, which French modesty once demanded.† His Catholic Magesty's obstinacy has had a *démenti*, for a royal mule may be restive in vain.

It had been pity to have died of my late fit of the gout, when peace, for which I had so long ardently sighed, was so near! I shall certainly not be one of the disapprovers. Nay, I shall certainly find it better than I expected (I know when‡) we should obtain. On that subject I shall not expatiate—nay, nor talk more of the peace, as I know so little of the matter.

The report on General Murray's case is not yet made; nor will be, they say, till Monday. The reading over the evidence took up many days. When I see your nephew, I will charge him with your apology to the General, if you have not.

This is a brief letter, but the matter will stand in lieu of length. As the second volume of winter is but begun, there will probably be no want of topics. It is Parliament that I call winter, begin and end when it will. The two Houses make the seasons, and produce storms more regularly than our elements. Adieu!

preliminary articles between Great Britain, France, and Spain were signed at Versailles on the 20th; and also, that the preliminaries with Holland were not signed, but a cessation of hostilities had been agreed upon.—Ed.

* General Conway having moved, in the House of Commons, the thanks of the House to General Elliot, for his brave and gallant defence of Gibraltar, Sir George Howard proposed to insert, after the word, "Gibraltar," the words, "the most valuable and important fortress of any of our foreign possessions." The amendment was warmly approved of by Mr. Fox; but Sir George, finding he had unintentionally opened a great political question, would have withdrawn it; but this was objected to by Mr. Fox: "I do not credit," he said, "the reports that have gone abroad of an intended cession of that fortress, because I am convinced there is not a man in the Cabinet who would dare to give it up; the amendment, if carried, will satisfy the public that such reports are groundless." Mr. Burke also supported the amendment, which, he said, would give the Ministers a handle for obstinately resisting all demands for a cession. The amendment was withdrawn; but, according to Wraxall, a messenger was immediately despatched to our Minister at Paris with an account of what had passed in the House.—Ed.

† About 1781 or 1782, when some overtures of peace had been made from England.

‡ In 1779, when the French fleet was off Plymouth.

LETTER CCCXCIV.

Feb. 3, 1783.

Though I begin my letter on this 3rd, I do not know whether it will embark for some days. I hate to send you maimed accounts, which instead of informing can only perplex you. Every thing you wish to know is in an embryo state. You may wonder, as General Murray's sentence is public, that I have not transmitted it to you; the newspapers have: yet it is far from an affair concluded. The sentence was a strange one; yet I imagine, calculated to prevent very desperate consequences between a madman and a very hot-headed one. Of twenty-nine charges they pronounced twenty-seven trifling; and on the two others, that seem not very grave, reprimanded Murray; and then ordered the accuser and accusee to make mutual apologies to each other. Draper, though the greater Bedlamite, obeyed: Murray would not utter all that was enjoined, and was put under arrest. It seems that Draper had during the siege used, even in writing, most harsh expressions to his commander. Pains are taking to molify the latter, and reconcile him to submission—there I must leave their history till I know how it ends.

I can tell you nothing more definite about the Peace. The ratification of the preliminaries is expected, they say, this week. Scarcely any thing has been said on the subject yet in Parliament; but as the articles since published, seem to give much offence, it is not probable that the House of Commons should become the Temple of Silence on this occasion. You will not expect me, who know nothing of trade, &c., to specify the supposed grievances. I am content with peace in the lump: I did not suppose that the loss of America and Minorca, &c., would improve our commerce or glory; nor do I wonder that they who threw them away had rather blame any body than themselves.

The papers will tell you of a little disturbance at Portsmouth, where a Scotch regimen, destined for the East Indies, mutinied, claiming a promise of being disbanded at the peace. They almost murdered their Colonel, but have been quieted, on assurance that none shall go involuntarily.* A second regiment caught the spirit,

* On the 23rd of January, a scene of great confusion took place at Portsmouth. The Highland, or seventy-seventh regiment, quartered in the town, were ordered to be ready to embark for the East Indies on the next morning. In obedience to the order, they assembled on the parade, but with a determination not to comply with the order, alleging as a reason, that the arrears due to them were not paid, and that they were enlisted on the express condition that they should serve only for three years, or during the American war; and as they conceived those conditions were fulfilled, and that they were now intended for the East India service, where none of their officers were going, they declared they would stand by each other to the last. The Colonel was not present; but, on the Lieutenant-Colonel and the other officers insisting that they should embark, the soldiers violently assaulted the Lieutenant-Colonel and several others, who narrowly escaped with their lives. After which

but were more easily pacified. Would not one think that our Nabobs have drained the Indies, when men would rather go back to Scotland than to mines of gold and diamonds?

Lord Mountstewart will be no longer your neighbour; he goes to Madrid, and Lord Carmarthen to Paris. I have not heard who is to come from the latter—I mean as ambassador: a multitude of individuals are expected, and above the rest the Duc de Chartres.

I have not yet heard any thing of your nephew, but by accident, that he will come to town for the sake of his daughters. His absence is inconvenient to me, or rather to you; as he might tell you perhaps twenty things that escape me, who have totally quitted public places, and go but to a very few private houses. However, you lose little worth knowing. Our newspapers are grown such minute registers of every thing that happens, and still more of every thing that is said to have happened, that you would easily perceive if I omitted any thing of consequence. I do little more than confirm the rare truths by mentioning them. The swarms of daily lies die every evening. There is another character due to our papers; if they do get hold of truth, they are sure of overlaying it by blunders; scarcely ever do they state any event in accurate terms or faithful narratives, unless when there are any melancholy circumstances that had better be suppressed. Those they detail minutely, to the great satisfaction of a malignant public, and to the grief of the families concerned: reason sufficient, one should think, for every body to discourage such vehicles of ill-nature. A pretty woman that makes, or is supposed to have made, a slip, is hunted down as inveterately as a Prime Minister used to be—I do not mean that the latter escapes the better for having every body associated with him. Our newspapers, like German princes, hunt all kinds of game at once—boars, wolves, foxes, hares, rabbits; a mouse would not have quarter if it came in their way. Adieu for the present!

Sunday, 9th.

But this morning I have heard the termination of General Murray's affair. He wanted to resign his regiment rather than submit, though he had been ruined by it; having three children, and his wife big with a fourth, for whom he begged a pension of three hundred a-year. The King excused him the reprimand on the two charges; and General Murray has laboured with so much zeal and good-nature, that at last he prevailed on him and the court-martial to let him alter *one* word of the apology. This is a bigger detail than I should have studied but to satisfy you. My letter will now set out on Tuesday; from you it is long since I had one.

they broke open the store-house and supplied themselves with several rounds of powder and ball. They next fired on a party of the invalids, who were ordered out to protect the guard-house, and killed one man and wounded two. Upon a promise from the Mayor that they should not be embarked until further orders had been received, they returned to their quarters in the evening; and on the following morning they were assured, that their embarkation should not be insisted on.—Ed.

Monday, 10th.

The ratification of the Preliminaries by France is come, and that of Spain is expected in a week. This day sevennight is to be the great combat in both Houses; at least, warm opposition is talked of: but such rumours are far from being always verified. For this last week there has been talk of changes; yet only one has happened, the resignation of Lord Carlisle, who, it is said, disapproves the sacrifice of the Loyalists. Others think he is more discontent at not going Ambassador to Paris. I should not think these reports worth mentioning, but that the newspapers have been full of them, though they certainly know nothing of the matter. Neither the old Ministry, nor the fragment of the last, have yet spoken out; and, therefore, the public can form no judgment what will happen.* The capital point, the Peace, is attained. Factions there will always be; the world cannot stand stock-still. War is a tragedy; other politics but a farce. It is plain mankind think so; for, however occupied the persons concerned are by what they are interested in, how little do people dwell upon what is passed, unless it has come to blows! How often, when in Parliament, did I hear questions called "the most important that had ever come before the House," which a twelvemonth after no mortal remembered! Adieu!

* The preliminary articles of peace with France and Spain were signed at Paris on the 20th of January, and on the 27th, copies of them and of the provisional articles with America were laid before both Houses; and the 17th of February was fixed upon as the day for taking them into consideration. "As the time approached for discussing them," says Bishop Tomline, "it was obvious to every one, that the continuance of Ministers in office must depend upon the opinion which Parliament might express respecting the terms of the Peace; and the general expectation was fixed upon the part which the two leaders, Lord North, and Mr. Fox, would take upon that question. Lord North was fully aware of Mr. Pitt's positive determination to have no political connexion with him; and he could not but know, that a perfectly good understanding subsisted between Lord Shelburne and Mr. Pitt: he must therefore have been convinced, that any union between himself and the present Ministers, was utterly impracticable. Mr. Fox, on his part, had resolved not to take office while Lord Shelburne was First Lord of the Treasury. Under these circumstances, Lord North and Mr. Fox had a common interest in the removal of Ministers; and the present appeared a favourable opportunity for effecting that purpose. Their sentiments were sounded by common friends, through whose intervention they pledged themselves to each other, to oppose any motion that might be made for approving the terms of the Peace. Nothing further was settled between them at this time. Future measures were to depend upon the result of their first co-operation." Life of Pitt, vol. i. p. 106. The following notices, with reference to the approaching debate on the treaties, are from Mr. Wilberforce's Diary: "Sat. Feb. 15th. Dined at Tommy Townshend's. Pitt asked me at night to second the Address. Bed at twelve, and sleep disturbed at the thought of a full House of Commons. 16th. Dined at home, then called at Pitt's. Went to hear Address read at Tommy Townshend's. 17th. Walked down morning to House to get Milner into gallery. Seconded the Address. Lost the motion by sixteen. Did not leave House till about eight in the morning." Mr. Wilberforce's biographers add, that, when he came down to the House to second the Address, he inquired of Mr. Burkes, "Are the intentions of Lord North and Fox sufficiently known to be condemned?" "Yes," was the reply; "and the more strongly the better." Life, vol. i. p. 25.—Ed.

P. S. The King has instituted a new order of knighthood in Ireland. There are to be sixteen, and they are to wear a watered light blue riband.*

LETTER CCCXCV.

Berkeley Square, Feb. 18, 1783.

I HINTED to you that the Peace was not popular—you must make a prodigious stride from that warning: you must extend your idea to the brink of the precipice, and conceive—not that the peace is to be broken e'er consummate, but that it has already over-turned the peace-maker! It is not eleven o'clock of Tuesday morning, and the House of Commons,† that sat yesterday on the preliminaries, has

* The Order of St. Patrick was instituted by the King on the 5th of February, and consisted of the Sovereign, a Grand Master, and twenty-two Knights; the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland for the time being the Grand Master. Hardy, in his Memoirs of Lord Charlemont, says, that, as this measure immediately followed the establishment of the independence of Ireland, it was extremely gratifying. Earl Temple, then Lord Lieutenant, in announcing to Lord Charlemont the institution of the Order, and requesting permission to put his Lordship's name upon the list, added, "that he proposed it with the greater satisfaction, as the motto of the Order, *Quis separabit*, would tend to enforce that explained, constitutional, and solid Union between the two kingdoms, so necessary to both, and which Lord Charlemont had so long laboured to establish upon the surest foundation—that of mutual confidence and affection." With reference to the institution of this Order, Horace Walpole, in a letter to Lord Charlemont, written in 1785, threw out the following suggestion: "When the Order was instituted, I had a mind to hint to your Lordship, that it was exactly the moment for seizing an opportunity that has been lost to this country. When I was at Paris, I found in the Convent of Les Grands Augustins three vast chambers filled with the portraits (and their names and titles beneath) of all the Knights of the St. Esprit, from the foundation of the Order. Every new Knight, with few exceptions, gives his own portrait on his creation. Of the Order of St. Patrick I think but one member is dead yet, and his portrait perhaps may be retrieved. I will not make any apology to so good a patriot as your Lordship, for proposing a plan that tends to the honour of his country; which I will presume to call mine too, as it is, both by union and my affection for it."—Ed.

† The 17th of February having been fixed on for taking the treaties into consideration, Mr. Thomas Pitt moved an address of approbation to his Majesty. As soon as it had been seconded by Mr. Wilberforce, Lord John Cavendish rose and said, that although there appeared some grounds of objection to the terms of the Peace, the House was not at present competent to decide, whether, upon the whole, they deserved approbation or disapprobation, especially as the treaty with Holland was not concluded; he should, therefore, move, that the whole of the proposed address, after the words, "to assure his Majesty that," should be omitted, and the following words substituted, "his faithful Commons will proceed to consider the same with that serious and full attention which a subject of such importance to the present and future interests of his Majesty's dominions deserves: that in the mean time they entertain the fullest confidence in his Majesty's paternal care, that he will concert with his Parliament such measures as may be expedient for extending the commerce of his Majesty's subjects: that, whatever may be the sentiments of his faithful Commons on the investigation of the terms of pacification, they beg leave to assure his Majesty of their firm and unalterable resolution to adhere invariably to the several articles, for which the public faith is pledged, and to maintain the

not been up three hours, after—in short, after carrying a question against Lord Shelburne, by 224 to 208. He was scarcely less beaten in the other House; where, even with the support of the Household troops, the Bishops, and the Scotch, he had but 69 votes to 55.*

Particulars of this Revolution, which it must be, I do not pretend to tell you. The question moved by the Opposition I barely heard last night at the card-table at Princess Amelie's, who received a note from Lord Duncannon. It was a temperate but very artful one; declared against infringing the treaty, though announcing that the House would consider the terms. This is all I know: both Houses are but just gone to bed; and even the newspapers, who have been sitting up gaping for intelligence all night, have not gotton on their clean shirts yet.

Now will you be—and so by this time is every body else—eager to know what will be next. That is precisely what I neither know nor guess; in which last point, no doubt, I differ from most people: but you know I always forbid myself conjectures; I have little opinion of my own penetration—nay, nor of any one's. I have a rule about penetration, which may be paradoxical, and yet I think there is good sense in it: it is this. How would a wise man calculate what is to happen? Why, he must state to himself appearances and causes, and then conclude that they would produce the natural consequences. Now, it is a thousand to one that some foolish circumstance or other interferes, influences some very unforeseen event, and destroys all his fine ratiocination: in short, some mistress, wife, servant, favourite,

blessings of peace, so necessary to his Majesty's subjects and the general happiness of mankind." Lord North declared his intention to vote for the amendment, but proposed the following addition: "and his Majesty's faithful Commons feel that it would be superfluous to express to his Majesty the regard due from the nation to every description of men, who, with the risk of their lives and sacrifice of their properties, have distinguished their loyalty and fidelity during a long and calamitous war." The nature of the amendments showed that those who aimed at the removal of Ministers did not venture to propose at once a direct censure of the Peace. It was remarked, that Lord North and Mr. Fox studiously abstained from any reflections upon each other. The Coalition, avowed by Mr. Fox, was not only defended with the boldness and decision that marked his character; but he retorted on Mr. Dundas all the acrimonious expressions which fell from the latter, upon the sudden union of two such inveterate opponents. The division did not take place till half-past seven in the morning, when the amendment was carried by a majority of sixteen; the numbers being 224 and 208. The Address, thus amended, was voted unanimously, and presented to the King on the 19th.—Ed.

* The debate in the House of Lords continued till half past four in the morning. One hundred and forty-five peers were present; a greater number than had been known on any question since the King's accession. In reference to this debate, Hannah More, in one of her letters, says, "I thought the Peace was to put an end to all divisions and disturbances; but I think I never knew the town in such a state of anxiety and distraction. The disputes are not about peace or war, but who shall have power and place; both of which are lost as soon as obtained. Before you can pay your congratulations to your friends on their promotion, presto! pass! they are out again. Lord Falmouth told me he sat down with a most eager appetite to his soup and roast at eight in the morning, and several of the Lords had company to dinner at that hour, after the House broke up."—Ed.

or clerk gives a sudden bias, and turns reason and its train aside; and the philosopher, who would have disdained to make an unlogical computation, finds all his penetration disappointed.

Well! though I cannot lead you a step forward, I will open a little of the back scene, which, at least, will prevent you from making wrong reflections. You must not then imagine that the mere articles of the Preliminaries have caused the approaching revolution; you must not suppose that any sacrifices of glory, interest, or dominion, nor even the dereliction of the Loyalists, though sounded the most loudly, occasioned the fermentation that has made the House of Commons boil over and cast off the Administration. More human causes than national honour and national interest, than commiseration and justice, made the fire beneath burn too intensely. In one word, my good friends, Lord North and Mr. Fox united their forces and defeated Lord Shelburne in a pitched battle. The town says, that he deferred treating with either till it was too late; and that he did treat with them when it was too late; even last week, when he was rejected by both. Whether *they* can agree better if they are to divide the spoils is now to be seen. But I shall not step over the threshold of next minute; sufficient to the day is the event thereof: I shall say no more, but what I replied (and often do reply, like an old man fond of his own sayings) to a person yesterday morning, who asked me "how all this would end?" I answered, "How will it begin?" That is the proper answer always on political emergencies. Politics never end: after struggles they come to a settlement—but consequences are chained to that settlement; yet I meant more. The first time I used the expression, *how will it begin?* was in the American war; it was that war that overturned a firm settlement; and when I was asked how it would end, I foresaw how often that question would be repeated before any man would be able to answer it—the question of to-day is but one instance.

Tuesday, in the evening.

I own I was grown uneasy at not hearing from you, and sent to your nephew's on Saturday, and again to-day, having heard he was expected. He came to me two hours ago, and brought me a letter from you, which explains your silence in a very kind manner, as you forbore writing in pity to my weak hand; but you see, that, lame as all the fingers are but the thumb, I can write glibly. Indeed, excepting in my right hand, I am much the better for my late fit: it has cleared my blood and revived my spirits.

When your nephew and I had gossipped over the great event of the morning, I did not forget your disquiet about General Murray, though every body else has; as well as the controversy on foot in print between Lord Cornwallis and Sir Henry Clinton.* The peace is the topic on the carpet, and has obliterated the war. Sir Horace

* This controversy was on the subject of the last campaign in America.

junior will go to the General to-morrow, and, by his own prudent thought, will not tap the matter of your letters, not to put into his wild head what never came into it, or may be slipped out of it; but, should Murray mention the subject, your nephew will satisfy him of your innocence.

I can say no more now; nor have time to speak on the war you foresee between emperors and empresses. Though I have nothing to do with politics, I live so much at home, and my house is in so central a position, that it is a little coffee-house in a morning when the town is full, and I am perpetually interrupted. Adieu! you shall hear again as soon as the prospect clears. I do not send you random guesses and reports.

LETTER CCCXCVI.

Monday evening, Feb. 24, 1783.

The victory of the Opposition on Tuesday last was followed by another on Friday.* Lord Shelburne took Saturday to consider on

* The victory obtained over the Ministers by the new Coalition, on the 17th, appeared so very encouraging, that they determined to come forward with a positive censure of the terms of the treaties; and accordingly, on the 21st, Lord John Cavendish moved a series of five resolutions, condemnatory of the concessions made by the provisional treaty and preliminary articles, as being greater than our adversaries were entitled to, either from the actual situation of their respective possessions, or from their comparative strength. The resolutions gave rise to a long and animated debate; in the course of which Mr. Powis took occasion to notice the very extraordinary and unnatural coalition and alliance which had been formed against Ministers. Mr. Fox made a long and elaborate speech. He lamented that his coalition with Lord North had lost him the support, and brought down upon him the censure, of some persons for whom he had great respect; and asserted, that this junction of parties was rendered necessary by the political circumstances of the country. He avowed his wish to be in office, trusting that, the short time he was in administration, he had not shown any incompetency, which should prevent his offering himself a candidate for a share in that new arrangement which was become indispensable in consequence of the neglectful—not to give it a worse epithet—conduct of the First Lord of the Treasury. He imputed the blame of the peace to Lord Shelburne, and represented him as acting upon unconstitutional principles, and as having made disgraceful concessions in the treaties for the purpose of keeping himself in power. Mr. Pitt replied to Mr. Fox in a speech which lasted three hours, till four in the morning, and which his friend Mr. Wilberforce has noted as an instance of those amazing powers of mind which bodily infirmity seemed never to obscure; his stomach on that evening being so disordered, "that he was actually holding Solomon's porch (a portico behind the Speaker's chair) open with one hand, while vomiting during Fox's speech." In adverting to the supposed Coalition, he said, "If, however, the baneful alliance is not already formed, if this ill-omened marriage is not already solemnized, I know a just and lawful impediment, and, in the name of the public safety, I here forbid the bands." After vindicating Lord Shelburne, and bearing testimony to his abilities and zeal in the service of his country, he thus emphatically concluded: "I was not very eager to come into office, and shall have no great reluctance to go out, whenever I shall be dismissed from the service of the public. It has been the grand object of my short official

it; yesterday morning acquainted the Cabinet with his intention of retiring; notified that resolution to the rest of his adherents in the evening, and resigned his post this morning. In fact, it would have been difficult to maintain it against a House of Commons in which, he had lost the majority, and in which the supplies are not yet voted. Parliaments are not to be governed when they will not give money to govern them by. This Parliament, too, has gotten an ugly trick of turning out even those who did pay them handsomely;* and yet some people in the country are so visionary as to imagine they could improve the constitution or construction of the House of Commons. I don't know what such folks would have, if they are not content with the demolition of two Administrations in one year!

As Lord Shelburne has been routed by the united forces of Lord North and Mr. Fox, it is supposed that these two chieftains will form a new Administration of their friends, though neither will be the no-

existence to do the duties of my station with all the ability and address in my power, and with a fidelity and honour which should bear me up, and give me confidence, under every possible contingency. I can say with sincerity, that I never had a wish which did not terminate in the dearest interests of the nation. I will, at the same time, imitate the honourable gentleman's candour, and confess, that I too have my ambition. High situations and great influence are desirable objects to most men, and objects which I am not ashamed to pursue, but even solicitous to possess, whenever they can be acquired with honour and retained with dignity. I have ever been anxious to do my utmost for the interest of my country; it has been my sole concern to act an honest and upright part. On these principles alone I came into Parliament and into place; and I take the whole House to witness, that I have not been under the necessity of contradicting one public declaration I have ever made. I am, notwithstanding, at the disposal of the House; and with their decision, whatever it may be, I will cheerfully comply. It is impossible to deprive me of those feelings which must always result from the sincerity of my best endeavours to fulfil with integrity every official engagement. You may take from me the privileges and emoluments of place, but you cannot and shall not take from me those habitual and warm regards for the prosperity of Great Britain which constitute the honour, the happiness, and the pride of my life; and which, I trust, death alone can extinguish. And with this consolation, the loss of power and the loss of fortune, though I affect not to despise, I hope I shall soon be able to forget,

'Laudo manentem; si celeres quatit
Pennas, resigno quæ dedit—
——————— probamque
Pauperiem sine dote quæro.'"

This speech drew forth the warmest applause from every part of the House. "When Mr. Pitt delivered it, I was," says his college preceptor and biographer, "in the gallery of the House, sitting next to a young man who was then a great admirer of Mr. Pitt, but was afterwards one of his most determined and powerful opponents as a member of the House. He did not know me, but we had entered into conversation during the debate; and, when Mr. Pitt quoted this passage from Horace, he turned to me and said with great eagerness, 'Why did he omit Et mea virtute me involvo?' An omission generally considered as marking equally the modesty and good taste of Mr. Pitt." On the division the numbers were, for Lord John Cavendish's resolutions 207, against them 190: thereby leaving the Ministers in a minority of seventeen.—Ed.

* Lord North.

minal Premier; the first declaring against being *the Minister* again, and the Duke of Portland being the ostensible successor of Lord Rockingham. From this junction the new Administration is expected; but how it is to be transacted, or how arranged, I am totally ignorant.

The triumphant party declare for adherence to the Peace, though they condemn it. Indeed, I hope it will be inviolate. It is not within the compass of my knowledge to pronounce whether we could have had better terms or not.* They are better than for some years, I have thought we could obtain: and though I was far from admiring Lord Shelburne's conduct last spring,† and have been as far from applauding his behaviour since, which has been improper in every light, still I am glad that he did make peace; and I am not less persuaded, that, had the war continued, we should not only have suffered still more, but made a peace much worse at the end. Lord Shelburne's motives may not have been laudable; his management of the treaty injudicious and rash; still I prefer the peace, such as it is, to continuation of the war. I believe I differ from some of my best friends;

* Dr. Franklin, in a letter of the 17th of March to his friend Dr. Jonathan Shipley, Dean of St. Asaph, thus maintains that better terms could not have been obtained: "The clamour against the Peace in your Parliament would alarm me for its duration, if I were not of opinion with you, that the attack is rather against the Minister. I am confident that none of the Opposition would have made a better peace for England, if they had been in Lord Shelburne's place; at least, I am sure that Lord Stormont, who seems loudest in railing at it, is not the man that could have mended it. They talk much of there being no *reciprocity* in our treaty. They think nothing then of our passing over in silence the atrocities committed by their troops, and demanding no satisfaction for their wanton burnings and devastations of our fair towns and countries. They have heretofore confessed the war to be unjust; and nothing is plainer in reasoning, than that the mischiefs done in an unjust war should be repaired. Can Englishmen be so partial to themselves as to imagine that they have a right to plunder and destroy as much as they please, and then without satisfying for the injuries they have done, to have peace on equal terms? Let us now forgive and forget. Let each country seek its advancement in its own internal advantages of arts and agriculture, not in retarding or preventing the prosperity of the other. America, with God's blessing, becomes a great and happy country; and England, if she has at length gained wisdom, will have gained something more valuable and more essential to her prosperity than all she has lost, and will still be a great and respectable nation." Works, vol. ix. p. 498.—Ed.

† When he negotiated with the King without concert with Lord Rockingham. [This was in March 1782, immediately after Lord North had signified to the House of Commons, that he was no longer Minister. Upon which event, the King is stated by Nicholls "to have sent for Lord Shelburne, arranged the Administration with him, sent the Earl to the Marquis of Rockingham, to inform him of the names of the noblemen and gentlemen who were to form the Cabinet, and of the different offices they were to fill." Mr. Wilberforce, in his Journals, thus alludes to this interview; In 1782, I first knew Fox well: he giving us dinners twice or thrice; very pleasant and unaffected. I was invited to attend at Tommy Townshend's during the formation of the Ministry, and can remember when the jealousy between the Rockingham and Shelburne parties was first betrayed by Fox's awkward manner, when he let out that the King had been seen by no one but Lord Shelburne."—Ed.]

but I must be governed by my own feelings, and must speak the truth.

Your nephew tells me he intends to make you a visit next month: he makes no more of a journey to Florence than of going to York races; and, therefore, I am glad you will not only have the comfort of seeing him, but of hearing a thousand things expounded that cannot be detailed in a letter.* The new system will probably be adjusted by that time. I shall desire him to carry you the detail of General Murray's trial which I myself shall never read. It was an incident that made no impression here. This great city is wonderfully curious, though exceedingly indifferent. The latter complexion occasions the former. Every body wants to hear something new every day, no matter whether good or bad. They forget it next day, and inquire again for news. At this moment every man's mouth and ear is open to learn the new Administration—none can tell yet; still dispositions of places are invented and circulated: yet, excepting interested politicians, nobody really cares who is to go in or out; and when the change is completed, it will be forgotten in a week. This was exactly the case in March and June last. Our levity is unlike that of the French: they turn every thing into a jest, an epigram, or a ballad; we are not pleasant, but violent, and yet remember nothing for a moment. This was not our character formerly. Perhaps the prostitution of patriotism, and the daily and indiscriminate publications of abuse on all the world, have, the former made virtue suspected, and the latter made discredit so general, that virtue is either not believed, or has no authority. Can the people be much attached to any man, if they think well of none? Can they hate any man superlatively, if they think ill of all? In my own opinion, we have no positive character at present at all. We are not so bad as most great nations have been when sinking. We have no excessive vices, no raging animosities. A most absurd and most disgraceful civil war produced no commotions. A peace far from glorious to be sure, and condemned, pleases many, seriously provokes very few. It will sink into silent contempt, as soon as the new Ministers are appointed. The peace of Paris, more ignominious as the termination of a most triumphant war, was scarce mentioned after the preliminaries had been approved in Parliament. If you find these features resembling those of former England, then I am wrong to think our national character altered.

There has been a deep snow, which has prevented my going out, or having seen anybody to-day; so, if there is anything new, I hope your nephew will write it. Adieu!

* Sir Horace Mann the younger not only voted with the majority on the last debate, but made a strong attack upon the peace, which he said he execrated, "as it was in his opinion a heap of every thing that was disgraceful and degrading to his country." Parl. His. vol. xxiii. p. 513.—Ed.

LETTER CCCXCVII.

March 10, 1783.

I BEGAN a letter to you yesterday sevennight, intending to send it away the next day: so I did on Friday, by which time I concluded a new Administration would be settled. That is not just the case yet; and therefore I have laid aside my commenced letter (which, however, you may get some time or other,) and begin another—just to stay your stomach till I can tell you something positive. To-day I shall not utter a word of politics, as they might be addled by to-morrow.

My old aunt, and your old acquaintance, Lady Walpole, died yesterday morning, at past eighty-seven.* She has been quite blind for some years; but so well, that, having a fever last year of which she recovered, she said it was the first money she had ever laid out with an apothecary for herself. I sat an hour with her three weeks ago, and never saw her look better, nor possess her senses more.

Another person you once knew, died at the same time in a more dismal way—*à l'Anglaise*. Mr. Skrine shot himself; they say, from distressed circumstances.

Tuesday, 11th.

My vow of not uttering a word of politics being confined in the literal sense to yesterday, I shall open my pen's mouth again so far as to tell you that the Interministerium still exists, as far as Nonentity is a Being. Do not imagine that we feel any inconvenience from the Administration wanting a Head. Every thing goes on more quietly for that defect. The Parliament sits—business is done without obstruction, for nobody can be opposed when there is nobody to be opposed; the inference, I doubt, is, that a Minister is opposed, not for what he *does*, but for what he *is*. In the fable of Æsop, the Head and Members were starved out when they would not feed the Belly: here we now find, that if the Belly and *Members* are well crammed, they can jog on mighty comfortably without the head.

The newspapers will tell you, that tenders of the first place have been made to various persons, who have declined it, and that a veto has been put on the only person who is ready to accept.† These reports I neither affirm nor deny; for I know nothing but town-talk. You would naturally ask me, "But what do you believe?" I reply, "Nothing!" When people are quite ignorant of what is doing, in-

*In 1720, Horatio, first Lord Walpole of Wolterton, married Mary Magdalen, daughter and co-heiress of Peter Lombard, Esq., of Burnham Thorpe, in the county of Norfolk, with whom he obtained a considerable fortune. She survived her husband twenty-six years. Towards the latter part of her life, she lost her sight, a misfortune which she is said to have borne with extreme serenity.—ED.

† The Duke of Portland. This long suspense was occasioned by the King's unwillingness to take the Duke of Portland and the old Whigs for Ministers.

stead of confessing their ignorance, they coin knowledge and invent something that others at least may believe. Thus I have been told positively for this last fortnight of so many premiers being appointed, that at last I have determined to disbelieve any thing I hear, but to believe nothing. In that suspense I leave you for the present. Excepting a million of lies, you know as much as the whole town of London does; and, if there are half a dozen of truths amid that inundation of falsehoods, my spectacles are not good enough to discriminate the precious stones from the counterfeits; and, as I am too old to wear jewels, it is pretty indifferent to me which are diamonds, and which Bristol-stones. I only take care not to send you bits of glass. Adieu!

LETTER CCCXCVIII.

Sunday, March 2, 1783.

[This is the letter mentioned in the preceding to have been begun, but it was not sent away till March 18th.]

It is not quite new in this country, though not so frequent as in your neighbourhood, to see a *sede vacante;* here, I call it an Interministerium. There is this difference between the two vacuums; at Rome, the pretence is, that the Holy Ghost does not know its own mind till the *majority* fixes it. Here, the *majority* has decided; but inspiration has not yet given the fiat. As even what passes within the Conclave is known, or guessed, or reported falsely; so here people pretend to account for the present hiatus in government. I do not warrant what I am going to tell you; only send you the creed of the day.

Lord Shelburne resigned the Treasury last Monday, and the Duke of Portland was ready to take his place; being named thereto by the united factions of the Cardinals, Fox and North. The Holy Ghost is said to be highly displeased with that junction; and, instead of imposition of hands on the elect, offered the ministerial tiara to the juvenile Cardinal, William Pitt; who, after pondering in his heart so effulgent a Call, and not finding his vocation ratified by a majority of the Sacred College, humbly declined the splendid nomination on Thursday last.* Clouds and darkness have hung over the

* The consequence of the two divisions upon the Peace was, that Lord Shelburne and the rest of the Ministers resigned their offices, or declared themselves ready to do so, as soon as their successors should be fixed upon; and it became necessary that a new Administration should be formed. The King was very reluctant to apply to Lord North and Mr. Fox, the union between whom could not but be highly displeasing to his Majesty. He was therefore induced to propose to Mr. Pitt to succeed Lord Shelburne as First Lord of the Treasury. "This," says the Bishop of Winchester, "was a most dazzling offer to so young a man, and demanded, both

last two days.—Here I pause till the sky clears: at present, I know no more than the Pope of Rome what is doing.

Wednesday night, 5th.

This letter, which was to have speeded to you last night, could not get its complement, the political atmosphere being still overcast. Cardinal North was summoned to the Vatican on Monday,* where much entreaty was used to detach him from his new confederation, but in vain; and he was dismissed with a declaration, that any terms should be granted, except the disbursement of St. Peter's pence by the Head of a heretical faction. The Cardinal had another short audience last night, with as little effect. This morning, it is said, the young Cardinal I mentioned, and two others, have been closeted; and there ends the second part of this interlude, as far as I know. If things remain in suspense till Friday night, I shall still withhold this: you had better remain in negative than in positive uncertainty, unless your nephew gives you any hint. For my part, I do not choose, at such a crisis, to divulge our bickerings, though they can be no secret.

March 13th.

I began this letter, as you perceive, a fortnight ago; but we have remained in such confusion till yesterday, that truly I did not care to give you an account that might delight foreigners, and would give you an anxiety that I could neither remove, nor cared to explain. I shall now send you a few lines to-morrow, that will make you easy by announcing a settlement; but, as your nephew will set out for Florence next week, I will commit this to him; which will give you a fuller explanation, though it will be longer before you receive it.

upon private and public grounds, the most serious consideration. By far the greater number of the friends whom he consulted, advised him to accept the offer; but, after reflecting upon the opposition which he must experience from the two numerous and powerful parties at the head of which were Lord North and Mr. Fox, he was convinced there was no prospect of his obtaining that degree of support in Parliament, without which no Administration can be effective or beneficial to the country, and therefore felt himself under an imperious obligation to decline the offer." This offer was made on the 24th of February, and on the following day Mr. Dundas moved, that the House of Commons should adjourn to the 28th; the object of which motion, though not avowed, the Bishop states to have been, to give time to Mr. Pitt to consider his Majesty's offer; and it was carried by a majority of 49 to 37. The following passages from Mr. Wilberforce's Diary throw light on what took place in the interval: "Feb. 24th. Dined at Pitt's: heard of the very surprising proposition. 25th. Ministry still undecided. 28th. Ministers still unappointed. T. Townshend called, and in vain persuaded Pitt to take it. 29th. The chariot to Wimbledon: Pitt, &c., to dinner, and sleep. Nothing settled."

* "March 3rd. This evening, or on Sunday evening, the King sent for Lord North, having previously seen Lord Guilford, and they parted on bad terms; Rex refusing to take Charles Fox, and North to *give* him up. 5th. King saw North a second time. Both continue stout. 12th. This day Lord North was commissioned, being sent for by the King, to desire the Duke of Portland to form a Ministry." Wilberforce's Diary.—Ed.

In short, whether Lord Shelburne retained his influence in the Closet, or endeavoured to preserve it; or whether mere aversion to Charles Fox and the Cavendishes, who govern the remnant of the Rockingham faction, was the cause; Lord Shelburne, the Chancellor, the Lord Advocate, and some of the old Bedford squadron, seconded the King's wishes to patch up a succedaneous Administration, though without Lord Shelburne for ostensible Minister. The first idea was to offer the Treasury to young Pitt, whose vanity was at first naturally staggered; but his discretion got the better, and he declined. It was then offered to Lord Gower, who had not resolution enough to accept. At last, Lord North, as I told you, was sent for, and it was proposed to him earnestly to resume his old rudder; but he avowed his new alliance with Fox, and proposed the Duke of Portland. This was absolutely rejected; and a resolution was declared of not appointing the Duke premier, though all the rest of his party might have places. This strange interval lasted from Sunday night to the Tuesday sevennight following. All men were in amazement, and nobody knew how this Gordian knot would be cut. I believe it was expected, perhaps hoped, that Mr. Fox and his associates would fly out into violence; which would revolt a very fluctuating House of Commons, in which the Tories, though they had followed Lord North, their old commander, against Lord Shelburne, might repent their desertion of prerogative, and leave the new allies, North and Fox, once more in a minority; but *these* were too cunning to precipitate their plan, and kept their temper; while the Crown received so many rebuffs, and found it impossible to form any other Ministry, that at last Lord North was again sent for, and ordered to form a new arrangement according to the system he had adopted and proposed; but was desired to make it broad enough, that there might not be another change soon.* Whether the latter part of the command will be easily executed, I don't know. The Coalition of North and Fox† has given extreme offence reciprocally to many of

* This was certainly an insincerity to lull the allies asleep, as appeared nine months afterwards; and, even so early as the following August, the King dropped hints of his meditating another change.

† Mr. Eden, afterwards Lord Auckland, was supposed to have been the person who had the principal weight with Lord North upon this occasion. "He was called," says Bishop Tomline, "the father of the Coalition, and I myself heard Mr. Sheridan attribute the Coalition to him." Lady Charlotte Lindsay, the surviving daughter of Lord North, in a letter addressed to Lord Brougham in February 1839, and inserted in the first volume of his Lordship's Historical Sketches of Statesmen who flourished in the reign of George the Third, observes, in allusion to the much criticized Coalition, "The proverb says, 'Necessity acquaints us with strange bedfellows;" it is no less true, that dislike of a third party reconciles adversaries. My eldest brother was a Whig by nature, and an enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Fox; he, together with Mr. Adam and Mr. Eden, were, I believe, the chief promoters of the Coalition. My mother, I remember, was averse to it; not that she troubled her head with being a Tory or Whig, but she feared it would compromise her husband's political consistency." With many others, Sir Samuel Romilly appears to have been greatly disgusted at what had taken place: "I suppose," he says, in a letter

their friends, and I believe is not very popular in the country; nay, I question whether they are very sure of either House of Parliament. Of the Court they cannot be, which has shown so much aversion; and, as in March last, has affronted the Duke of Portland, like Lord Rockingham, by appointing another person to treat with him. Many expect the two allies will break again—I own I do not believe that: but as few, by the reduction of employments, and by the fulness of other places, whence the present occupiers will be removed, can be provided for, I foresee a pretty strong Opposition; and young Pitt, whose character is as yet little singed, and who has many Youths, of his own age and of parts,* attached to him, will be ready to head a new party. There are many other circumstances, too long to detail, that will favour my ideas. Your nephew will supply a verbal comment; but pray remember to send me *this letter*, and the rest of mine, by him.

The peace and the new arrangement are certainly fortunate. A duration of obstinacy against the latter might have endangered the

to his friend Roget, "all the gazettes have proclaimed to you the scandalous alliance between Fox and Lord North. It is not Fox alone, but all his party; so much, that it is no exaggeration to say, that, of all the public characters of this devoted country (Mr. Pitt only excepted,) there is not a man who has, or who deserves, the nation's confidence. But that even those men may not be judged unheard, the apology for their conduct which they offer, or rather upon which they insult the public, is this: They say, the great cause of enmity between them was the American war, which being removed, there remains no obstacle to their now becoming friends: that this country has long been shamefully rent with party feuds and animosities, to which it is high time to put an end, by uniting all the talents of the country in one Administration: that their alliance implies no departure from their ancient principles; for though each party consents to act with men whom they formerly opposed, yet neither gives up any of their political sentiments: that an Administration formed of men holding contrary speculative opinions in politics, is no novelty in this country: that even Lord Shelburne's Administration was one of this kind; the Chancellor and the Lord Advocate of Scotland being the warm Advocates of the Crown, and of the present Constitution; and the other Ministers being the zealous friends of the people, and the promoters of a reformation of the Constitution. These sophisms are not worth refuting." Life, vol. i. p. 269.—Ed.

* The Youths of his own age and of parts, here alluded to by Walpole, were Mr. Wilberforce, Mr. Henry Bankes, Mr. Pepper Arden, Mr. Eliot, and Mr. Dudley Ryder. With these young friends, Mr. Pitt, as is shown by Mr. Wilberforce's Diary, passed at this time most of his leisure hours: "March 31st. Pitt resigned to-day. Dined Pitt's: then Goostree's, where supped. April 3rd. Wimbledon, where Pitt, &c. dined and slept. Evening walk; bed a little past two. 4th. Delicious day. Lounged morning at Wimbledon with friends, *foining* at night and run about the garden for an hour or two." "Little was it known," says Mr. Wilberforce's biographer, "by those who saw him only in his public course, that the stiffness of Mr. Pitt's ordinary manner could thus at times unbend, and wanton in these exuberant bursts of natural vivacity. The sports of the rigid Scipio and meditative Lælius, in their ungirded hours, were equalled by the '*foinings*' of the garden at Wimbledon, where Pitt's overflowing spirits carried him to every height of jest. 'We found, one morning, the fruits of Pitt's earlier rising in the careful sowing of the garden-beds with the fragments of a dress-hat in which Ryder had overnight come down from the Opera.' It was in this varied and familiar intercourse that their mutual affection was matured." Life, vol. i. p. 27.—Ed.

former. Our situation, however, is far from admirable; and fallen we are very low in every respect—nay, have no symptoms of a nation returning to its senses, and thinking of repairing its errors and recovering its consideration. Mr. Fox, I am persuaded, had he full authority, is most capable of undertaking such a task; as, of all men living, Lord Shelburne has shown himself the most insufficient. Every day of his administration produced new proofs of his folly, duplicity, indiscretion, contradictions, and disregard of all principles. He was fallen into the lowest contempt, even before his power was shaken. He will have full time to reflect on his errors; and yet hitherto he has seemed insensible of them, and incapable of correcting them. The Duke of Portland is a cypher. Lord North has lately shown himself a dexterous politician for his own interests, though a most fatal Minister to us, and uncreditable to himself, and not very grateful to his Master. Still, such was our blindness, he was the most popular man in England, even after his fall; but that vision is dispelled, and he will be seen hereafter in his true colours, as a bad minister and a selfish man, who had abilities enough to have made a very different figure. Adieu!

March 18th.

P.S. I have been telling you what may be true; but at least it is not so yet. The Administration that was thought settled, is not. The Duke of Portland was invited, and refused in the same breath; that is, was ordered to send his list *in writing*, and would not: and, lest any part should be in the right, he and his new friend Lord North are not agreed on their list; and yet they and their Sovereign have squabbled about part of that unsettled list. He has insisted on keeping the Chancellor, they on dismissing him. Why? oh! thereby hangs a tale, more serious than all the rest. George the *Fourth** has linked himself with Charles Fox. The Chancellor was consulted (by the King,) and is said to have expressed himself in terms that would be treason, if the present tense were the future;† but, that I may not be in the same præmunire, I leave to your nephew to expound the rest by word of mouth. I expect every minute to receive my packet. This letter, I hope, and he, will give you a clue that may make you understand my future despatches, which will be circumspect, not so much against home inspection as foreign. We are in such a distracted state, and may continue so, that I shall avoid touching on our confusions more than shall be too notorious to be concealed. As to who are or shall be Ministers, I care very little. All parties are confounded and intermixed, without being reconciled. My belief is, that new distractions will arise, and, after some scene of anarchy, a new æra. You may depend upon it, that I shall have nothing to do with it; and consequently shall know nothing but outlines. I withdraw myself

* The Prince of Wales. His connexion with Charles Fox made the King detest the latter, and was the principal cause of his dislike to the proposed Administration.

† That is, if the Prince were King.

more and more from the world, have few connexions left, and despise supremely such old simpletons as thrust themselves amongst generations two or three degree younger. If one outlives one's contemporaries, it is no reason for supposing one shall cut a new set of teeth.

LETTER CCCXCIX.

Thursday, April 3, 1783.

I MARK the very day of the week on which I begin my letter, because of late nothing has proved true; at least, not lasting for four-and-twenty hours. For these three weeks I have said to every body that called on me and told me news, "I beg your pardon, but I will not believe any thing you tell me: all I can do is to disbelieve." Well! at last there is an Administration—it *has* kissed hands; and therefore, were it to be destroyed to-morrow, it will have been. In a word, Lord North was sent for once more on Tuesday night, and was ordered to tell the Duke of Portland, that his Grace's arrangement would be accepted. Accordingly, the new Cabinet kissed hands yesterday: the Duke of Portland, as First Lord of the Treasury; Lord John Cavendish, Chancellor of the Exchequer; Lord Stormont, President of the council; Lord North and Mr. Fox, Secretaries of State; Lord Carlisle, Privy Seal; Lord Keppel, First Lord of the Admiralty. This is all I know yet: for reports, even crediting, I should not repeat them till they have taken *seisin*; as, on a change of Administration, places, like insects, undergo a variety of transformations, at least in the eyes of rumour, before the metamorphoses are completed. As my letter will not leave London till to-morrow, I may be able to tell you more. I sent you a key by your nephew, which will unlock much of what is past.

In the mean time, let us talk of Cavalier Mozzi. I have received your letter, with his enclosed to Mr. Duane; which I sent immediately, and have seen the letter this morning. He is to appoint Mr. Sharpe and Lucas to meet him here, if they can, on Monday or Tuesday next; and when we have heard all they have to say, Mr. Duane and I shall talk it over together, and I hope give a more favourable decision than Cavalier Mozzi is willing to submit to. Since Mozzi has so long delayed coming, I see no occasion for it now. Indeed, the walls of Florence seems impassable, or your principie'd Earl* would not have been riveted there so long. How strange he is! neither parent nor children can draw him from that specific spot! But we are a lunatic nation!

They tell us that the Sicilian and Neapolitan tragedy has not been

* Earl Cowper, made Prince Nassau by the Emperor. He had lately sent his children to England to be educated, yet did not follow them himself.

so very dreadful as at first represented. I hope my friend, the Professor of Earthquakes, Sir William Hamilton, will give a full account of it, and not treat it with your Pope's indifference.

Mr. Fox is again *your* principal, and a very agreeable one he will be: there is no walk in which *he* will not shine.

Friday, 4th.

The Duke of Richmond resigned yesterday. Of new preferments, to-day produced but the following: Burke, Paymaster; Spanish Charles Townshend, Treasurer of the Navy; Eden, Vice-treasurer of Ireland; Lord Surrey, Frederick Montagu, and Sir Grey Cooper, Lords of the Treasury; and John Townshend, of the Admiralty. These are nothing to you, but your nephew will like to know. I tell you none of the Who-are-to-be's, to save myself the trouble of contradiction, if I should misinform you.*

I believe some of your earthquake weather has reached hither; for it has been so warm for these five days, that, on opening my window to the Square this morning, I found a large wasp on the outside, which soon flew away. Adieu!

LETTER CCCC.

Berkeley Square, April 30, 1783.

I FEAR poor Cavalier Mozzi will not find himself much advanced, though Mr. Duane and I have made a beginning. He might as well have a suit in Chancery, if we go no faster than we have done. We sat the first morning near four hours, and then could proceed no further, for a point of law being started, upon which it was necessary to take the opinion of counsel; which Sharpe took down to state to two of the first lawyers. All our three said we should obtain that *opinion immediately;* and *immediately* has already lasted above three weeks, and I have not heard a word from my fellow-labourers.

* On the 2nd of April, after repeated impediments and interruptions, which strongly marked the reluctance of the King in acceding to the arrangement, the Coalition Administration was announced, consisting of the Duke of Portland, First Lord of the Treasury; Lord North and Mr. Fox, Principal Secretaries of State; Lord John Cavendish, Chancellor of the Exchequer; Lord Keppel, First Lord of the Admiralty; Viscount Stormont, President of the Council; the Earl of Carlisle, Lord Privy Seal. The above seven formed the Cabinet. The Great Seal was put into commission: the Commissioners being Lord Loughborough, Sir W. H. Ashurst, and Sir Beaumont Hotham. The Earl of Hertford, Lord Chamberlain; Viscount Townshend, Master-General of the Ordnance; the Hon. Richard Fitzpatrick, Secretary at War; Edmund Burke, Esq., Paymaster of the forces; Charles Townshend, Esq., Treasurer of the Navy; James Wallace, Esq., Attorney-General; John Lee, Esq., Solicitor General; Richard Brindsley Sheridan, Esq., and Richard Burke, Esq., Secretaries to the Treasury; the Earl of Northington, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland; William Windham, Esq., Secretary for Ireland; and William Eden, Esq., Vice-Treasurer.—Ed.

Between Easter and Newmarket, politics have been a little at a stand: there had been vivacities in both Houses, but no division in either. The heat of the war seems likely to lie in that of the Lords. The newspapers specify the preferments: the one most difficult to be filled, the Vice-royalty of Ireland, is at last supplied by Lord Northington. Mr. Windham, whom you saw lately in Italy, is his Secretary. Mr. Trevor, second son of Lord Hampden, who has been employed in Germany, is to be your neighbour at Turin. There seems to be a little suspense in Lord Mountstewart's destination to Madrid. The French Ambassador, D'Ademar, is expected incessantly, for the Duke of Manchester is gone to Paris. It is well these articles are connected with your vocation, or they would not be worth noting: but I have nothing more material to tell you. After a war, and so many changes of Administrations, it might be natural to repose a little; but perhaps we may not be arrived at a settlement yet.*

When you wrote last, your nephew was not arrived at Florence; but I conclude he was before your letter had made ten posts: for he travels as fast as your own couriers. I shall grudge your having him for one particular day in next week; when Mr. Pitt is to move for the alteration of the Representation, against which your nephew is as zealous as I am. It will probably not be carried; but I wish it knocked on the head by as many blows as possible. Our Constitution has resisted all kinds of shocks; but, if it changes itself, who can foresee the consequence? We have lost our grandeur! I hope our felicity is not to follow it! It is a disinterested wish, as most of mine are; for the progress of revolutions to come will scarcely enter into the volume in which I am concerned.

The newspapers intimate that you were in the right, when you judged that the two ambitious Imperials† were determined to treat the Turkish empire as they did Poland, and share it between them: it seems, no submissions have diverted them from their purpose; on the contrary, I suppose, have encouraged them. Formerly an Emperor and Empress, with no more religion than these two, would have christened it a holy war; modern rapine is more barefaced. Our Nabobs do not plunder the Indies under the banners of piety, like the old Spaniards and Portuguese. I call man an *aurivorous* animal. We pretend just now to condemn our own excesses, which are shocking indeed; *sed quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* a Parliament is a fine court of correction. The Lord Advocate of Scotland,‡ who has sold himself over and over, is prosecuting Sir Thomas Rumbold for corruption at Madras! This Rumbold was a waiter at white's: there are two or three of the like origin, who have returned to Bengal incrusted with gold and diamonds. This trial has disclosed a scene of tyranny

* This proved a prophecy: the new Administration did not last above nine months.

† Austria and Russia.

‡ Henry Dundas, Esq.: who, on the coalition between Mr. Fox and Lord North, had gone over to the side of Pitt.

in the East India Company itself as royalty iniquitous as could issue from the Council-chamber of Petersburgh. We talk and write of liberty, and plunder the property of the Indies. The Emperor destroys convents, and humbles the Pope; the Czarina preaches toleration, but protects the Jesuits; and these two philosophic sovereigns intend to divide Constantinople, after sacrificing half a million of lives! In one age, religion commits massacres; in another, philosophy. Oh! what a farce are human affairs!

LETTER CCCCI.

Thursday morning early, May 8th, 1783.

I WRITE, though I wrote but last week, and rather to gratify your nephew than you. Mr. William Pitt's motion for Reform of the House of Commons was rejected at past two this morning by 293 to 149.* I know no particulars yet, but from a hasty account in a

* On the 7th of May, Mr. Pitt again brought the question of Parliamentary Reform before the House of commons: upon which occasion there was a call of the House, and at four o'clock nearly five hundred members had taken their places. After a most eloquent speech, Mr. Pitt moved three resolutions:—1. "That the most effectual and practicable measures ought to be taken for the better prevention of bribery and expense at future elections. 2. That, for the future, when the majority of voters for any borough should be convicted of gross and notorious corruption before a committee of that House, such boroughs should be disfranchised, and the minority of voters, not so convicted, should be entitled to vote for the county in which such borough should be situated. 3. That an addition of knights of the shire, and of representatives of the metropolis, should be added to the state of the representation." "The gallery of the House," writes Sir Samuel Romilly, "was quite full at a little after eleven, and three times as many as it would hold were obliged to come away. One might imagine, from this crowding, that a great many persons took concern in the fate of their country: but the truth is, that it was the eloquence of Mr. Pitt, and not the subject on which it was to be employed, that excited people's curiosity; and, no doubt, the reflection which his speech produced in the minds of many of his hearers was not unlike that which the usurer makes upon the preacher in the Diable Boiteux, 'Il a bien fait son métier; allons faire le nôtre.' In his speech, Mr. Pitt said, that the addition he would propose should be of about one hundred members. He spoke of a perfectly equal representation as a wild Utopian scheme, which never could be realized; and gave as a reason for not proposing to strike off the corrupt boroughs and those which are the patrimony of particular families, that it would be an unjust invasion of private property. This is a kind of argument which I confess, has no great weight with me; for I think the laws are not bound to protect men in the possession of such pecuniary advantages as they ought never to have obtained. If a man's having a pecuniary interest in a thing, no matter how acquired, is sufficient to make his property in it sacred, then may the laws become a shield to every species of fraud, iniquity, and immorality." Mr. Thomas Pitt and Mr. Dundas both declared themselves proselytes to the plan for rendering the representation more extended. Mr. Fox and Mr. Sheridan, while they sustained the proposition, treated with derision Mr. Thomas Pitt's surrender of the borough of Old Sarum at the shrine of the British Constitution. "If we reflect," says Wraxall, "on the close degree of consanguinity between William and Thomas Pitt, we may perhaps be inclined to think that the latter relied on

newspaper; and to those intelligencers for the circumstances I refer you and him; as I shall not have time to-day probably to relate them after I have heard them, and must go to Strawberry Hill to-morrow morning to receive company, and this must go away to-morrow night.

This great majority will, I hope, at least check such attempts. Indeed, when two hundred and ninety-three members dare to pronounce so firmly, it is plain that the spirit of Innovation has gained but few counties; five or six at most, supposing Kent and Essex added to the *Quintuple* Alliance. That very epithet proves that the demand is confined to a small number. The object of altering the Representation I think most dangerous. We know pretty well what good or evil the present state of the House of Commons can do: what an enlargement might achieve, no man can tell. Nay, allowing the present construction to be bad, it is clear that on emergencies it will do right. Were the House of Commons now existing the worst that ever was, still it must be acceptable to our Reformers: for which House of Commons, since the Restoration, ever did more than tear two Prime Ministers from the Crown in one year? In short, the constitution of the House of Commons I see in the same light as I do my own constitution. The gout raises inflammations, weakens, cripples; yet it purges itself, and requires no medicines. To quack it would kill me. Besides, it prevents other illnesses and prolongs life. Could I cure the gout, should not I have a fever, a palsy, or an apoplexy?

There has been but one other debate of note lately; and that was in the other House, when Lord Shelburne opposed the loan, and ex-

being speedily raised to the peerage for this mark of devotion; as eventually took place eight months afterwards. Dundas, too, who had a long and a keen political sight, having already determined on attaching his future political fortune to Pitt, probably thought a speculative political tenet to be undeserving of contention. Burke, whose powerful abilities would have been thrown into the opposite scale,—for he was always an enemy to experiments on the representation or on the Constitution,—stood up when Fox concluded, with the intention of replying to the arguments of the Right Honourable Secretary, his friend; but the disinclination evinced to hear him, and the noise made by those members who dreaded the prolixity of his speeches, was so great, as at once to irritate and disgust a man, who, with all splendid talents, never learned or practised the secret of knowing how and when to address the House. With strong marks of indignation in his countenance and gestures, he resumed his seat. With perfect truth did Goldsmith assert of him, when preparing to open his exhaustless stores of knowledge to men fatigued, or averse to receive his information, that

> ——————— 'as he went on refining,
> He thought of convincing, when they thought of dining!'

Lord North, who contrived to blend his own defence with the opposition which he made to the motion, moved the order of the day; for which 293 voted, and 149 against it; and thus Mr. Pitt failed by a much greater majority than before; which Dr. Tomline attributes to the increased influence of Lord North, who was now Secretary of State.—Ed.

posed himself egregiously. He moved, that all loans should be applied to the national debt, which was an Iricism in terms; that is, to lessen a debt by borrowing more.* Yet his rhodomontade on himself was still more extravagant. He vaunted his popularity, and said he was adored; yet it is neither more nor less than true, that he was hooted out of the Administration by all mankind. His falsehoods, flatteries, duplicity, insincerity, arrogance, contradictions, neglect of his friends, with all the kindred of all those faults, were the daily topics of contempt and ridicule; and his folly shut his eyes, nor did he perceive—surely, does not yet perceive—that so very rapid a fall must have been owing to his own incapacity.

The King has lost another child, Prince Octavius; a lovely boy, they say, of whom both their Majesties were dotingly fond. When Prince Alfred died, the King said, "I am very sorry for Alfred; but, had it been Octavius, I should have died too."†

We have another Prince arrived, the Duc de Chartres, of whom I need say nothing: you have seen him, I believe.‡ Nor have I time now for more; only to trouble you with a commission, if you can execute it. I saw the other day a book much to my taste, and which I never saw before. It is called Fatti, or Fasti, Farnesiani, I am not sure which.§ It is a thin and not large folio, and contains

* On the 5th of May, upon the third reading of the bill for raising a loan by way of annuities and by a lottery, Lord Shelburne, after condemning in the strongest manner the terms on which it had been concluded, moved two resolutions, which he wished the House to adopt as principles for the conduct of every future loan. The resolutions were: 1. "That it is the opinion of the House, that all future loans should be conducted in the manner which may best conduce to the reduction of the national debt;" and 2. "That it is the opinion of the House, that whenever it shall be thought expedient, in negotiating a public loan, to deal with individuals, and not on the foot of an open subscription, the whole sum to be raised shall be borrowed of, or rather taken from, such individuals, without reserve of any part for the future disposal of any Minister." The first resolution was objected to as unnecessary, and as obscure, if not absurd, in the mode of expression; the second was opposed as designed to cast a reflection on the negotiators of the present loan. Both were rejected without a division.—Ed.

† Prince Octavius, the King's eighth son, was born on the 20th of February 1779, and died at Kew Palace on the 3d of May 1783. In reference to the death of this Prince, Hannah More says, in a letter to her sister, "The King and Queen have suffered infinitely from the loss of the sweet little Prince, who was the darling of their hearts. I was charmed with an expression of the King's: 'Many people,' said he, 'would regret they ever had so sweet a child, since they were forced to part with him: that is not my case; I am thankful to God for having graciously allowed me to enjoy such a creature for four years.' Yet his sorrow was excessive." Life, vol. i. p. 282.—Ed.

‡ The Duc de Chartres' visit to this country, in May 1783, is thus noticed by Hannah More:—"As I do not go to Ranelagh, nor the play, nor the opera, nor sup at Charles Fox's, nor play at Brookes's, nor bet at Newmarket, I have not seen that worthy branch of the House of Bourbon. I never heard of such a low, vulgar, vicious fellow. His character is—Poltron sur mer, Escroc sur terre, et vaut-rien partout."—Ed.

§ It is called "Fatti Farnese," and contains prints from the paintings by the two brothers, Taddeo and Frederico Zuochero, in the Palace of Capralola. Taddeo, the elder, born in 1529, excelled in elegance of design. Frederico, born in 1543,

the history of the House of Farnese in prints; taken I believe, from one of their villas. There is the marriage of Horatio Farnese and the daughter of Henry the Second of France. In short, it is full of portraits and ceremonies of that time, and I should be most glad to have one, if you can procure it; though, as it came out so long ago, it may be scarce, even at Parma or Rome. If it is not—if it is common—I should wish for two copies; yet do not attempt two, if not quite easily attained. Adieu! I have not a moment more—but I believe there is nothing more worthy telling you.

LETTER CCCCII.

Berkeley Square, May 29, 1783.

I AM glad to have nothing to tell you worth telling. We have subsided suddenly into a comfortable calm. Not only war has disappeared, but also the jostling of ministries, the hostilities of factions, the turbulence of county associations, and the mutinous spirit of disbanded regiments. The signal repulse given to the proposed Reformation of Parliament seems to have dashed all that rashness of innovation. The ousted Ministers do not attempt a division in either House of Parliament. In the Lords, where most vigour was expected, Lord Shelburne and the late Chancellor made so ridiculous a figure, that even they themselves appear ashamed. Mr. William Pitt, though little supported, indulges himself in shining; and does shine marvellously. His language is thought equal to his father's; his reasoning much superior; and no wonder, if at all good! He is less deficient, even when speaking on affairs of money; and in his last speech had more fire than usual. Is not all this wonderful at twenty-three! Is not it wonderful, when he can shine, though within the orbit of Mr. Fox, and opposed to him.

This is all that is memorable, but a new suicide. A Mr. Powell, a tool of Lord Holland, and left by him in the Pay-office, was dismissed last year for a deficiency in his accounts of 70,000*l*. It is not yet known whence this happened; nor do I know, however ill the appearance, that he was guilty of dishonesty. Still, he had sworn to a false account, and was to be prosecuted for perjury. Mr. Burke, on succeeding Colonel Barré in the Pay-office, restored this man and another disgraced at the same time,—as Burke says, from commiseration of their distracted shame. Great censure was passed on that restoration. Mr. Burke vehemently defended himself in the House,

studied under him. A quarrel with some of the distinguished persons about the Papal court lost him the patronage of Gregory XIII., and made it advisable for him to quit Rome. He retired first to France, and afterwards removed to England, where he grew into considerable repute, and painted a portrait of Queen Elizabeth. His friends at length succeeded in restoring him to favour at Rome.

and was supported; but the men were given up in two days; and in two days more Powell cut his throat.*

This happened as if to convince the newly-arrived French, that self-murder is a weekly event in this country. We have not only the Duc de Chartres, but three ladies of the Court, the Ducs de Coigny, Fitz-James, and Polignac, husband of the Queen's Favourite, and various others, and more coming. These wise men from the East, like those of ancient time, are led by a star to a stable; their great object was Newmarket: at least, the Royal Duke's horses and dogs are so much his taste, that he has a brace of them engraved on his buttons, in the most indecent attitudes; and, at the first dinner made for him, pointed out the particular representations to Lady ——. As our newspapers take as great liberties as any Prince of the Blood, they have made due mention of such vulgar indelicacy; and, as it gave great offence, his Serene Highness has not exhibited his stud and kennel any more.

The papers say that the Imperial Freebooters, male and female, have remitted their invasion of Turkey, on having all their demands complied with; but, as they covet all, I should not think pusillanimity would abate appetites. Are vultures tamed by one belly-full?

Our lawyers flatter me, that one more session will complete the discussion of Cavalier Mozzi's affair. Without Mr. Duane I do not know what we should have done. He is patient, cool, attentive, and

* Two individuals, Powell and Bambridge, the one cashier, the other accountant of the Military Pay-Office, having been accused of malversation in the discharge of their functions, had been dismissed by Colonel Barré from their situations, while he was Paymaster of the Forces, under Lord Shelburne's Administration. One of the first acts of Mr. Burke, on coming again into that office, was to reinstate, without previously consulting Mr. Fox, both these individuals. On Mr. Martin having said, in the House of Commons, that he looked upon their restoration as a gross and daring insult to the public, Mr. Burke rose in great heat, and exclaimed, "It is a gross and daring"—but, before he proceeded further, Mr. Sheridan pulled him down on his seat. This took place on the 2nd of May. On the 19th, Sir Cecil Wray having expressed his astonishment that the new Paymaster should have reinstated two persons suspected of so great a crime as the embezzlement of public money, Mr. Burke apologized for the violence he had displayed on the former evening; but said, that "nothing was farther from his intention than to offer an excuse for what he had done relating to the two unfortunate gentlemen; he felt such a sunshine of contempt within, that, if the act was undone, he was convinced he should do it again. He called Messrs. Powell and Bambridge two unfortunate men, and said they had been committed to his protection by Providence; one of them had been with him, and appeared almost distracted; he was absolutely afraid the poor man would lose his senses; this much he was sure of, that the sight of his gray hairs, and the condition in which he had seen him, had so affected and overcome him, that he was scarcely able to come down to the House." Several members expressed their strong disapprobation of Mr. Burke's conduct, and the business would have been agitated anew, had not Powell a few days after put an end to his existence with a razor, and Mr. Rigby announced that Bambridge was removed from his situation. In July, Bambridge was tried on an information filed against him in the Court of King's Bench, for conniving at the concealment of forty-eight thousand pounds, and found guilty; and, in November, he was sentenced to pay a fine of two thousand pounds, and be confined in the King's Bench prison for six months.—Ed.

very intelligent. I must do justice to Mr. Sharpe, who really is very active and zealous for the Cavalier.

Mr. Robert Walpole, your diplomatic brother at Lisbon, is come over for a few months; and has brought a young wife, the daughter of a Scottish merchant settled there, who is the phenomenon of the day.* She is a regular beauty, but in my eyes less pleasing than my nieces, the Waldegraves and Miss Keppel.† The last, with a little too much plumpness, has a most divine face, with exact features, beautiful skin, and sweet countenance. Lady Horatia is extremely pretty, and like the Duchess; but not of that great style and commanding glory. Lady Maria, the handsomest of the three sisters, has a spirit and sensible vivacity, with a perfect person and lovely hands and arms, that make her more charming than an irreproachable beauty, as Mrs. Robert Walpole is. The Duchess of Devonshire,‡ the empress of fashion, is no beauty at all. She was a very fine woman, with all the freshness of youth and health, but verges fast to a coarseness. A more perfect model than any of them, but in minature, Lady Jersy,§ is going to Paris, and will be very angry if they do not admire her as much as she intends they should. Good night! You perceive by my babble that I have nothing to say, and fill my paper with any trifle.

LETTER CCCCIII.

Strawberry Hill, June 11, 1783.

You never gave me a commission before, my dear sir, that I was unwilling even to try to execute; but you will see in a moment that I am the most improper person in the world to attempt what is required. I say nothing of my gratitude to you for all the trouble you have taken for me on a thousand occasions, which ought to make me decline no task to oblige you. In the present case, I should have a stronger incitement—zeal for the cause of inoculation, which I hope will not suffer by the absurdity of a Leyden Gazette, though falling in with the prejudices of Italy and Germany.‖ Absurdity catches

* The Hon. Robert Walpole, fourth and youngest son of Horatio first Lord Walpole, and Envoy at Lisbon, married, in 1780, Diana, daughter of Walter Grosett, Esq., a merchant of that city.

† Anna Maria, eldest daughter of Frederick Keppel, Bishop of Exeter.

‡ Lady Georgiana, eldest daughter of John, first Earl Spencer, born in 1757, and married in 1774 to William, fourth Duke of Devonshire.

§ Frances, sole daughter and heir of Dr. Philip Twysden, Bishop of Raphoe, younger son of Sir William Twysden, of Royden Hall in Kent, Baronet; and wife of George Bussy, fourth Earl of Jersey.

‖ The Great-Duke of Tuscany was going to inoculate his children, when he saw in a Leyden Gazette, that Prince Octavius had been killed by inoculation, and immediately desired Sir Horace Mann to inquire of Mr. Walpole (with whom he knew Sir Horace corresponded) whether it was true. Mr. Walpole knew, on his

and spreads like the rapid mischief of fire. In general I can assure you that the death of Prince Octavius has neither been imputed to inoculation, nor checked the practice. He was recovered of the small-pox, and died of a sudden illness; and the two other children are quite recovered, though they had been unhealthy before; and some of them were bathed in the sea for two years together, along with Prince Alfred, who died last year, and was *not* inoculated.

This is all the satisfaction I can give you. To make inquiry of the King's physicians would in *me* be highly blameable. Consider, in the first place, how I am connected; and in the next, should the physicians tell me, which is not probable they would, (and if they did not, what could I say?) that the child died of any other complaint, would it be decent for me to repeat it? would it not be trumpeted about till it would reach both London and Anspach? and, the more credit given to my report, the more I should be quoted. I choose therefore to remain in perfect ignorance of what the child died, only convinced that it was not killed by inoculation. You may tell the Great-Duke what is most true, that I am in the country, and not *à portée* to see the royal physicians: persuade him to wait, and he will hear that inoculation has not lost a grain of character; and do not let him deprive his children of such a blessing, because the Leyden Gazette is a fool and liar. Were the fact truth, is *one* child lost an argument against millions preserved? if the child was unhealthy before, would it be a reason for not inoculating children that are well?

I am very sorry that your nephew has any embarrassment in his family. Parents are much to be pitied! how difficult for fondness and prudence to be both satisfied, and to conduct their charges safely into port! At present, the incumbrance seems double. Sons can scarce avoid the contagion of gaming: daughters make unworthy choices—for how can they make good? If they marry titles and wealth, may they not be sent back to their parents in two or there years to be maintained—or even before they are married? Such rascals are some of our young fellows! Just such an instance has happened in Lord ———'s family.

P.S. Since I wrote my letter, I have seen a person who tells me the young Prince was at the sixth day of the small pox in the most favourable manner, was seized with convulsions, and died—it is supposed, from a pock on the brain; which has sometimes happened, and may just as well happen in the natural way. This is a *hors d'œuvre*, nor do I know a word of news.

side, that the Great-Duke opened letters; and therefore did not choose to speak out.

LETTER CCCCIV.

Strawberry Hill, July 8, 1783.

Two days ago, who should walk into my room but Sir Horace Mann,—not *the* Sir Horace indeed that I could have most wished to see, and whom I have not seen in two and forty years; and whom, alas!—yet one I was very glad to see! I turned him round to look for his wings; for he certainly flies! He tells me charming miracles of your health and youth. I hope the Goddess of correspondence is proud of us, and intends we shall write to one another as long as Abraham and Methusalem would have done if they had learnt to write.

Your nephew had not unpacked his portmanteau; so I have not re-received Cavalier Mozzi's or my own letters, but shall have them before this departs.

News I have none, or I should have written to you before now. We have had one or two qualms, which looked very much as if the new Ministers did not sit easy upon a certain stomach. They were very near discharged on the Establishment of the Heir; but all was compromised.* The Parliament rises next week. If nothing happens *then*, the summer will probably conclude tranquilly.

My name-sake,† cousin, and nephew has got a son. As it will be the descendant of my father, as well as of my uncle, I hope it will be the heir of the family. One symptom looks as if it would be. Its father wrote to Lord Orford to ask him to be god father; he not only consented graciously, but invited the parents to Houghton, with this frantic though promising addition, "that though he had sold his collection of pictures, of which too many were by the same hands, [as if one could have too many Carlo Marattis, Rubens's, and Vandykes!] he hoped my cousin would be satisfied, as his Lordship had gotten *two* excellent Ciprianis!" This Cipriani would not have been worthy to paint the dogkennel, when the house possessed its original collection; Cipriani is to Guido, as his Lordship is to his grandfather.

* The Prince of Wales approaching the period of his majority, a separate establishment became necessary for him; and Carlton House, which had not been inhabited since the death of the Princess Dowager of Wales in 1772, was chosen for his future residence. The income proper for his Royal Highness's support produced great difference of opinion among members of the Administration. Mr. Fox thought a hundred thousand pounds would not be more than adequate to maintain his state; while Lord John Cavendish, in whose immediate department the business lay, considered a moiety of that sum sufficient, in the actual circumstances of the country, and the heavy incumbrances on the Civil List. The King being of the same opinion, Lord John Cavendish, on the 24th of June, acquainted the House with his Majesty's gracious determination not to call for any additional aid to the List, but to take on himself the present expense of the Heir Apparent, and limit his demand to sixty thousand pounds, as a temporary supply to the crown, and an outfit. A resolution to that effect was agreed to.—Ed.

† Horatio, eldest son of the second Lord Walpole, had married Sophia, youngest daughter of Charles Churchill, Esq., by Lady Maria Walpole, daughter of Sir Robert Walpole by his second wife, and half-sister of the writer of these Letters.

I have another nephew going to Florence—for I nave nephews enough to people the Promised Land. It is George Cholmondeley, son of Robert, consequently my great-nephew; for I have lived to count third and fourth generations. This George is a young man of sense and honourable principles, and among the best of my nepotism. He has claimed my recommendation to you, and I trust will deserve it better than some of my nephews have done: he has some humour, and some voice, and is musical; but he has not good health, nor always good spirits.

Berkeley Square, July 10.

I came to town yesterday on summons from Lucas, and this morning he and Sharpe and Mr. Duane were with me. Sharpe declared that he had advised Cavalier Mozzi to divide the ten thousand pounds with my Lord, but had received no answer. I said, I knew Cavalier Mozzi's disposition to agreement; but Mr. Duane and I could not act so summarily. In one word, I wish to save six or seven thousand pounds for Cavalier Mozzi, as I see how much pains Lucas has used to get more, whereas little have been employed on the other side. Sharpe said, too, that the Cavalier would have consented, if Lady Orford's woman had not dissuaded him. I proposed, and Mr. Duane seconded me, that Sharpe and Lucas should state what claims, and to what amount, each reciprocally allows of the other; and then it would be easier for us referees to split the difference. This has brought matters to a point, and I hope one more meeting may terminate the buisiness.

I have not yet heard again from your nephew, but conclude he has sent the letters to Strawberry, which my suddenly coming to town may have prevented my receiving.

Adieu! I am writing after midnight, and panting for breath; the weather is wonderfully sultry, and great mischief has been done by lightning in the counties. Were I not in town I should delight in such Florentine nights.

LETTER CCCCV.

Strawberry Hill, July 30, 1783.

I HAVE received yours of the 12th, and Cavalier Mozzi's from your nephew. To the latter's I can say nothing new at present. The last time we met, Mr. Duane and I desired Sharpe and Lucas to try how near they could come in adjusting the separate demands of Lady Orford and my Lord, after we had struck off the unfounded ones on either side. I have no doubt but the two lawyers could have agreed in an hour's time; that is, they would have agreed to give much ad-

vantage to my Lord; but as they choose, I suppose to seem to deliberate, as physicians do who retire to consult in another room, and there talk news, Sharpe and Lucas have taken some weeks to consider. I hope Mr. Duane will see through their juggle; I shall be guided by him.

A thousand thanks to you for the Fatti Farnesiani; but you must tell me the prices, that I may pay your nephew. Do not imagine that I send to Italy for every thing I want at your expense; I cost you enough in trouble. It would truly be more kind of you if you said at once, "I paid so much, or so much." As you did not, I insist on your naming the price in your next.

I shall not believe that when the Czarina has whetted her talons she will go to roost without scratching any body. They say the plague has cried hola! nay, that it is at Dantzick. Our gazette has rung out the bell. The summer is so sultry, that it would be formidable indeed!

I have not the honour of being acquainted with Lord and Lady Algernon Percy: both he and I go so little into public, that I never saw him above once in my life. She is generally commended.

Your nephew did not name his distress about his daughter, and therefore I certainly did not. I pity him; but what can his remonstrances do? passions are not to be allayed by words; love does not lie in the ear.

Thank you for dispensing with me about inoculation. It is most true that its virtues have not suffered in the smallest degree by the late accident; yet as there was *no* reason it should, I wonder it did not.

I have not a tittle of news for you, good or bad, public or private. It is better that correspondence should suffer, than be supplied by wars and calamities.

We have swarms of French daily; but they come as if they had laid wagers that there is no such place as England, and only wanted to verify its existence, or that they had a mind to dance a minuet on English ground; for they turn on their heel the moment after landing.* Three came to see this house last week, and walked through it literally while I wrote eight lines of a letter; for I heard them go

* Walpole, in a letter to the Earl of Stafford of the 24th of June, thus accounts for the briefness of the visits made by our neighbours at this time: "For imports of French, I believe we shall have few more! They have not ruined us so totally by the war, much less enriched themselves so much by it, but that they who have been here complained so piteously of the expensiveness of England, that probably they will deter others from a similar jaunt; nor, such is their fickleness, are the French constant to any thing but admiration of themselves. Monsieur de Gnignes and his daughters came to Strawberry Hill; but it was at eight o'clock at night, in the height of the deluge. You may be sure I was much flattered by such a visit! I was forced to light candles to show them any thing; and must have lighted the moon to show them the views. If this is their way of seeing England, they might as well look at it with an opera-glass from the shore of Calais." Collective Edition, vol. vi. p. 190.—Ed.

up the stairs, and heard them go down, exactly in the time I was finishing no longer a paragraph. It were happy for me had nobody more curiosity than a Frenchman; who is never struck with any thing but what he has seen every day at Paris. I am tormented all day and every day by people that come to see my house, and have no enjoyment of it in summer. It would be even in vain to say that the plague is here. I remember such a report in London when I was a child, and my uncle, Lord Townshend, then Secretary of State, was forced to send guards to keep off the crowd from the house in which the plague was said to be; they would go and *see* the plague! Had I been the master of the house, I should have said, as I would to kings who pretend to cure the King's evil, "*You* cure the evil!—*you* are the evil!" "*You* see the plague!—*you* are the plague!"

Since I began my letter, Mrs. Noel has told me who is your nephew's daughter's innamorato. I now pity him even more than I did. There is madness in the lover's family—how can a parent consent to such a union? I am very tender-hearted on love-cases, especially to women, whose happiness does really depend, for some time at least, on the accomplishment of their wishes; they cannot conceive that another swain might be just as charming. I am not so indulgent to men, who do know that one romance is as good as another, and that the binding is of little consequence. But must not the blood of a father recoil, when his child would unite with phrenzy, and for grandchildren would bring him lunatics? Oh! I approve your poor nephew's repugnance. I have seen the lover's mother in her moods, and know but *too well* the peril of such alliances! That, and the royal malady I named in my last paragraph, are not enough guarded against. Both sometimes lie dormant for a generation, but rarely are eradicated. On the want of fortune I should be much less restive; and for the profession, if a girl is in love, how can she secure such a prospect of felicity as by marrying a clergyman? I am a little indelicate; but I know why Providence gave us passions; and therefore, however we may dress up and dignify the idea, the most romantic maiden upon earth, whether aware of it or not, is in love with the gender, though its more visible accompaniments may have made the impression. Your Orianas therefore find their account better in a Levite than in an Amadis. I have often wondered dowager Orianas do not always replace Amadis with a cassock. It is almost the only chance they have of not being disappointed. If the bell-wether strays after other ewes, the noise he makes betrays him, and the old crone is sure of reclaiming him. I beg pardon of goddesses for so ungallant a comment; but, however heretical it may sound to ears of twenty, it would be solid advice if dropped in those of forty. Adieu!

LETTER CCCCVI.

Aug. 27, 1783.

It is time to resume my veteran punctuality, and think of writing to you; but alas! correspondence, like matrimonial duty, is but ill performed when only prompted by periodic recollection of a debt to be paid. However, I am so far different from a husband, that my inclination is not decreased: want of matter alone makes me sluggish. The war is at an end; which, like domestic quarrels, animated our intercourse, and, like them, concludes with kissing, and is followed by dulness and inaction. The Definitive Treaty, they say, is signed;* the French and we are exceedingly fond. Presents pass weekly between the Duchesses of Polignac and Devonshire; and so many French arrive, that they overflow even upon me, and visit Strawberry as one of our sights. The Marquise de la Jamaique, sister of your *Countess of Albany*,† has been here this month, and

* Amongst the numerous distinguished individuals who had availed themselves of the recess to visit the Continent, was Mr. Pitt. "In the beginning of September," says the Bishop of Winchester, "accompanied by his brother-in-law, Mr. Eliot, and Mr. Wilberforce, he went to France, where he remained till the beginning of October, residing principally at Rheims and Paris. His name and character were well known in France; and he was every where received with great marks of distinction. This short visit was the only one he ever made to the Continent." Life, vol. i. p. 176.—As any incidents in the private life, at this youthful period, of the illustrious man, who, in the short period of a month, was appointed First Lord of the Treasury, will be interesting, we give the following passage from the Life and Journals of his attached friend and companion on the tour:

"Although no master of the French vocabulary, his ear, quick for every sound but music, caught readily the intonations of the language; and he soon spoke it with considerable accuracy. He enquired carefully into the political institutions of the French, and the Abbé De Lageard has stored up his concluding sentence: 'Monsieur, vous n'avez point de liberté politique, mais pour la liberté civile, vous en avez plus que vous ne croyez." As he expressed in the strongest terms his admiration for the system which prevailed at home, the Abbé was led to ask him, since all human things were perishable, in what part the British Constitution might be first expected to decay? Pitt, a Parliamentary reformer, and speaking within three years of the time when the House of Commons had agreed to Mr. Dunning's motion, that the influence of the Crown had increased, was increasing, and ought to be diminished, after musing for a moment, answered: 'The part of our Constitution which will first perish, is the prerogative of the King, and the authority of the House of Peers.'—'I am greatly surprised,' said the Abbé, 'that a country so moral as England can submit to be governed by a man so wanting in private character as Fox; it seems to show you to be less moral than you appear. 'C'est que vous n'avez pas été sous la baguette du magicien,' was Pitt's reply; 'but the remark,' he continued, 'is just.' At Paris it was hinted to him through the intervention of Horace Walpole, that he would be an acceptable suiter for the daughter of the celebrated Neckar. Neckar is said to have offered to endow her with a fortune of 14,000*l.* per annum; but Mr. Pitt replied, 'I am already married to my country.'"—Life of Wilberforce, vol. i. p. 38.

† Wife of the son of the Duke of Berwick and Liria, and daughter of the Prince of Stolberg. Her sister was married to the Pretender, who called himself Prince of Albany, and then resided at Florence.

stays above another. But, are not such articles below even the ingredients of a letter; especially between you and me, who have dealt in the fates of kingdoms? If I would talk politics, I must have recourse to the long-depending topic, whether there will be a war between the Turks and Russians: of which, in good truth, I know as little as of any thing else.

Sir William Hamilton is arrived, but I have not yet seen him. He will not be quite out of his element; for we have had pigmy earthquakes, much havoc by lightning, and some very respectable meteors.

I have not heard a syllable of Sharpe and Lucas. As it is vacation, I suppose even private justice cannot be administered out of term time. Pray, has Lord Orford ever paid you for his mother's tomb? I promised you to dun him if he did not; therefore empower me if he has neglected it.

I have not wherewithal to compose another paragraph, so this exordium must prove that I have not been negligent; but it must lie in my writing-box till I can collect something to fill up the remainder of the page—if I aimed at a third, I should not perhaps send it away before the Parliament meets.

Sept. 1st.

I shall finish this letter, brief as it is; for I go to-morrow to Park Place* and Nuneham† for ten days. Mr. Fox has notified to the City, that the Definitive Treaties are to be signed the day after to-morrow by all parties but Holland: whether the latter is abandoned and pouts, or is reserved by France as a nest-egg for hatching a new war, I know not. Lord Shelburne, I suppose, will rave against the Ministers for having definished his treaties, since he cannot abuse them for not having terminated them; but I trust he will be little heeded.

They say there has been a dreadful hurricane and inundation at Surat. All the elements seem to be willing to make a figure in their turn. In our humble northern way, we have had much damage by lightning. The summer has been wonderfully hot, and of late very unhealthy. Our globe really seems to be disordered. I have had my share in a rheumatic fever, which is not gone; but I hope change of air will cure it. In truth, I have no great faith in cures at my age for chronic complaints; but I try remedies, like people who go into lotteries, because they would not be out of fortune's way.

* Seat of General Conway, near Henley.

† Seat of the Earl of Harcourt, in Oxfordshire. ["At Nuneham," says Walpole, "I was much pleased with the improvements both within doors and without. Mr. Mason was there; and, as he shines in every art, was assisting Mrs. Harcourt with his new discoveries in painting, by which he will unite miniature and oil. Indeed, she is a very apt and extraordinary scholar. Since our professors seem to have lost the art of colouring, I am glad, at least, that they have undergraduated assessors." Collective Edition, vol. vi. p. 200.—Ed.]

LETTER CCCCVII.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 10.

[This was only a note in the cover of a letter to be transmitted to Mr. Morice.]

Mr. Morice has written to me from Lausanne, which he was to leave at the beginning of this month for Naples, desiring to find a letter from me at Florence, with a state of the affairs of Cavalier Mozzi. I fear this will arrive too late. Should he be gone, you will be so good as to convey it to him wherever he is, or keep it for him should he not be arrived.

I do not know a tittle of news, but that the Peace arrived signed last Saturday. I have just seen Sir William Hamilton at General Conway's, and heard with great pleasure a most satisfactory account of you and your good looks and health. It is midnight, and this must go to town early to-morrow morning; and I am tired with writing to Mr. Morice, for I have the rheumatism in my right arm.

LETTER CCCCVIII.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 27, 1783.

Though I enclosed a letter to you for Mr. Morice about three weeks ago, I cannot pretend to have written to you since the 1st of September. The cause of my silence lasts still,—a total want of matter; and though my punctual conscience enjoins me to begin a letter to you, it will have a hard task to make me finish it. The Peace has closed the chapter of important news, which was all our correspondence lived on. My age makes me almost as ignorant of common occurrences as your endless absence has made you. I cannot concern myself in what people, who might be my grandchildren, do. The fatal American war has so lowered my country, that I wish to think of it as little as I do of the youth of the times. My common-sense tells me that I cannot belong to a new age; and my memory, that I did belong to a better than the present. Thus I interest myself in nothing; and whoever is indifferent, is ill qualified for a correspondent. You must make allowance for my present insipidity, in consideration of my past service. I have been your faithful intelligencer for two and forty years. I do not take my leave; but, in a dearth of events such as you would wish to know, do not wonder if my letters are less frequent. It would be tiresome to both to repeat that I have nothing to say. Would you give a straw to have me copy the Gazette, which you see as well as I, only to tell you there are nine new Irish lords and ladies, of whom I never saw the persons of three?

I have complained to Mr. Duane of the indecent inaction of Sharpe

and Lucas: he thinks it as extraordinary as I do, and has promised to reprove them.

Not being worth another paragraph in the world, I shall postpone my letter till next week, and carry it with me to town on Monday. Not that I expect to learn any thing there or then. London is a desert the moment the shooting season begins, and continues so to the middle of November at least. In my younger days I have been very barren in autumn in time of peace.

Monday, 30th.

I have lately been putting together into a large volume a collection of portrait-prints of all the persons mentioned in the letters of Madame de Sévigné; of whom for many years I have been amassing engravings, and of whom I have got a great number. I wish, therefore, you would send me a single print, if you can procure a separate one, of the Great-Duchess, wife of Cosmo the Third, and daughter of Gaston, Duke of Orleans, that absurd woman, of whom so much is said in the new History of the Medici. I have her amongst the other heads of the Medici, but do not care to mangle the set. You probably can obtain one from the engraver; but do not give yourself any trouble, nor pay a straw more than it is worth. If you obtain one, send it by any traveller coming to England. I trust you will have no occasion to send a courier. Let us rejoice, my dear sir, that you have no such occasion, and that I have so little to say. I hope we shall neither blunder into new matter, nor that our foregoing errors may be attended by new events? Never was my father's *Quieta non movere* established into a maxim that ought to be a lesson to politicians, so much as by the American war. It has *already* cost us our colonies and doubled our debt.

Learning nothing in town, I send this away to prove to you that I have no disposition to relax our correspondence; but, as it is foolish to give only negative proofs, be assured, if my intervals are longer, that like a good husband long married, my constancy is not impaired, though I may not be so regular in my demonstrations as formerly.

P.S. I have heard nothing of the Fatti Farnesiani.

LETTER CCCCIX.

Berkeley Square, Nov. 12, 1783.

I HAVE been longer than usual without writing to you, my dear sir; but so I told you in my last it was possible I should be. Had I written sooner, I could only have made excuses for having nothing to say. I have now the satisfaction of telling you that the political horizon is much cleared, and discovers a more serene prospect. The

Parliament met yesterday, and the address to the King was voted without a negative. The threatened Opposition is disjointed, and half of its expected leaders did not appear. The late *ridiculous* Minister, Lord Shelburne, (which is using the most favourable of all the epithets he deserves,) keeps in the country. Lord Temple made a speech in the Lords which nobody minded or answered; and Mr. William Pitt in the commons behaved with candour and great decency. Mr. Fox shone with new superiority; but even masterly eloquence is not his first quality. All his conduct is manly, and marked with strong sense, and first-rate common sense, which is the most useful of all. In short, he has *that*, and the frankness and firmness, and the utmost good-humour; and, therefore, you will not wonder I am partial to him, and think him the only man I have seen who unites all those qualities like my father. I wish he may be minister as long—which is a very disinterested wish at my age. I don't believe you suspect that it is interested for any part of the term.

The preliminaries with Holland are signed; nay, Ireland seems to be coming to its senses. One thing they have taken from us and improved, which I do not envy,—Parliamentary scurrility. Mr. Grattan, their late idol, and Mr. Flood (who, they say, might be the idol of Indians, who worship the powers that can do most mischief,) have called one another as many foul names as Scaliger and Scioppius used to throw in Latin at the heads of their adversaries. It is pity that one of them at least did not reserve a few for the Count-Bishop, whom you have seen in Italy, and who seems to have conceived there a passion for a red hat. Is not it odd to see an emperor demolishing convents in the East, and a Protestant Bishop pleading for Popery in the West? His son has been as eccentric in a smaller line here, as you have seen in the papers.

This is a slight sketch of public affairs: private news I have none. I now come to Cavalier Mozzi.

Ten days ago Mr. Duane told me that Sharpe and Lucus would be ready in a few days to lay the result of their most tedious consultation before us; and that he believed the upshot would be, that they would think we ought to allow *five* thousand pounds to my Lord. I smiled, and said to myself, "They needed not to have taken five or six months to agree on an opinion which they might have delivered in five minutes, for it is precisely what both had settled long ago my Lord should have." Sharpe said at first, that my Lord and Mozzi should divide the money in question, which he called ten thousand; and Lucas above a year ago, I think I told you, told an impatient creditor of my Lord, that his Lordship would get *five* thousand from Cavalier Mozzi. However, I said nothing then, reserving my reflection for a moment when it may come with more force. Nay, I even commanded myself this morning, when Lucas was with me, and produced their liquidated states, by which these honest men allot 5,457*l.* to my Lord. But my indignation took its revenge; for, on Lucas telling me that there was still *one* point on which Sharpe and

he could not agree, which was on interest upon interest for arrears of my Lady's jointure, and which was originally founded on an iniquitous parallel demand which had been allowed by a villany of old Cruwys, Lucas's predecessor, by which my father's creditors were defrauded of 18,000*l.* I broke out, called Cruwys all the rascals he deserved, [not meaning to except his successor,] and told him, that even if Mozzi's claim could not be allowed, the money ought not to go to my Lord, but to the creditors. At last I said plainly, that Mr. Duane and I were not at all bound to submit to his and Sharpe's opinion, but ordered them to deliver their reasons to us in writing; and that for my part, I would lay those reasons before Lord Camden, for, being no lawyer myself, I would be justified by having the opinion of one of the first lawyers in England for the judgment I should pronounce. This I trust will make him less flippant. He had begun by saying. Mr. Duane and I would be able to decide in a few minutes; which was pretty impudent, considering that even he and Sharpe do not agree on one point; but I repeated that we should not have such implicit faith; we had only desired to know on what points *they* did agree. Upon the whole, I fear this affair will not be so soon concluded. Nay, I perceive so much roguery, that, as I cannot unravel it, I shall be very unwilling to pronounce; being persuaded that Cavalier Mozzi will be cheated. Lucas pretended just now to have found but yesterday a scrap of paper *without a title,* that proved, under the hand of Lady Orford's steward, that she had received more from her jointure than was pretended. I asked him in a very severe tone where he had found that bit of paper. He said, amongst my Lord's writings. I replied, it was very extraordinary that he, who for so many years had been poring over my Lord's writings, should never have taken notice of that paper before;—nor do I conceive how a paper of my Lady's steward came there! in a word, I told Lucas plainly that all he had said to-day had confirmed me much more strongly in what I thought before of Cruwys's villany, and of the justness of the arguments I had used to show that what had been deemed law for my brother ought to be law for Lady Orford, and that what a jury had given to one ought to be given by a jury to the other. This he owned; but said, the money ought to go to my Lord as executor. "If it does" said I, "will my Lord pay to the creditors?" He replied, "I suppose he will; he has paid much more to them." I could have answered, "Much less than he ought."—Oh! my good sir, do you wonder, after all I have seen, that I have a dismal opinion of the three professions—lawyers, clergy, and physicians? 'Tis well I am come to the bottom of my paper, or I should continue invectiving.

LETTER CCCCX.

Nov. 21, 1783.

I AM exceedingly hurt to be forced to tell you, that I shall not be able to do so much service to Cavalier Mozzi as I hoped; nor should I have it in my power to do any, if I threw up my refereeship, as I have been on the point of doing: but I will tell you methodically, and as shortly as I can, what passed yesterday. The three lawyers came to me. As soon as Lucas had opened the points on which Sharpe and he are agreed, and by which they give a balance to my Lord of 5457*l.*, I said with all the sneer I could put into a look, "It was unlucky, gentlemen, that you flung away six months to compute what you guessed so exactly a year and a half ago! You both said, *so long* ago, that my Lord would or ought to have five thousand pounds." Lucas understood me; but I afterwards made *him* understand a great deal more, which I will not repeat now. We then came to the point of interest, on which he and Sharpe still disagree, and by which Lucas would extort 1900*l.* for my Lord. Sharpe did behave handsomely, and would have set it *all* aside. I then spoke, and called on Lucas to acknowledge that I had at first declared in writing to my Lord that I would not undertake the office of umpire, unless I were allowed to act as a gentleman, and not as a lawyer. [This Lucas could not deny.] I then stated all the Cavalier's handsome behaviour. I appealed to Sharpe, who knew all, whether I could be partial to my Lady and her friend. [This Sharpe allowed.] I said, I had accepted the office only to save her honour and my Lord's from being bandied about in a public court of justice; but that since I found that the law was stretched to the utmost against Cavalier Mozzi, and as I was unwilling to pronounce against my Lord, whose side I was to maintain, or to be thought partial for him, I chose to throw up my trust, and leave the whole to be decided at law. I was then silent for some minutes. At last Mr. Duane spoke, and said, that Mr. Sharpe and Mr. Lucas had agreed on the 5457*l.*, and that he and I during the former discussions had in general allowed their several demands; and that we had allowed very liberally to my Lord. Lucas interrupted him, and would not acknowledge that we had allowed *liberally* to his Lordship; but both Duane and Sharpe insisted we had. Mr. Duane then proposed to Lucas to desire my Lord to give up the interest to Cavalier Mozzi, which would be 1900*l.*, and would, by so much, lessen the 5457*l.* Lucas said very awkwardly, he would, and was sure my Lord would agree to any thing; but seemed exceedingly dissatisfied. Sharpe and Lucas then took their leave; and Duane was going, but I kept him, and beseeched him to tell me honestly what I ought to do. I should tell you that Sharpe had proposed to give up the interest on both sides. Mr. Duane said that he advised me by all means not to leave the affair undecided; that it must then go to

Chancery, where it would not be decided in a dozen years, or perhaps not in twenty;—that Cavalier Mozzi would lose the whole interest of all the money in the meantime, and perhaps spend the principal in the pursuit; that it had always been his practice to advise adverse parties to split the difference; and therefore, of the 1900*l.*, he would give my Lord half, and Mozzi half. I did not like this. At last I proposed my Lord should have 600*l.* and the Cavalier the remaining 1300*l.* I found Mr. Duane did not like this.—In short, we agreed at last that my Lord should have 6400*l.*, and Cavalier Mozzi the rest; and this he would go and offer to Sharpe. Thus, after all, of 10,500*l.*, the sum in dispute, I shall save Cavalier Mozzi but 4100*l.*! You will say, I had better have let Lucas go and propose to my Lord to cede the 1900*l.* It is true; but, besides that Lucas accepted the request so unwillingly, and not in a way to satisfy my Lord, I could not satisfy myself without talking to Mr. Duane alone; and, when I did, I found him so clear in what I ought to do, that I could not, from inclination to serve Cavalier Mozzi, do what would be injustice to my Lord, whose cause I was chosen to defend. In short, I am very unhappy, and shall not wonder if at last Cavalier Mozzi suspects I have acted a double part; and have, notwithstanding all my professions, only meant to hurt him. Lucas, I am sure, still thinks just the contrary; at least, that I have been partial *against* my nephew: no; yet against Lucas I have, whom I did reproach with instigating my Lord to contest his mother's will, after he had said he would not. I do not care what my Lord or Lucas think; I have strictly followed Mr. Duane's opinion; and, as *he* could have no partiality, I chose to prefer his opinion to my own, as his could have no bias. Whatever Cavalier Mozzi shall think, it is mortification enough to me to be outwitted by Lucas; but I could not suffer my wish of defeating him to supersede what I am told is justice.

I have attempted to carry a collateral point, in which I suppose I shall not be much more successful. In Lucas's warmth of pleading for my Lord, I discovered that the 6000*l.* which my Lord is likely to recover from Mozzi (for observe, nothing is yet decided,) ought to go to my brother's creditors, and can only be received by my nephew as executor. I pinned Lucas down to this confession; and both the other lawyers agreed I was in the right. I then wanted to have the 6000*l.* deposited in the hands of trustees or a banker: but that, it seems, is not law; my Lord indeed being answerable for the money to the creditors, but nobody has a right or power to sequester it from him. However, when the decision shall be made, I shall declare to Lucas that I shall give my brother's creditors notice that there is such a sum, which they may claim.

I have thus told you the substance, and you may inform poor Mozzi of it. I will write again when I know any farther. I have done the best I could, and perhaps more than any one else could have done; yet I claim no merit. All evidence, except what little

was in Sharpe's hands, was in Lucas's, and he has certainly made the most of it. Had I not been present, who bore witness against him in some particulars of his own knowledge, I conclude he would have gained more from Mr. Duane, who, as a lawyer, must be a little biassed by law arguments; yet I believe, though I explained much to him, that his love of peace, and the disagreeable consequences he foresaw from a legal suit, chiefly influenced his judgment. I have not room or time to add a word more.

P.S.—Nov. 25, after dinner.

As I was going to seal my letter, I received one from Mr. Duane, which obliges me to add a postscript. He says, that Mr. Sharpe has convinced him by arguments, which I have not time to particularize, that Cavalier Mozzi ought to have more than we had allotted to him. [This shows that Sharpe has not quite sacrificed his client; indeed, I have always specified every instance in which I thought he acted justly.] Mr. Duane therefore advises to let Lucas make the proposal above-named to my Lord, and wait his answer. If it is not favourable, he says we may then offer 5600*l.*, or at least enlarge it. I certainly agree to wait, and willingly; but I send my letter notwithstanding: though you need not read the particulars to Cavalier Mozzi yet. It is hard to be a judge in a law affair, of which I am no judge. I have acted throughout from good-nature for Cavalier Mozzi, whom I thought ill-treated; and, to avoid scandal, I have done the best I could. I have made Lucas my enemy more than he was before, and I have not managed him; though I do not doubt but he will represent my conduct to my Lord in the worst light; and, though Mozzi may suspect me of favouring my nephew, I have probably added new alacrity to the wretches who wish my Lord to disinherit me, should I outlive him,—but that is certainly what I do not expect to do; and, when I have scorned to court him or them, be assured I would not flatter him at the expense of another. In short, I have done right to the best of my judgment, and cannot help what is thought of me.

LETTER CCCCXI.

Berkeley Square, Dec. 2, 1783.

We have not yet terminated poor Cavalier Mozzi's business. Lucas is highly dissatisfied at our offering my Lord what he calls *but* 6000*l.*, and I am as much displeased at offering so much; but Mr. Duane thinks the 5457*l.*, must be allowed, though Lucas, I believe, would find it very difficult to prove so in a court of law: and, as we fear we must agree to divide the remaining 1800*l.* in question, we probably shall be reduced to fix the whole sum for my Lord at 6400*l.*,

as I told you in my last. At present we wait for an answer from Cavalier Mozzi to Mr. Sharpe's last, and expect it in a week. Upon the whole, I shall have done sadly; and at best shall only have saved him from an eternal suit in Chancery.

Your nephew is in town, but confined by the gout. I called on him, but did not see him; yet you may be very easy, for he expects to be abroad in a day or two. I can make you as easy about another point, too; but, if you have not learnt it from him, do not take notice to him that you know it. Mrs. Noel has informed me that his daughter's treaty of marriage is broken off, and in a fortunate way. The peer, father of the lover, obliged *him* to declare off; and Mrs. Noel says that your niece is in good spirits. All this is just what one should have wished. Your nephew has sent me a good and most curious print from you of the old Pretender's marriage: I never saw one before. It is a great present to my collection of English portraits. The Farnesian books I have not yet received, and have forgotten the name of the gentleman to whom you entrusted them, and must search among your letters for it; or tell it me again.

The politicians of London, who at present are not the most numerous corporation, are warm on a bill for a new regulation of the East Indies, brought in by Mr. Fox. Some even of his associates apprehended his being defeated, or meant to defeat him; but his marvellous abilities have hitherto triumphed conspicuously, and on two divisions in the House of Commons he had majorities of 109 and 114. On *that* field he will certainly be victorious: the forces will be more nearly balanced when the Lords fight the battle; but, though the Opposition will have more generals and more able, he is confident that his troops will overmatch theirs; and, in Parliamentary engagements, a superiority of numbers is not vanquished by the talents of the commanders, as often happens in more martial encounters. His competitor, Mr. Pitt, appears by no means an adequate rival. Just like their fathers, Mr. Pitt has brilliant language, Mr. Fox solid sense; and such luminous powers of displaying it clearly, that mere eloquence is but a Bristol stone, when set by the diamond Reason.

Do not wonder that we do not entirely attend to things of earth: Fashion has ascended to a higher element. All our views are directed to the air. *Balloons* occupy senators, philosophers, ladies, every body. France gave us the *ton;* and, as yet, we have not come up to our model. Their monarch is so struck with the heroism of two of his subjects who adventured their persons in two of these new *floating batteries*, that he has ordered statues of them, and contributed a vast sum towards their marble immortality. All this may be very important: to me it looks somewhat foolish. Very early in my life I remember this town at gaze on a man who *flew down* a rope from the top of St. Martin's steeple;* now, late in my day, people

* On the 1st of June, 1727 one Violante, an Italian, descended head foremost by a rope, with his legs and arms extended, from the top of the steeple of St. Martin's church, over the houses in St. Martin's Lane, to the farthest side of the Mews, a

are staring at a voyage to the moon. The former Icarus broke his neck at a subsequent flight: when a similar accident happens to modern knights-errant, adieu to air-balloons!

Apropos, I doubt these new kites have put young Astley's nose out of joint, who went to Paris lately under their Queen's protection, and expected to be Prime Minister, though he only ventured his neck by dancing a minuet on three horses at full gallop, and really in that attitude has as much grace as the Apollo Belvedere. When the arts are brought to such perfection in Europe, who would go, like Sir Joseph Banks, in Search of Islands in the Atlantic,* where the natives have in six thousand years not improved the science of carving fishing-hooks out of bones or flints! Well! I hope these new mechanic meteors will prove only play-things for the learned and the idle, and not be converted into new engines of destruction to the human race, as is so often the case of refinements or discoveries in science. *The wicked wit of man always studies to apply the result of talents to enslaving, destroying, or cheating his fellow-creatures.* Could we reach the moon, we should think of reducing it to a province of some European kingdom.

P.S. 5th.

The Opposition in the House of Commons were so humbled by their two defeats, that, though Mr. Pitt had declared he would contest every clause (of the India bill) in the committee, (where in truth, if the bill is so bad as he says, he ought at least to have tried to amend it,) that he slunk from the contest, and all the blanks were filled up without obstruction, the opponents promising only to resist it in its last stage on Monday next; but really, having no hopes but in the House of Lords, where, however, I do not believe they expect to succeed. Mr. Pitt's reputation is much sunk; nor, though he is a much more correct logician than his father, has he the same firmness and perseverance. It is no wonder that he was dazzled by his own premature fame; yet his late checks may be of use to him, and teach him to appreciate his strength better, or to wait till it is confirmed. Had he listed under Mr. Fox, who loved and courted him, he would not only have discovered modesty, but have been more likely to succeed him, than by commencing his competitor. But what have I to do to look into futurity?

distance of about three hundred yards, in half a minute. The crowd was immense; and the young princesses, with several of the nobility, were in the Mews.—Ed.

* Sir Joseph Banks, having previously made a voyage to Newfoundland and the Labrador coast, obtained an appointment in the ship which took out Captain Cook on his first voyage of discovery; and, in order to fulfil his own share in the enterprise in the most efficient manner possible, prevailed on Dr. Solander to accompany him, and engaged draftsmen and painters, to delineate such objects of interest as should not admit of transportation or preservation. This voyage occupied him three years.—Ed.

LETTER CCCCXII.

Berkeley Square, Dec. 15, 1783.

I WRITE you in great haste a few lines, which will surprise and perplex you, as I cannot enter into any explanation.

The town is full of rumour of a change of Administration. No such thing has happened; but enough has happened at least to countenance such a report. You will be cautious, therefore, till you hear farther, what you write. Mention no politics, but to the Ministers, as you ought to do.

Every thing goes as well as possible in Ireland. You are much too candid when you impute no bad designs to the person* whose speech has been Italianized.

I have received the two books of Caprarola from Lord Algernon Percy: I had quite forgotten to whom you had consigned them. It is not a way of speaking, but I do insist on your letting me know what they cost, that I may pay your nephew. You would deprive me of the pleasure of troubling you now and then with a little commission, if you do not let my reimburse you. I shall employ Sir W. Hamilton in that way, if you forbid me applying to you; which you will do effectually, if you do not send me the prices of the Fatti Farnesiani.

No answer is come yet to Sharpe from Cavalier Mozzi.

Tuesday, 16th.

An event has now happened that is decisive. The Ministers were beaten last night in the house of Lords by eight votes on the India Bill.† *An Administration beaten* often implies *a Court beaten;* at present, the reverse is true. It is not proper to say more: but, as our newspapers seldom leave any thing unexplained, though commonly falsified or blundered, you will not remain long in the dark. Adieu.

LETTER CCCCXIII.

Friday, Dec. 19, 1783.

I HAVE only a moment's time to tell you, that, at *one* this morning, his Majesty sent to Lord North and Mr. Fox for their seals of Se-

* Dr. Hervey, Bishop of Derry and Earl of Bristol. He had sent to Rome a speech he had made in favour of the Roman Catholics: it was translated into Italian, printed, and dispersed.

† The King had sent for Lord Temple, and ordered him to declare that his Majesty did not approve of the India Bill, but wished to have it thrown out by the House of Lords; yet he had never signified that disapprobation to the Duke of Portland and the Ministers. He went farther, and commanded the Lords of the Bed-chamber to vote against it.

cretary of State. It is said that Mr. Pitt is to be First Lord of the Treasury, and that the Parliament will be dissolved immediately. I know nothing more. You will learn the new arrangements from the Gazette of to-morrow night or Tuesday, which last day is the soonest I could write again, for this must go away this evening. The Great Seal has been sent for from the Commissioners, and, it is supposed, will be given again to Lord Thurlow.

Friday evening.

I saw nobody after Court; so, do not know what passed there, nor if any body kissed hands; nor am likely to hear before the end of the evening, for I almost always dine alone and early, and do not go out till eight o'clock, when it would be too late to send this to the Secretary's office.

If the Parliament is dissolved, as it may be by this time for ought I know, I shall go to Strawberry Hill, for nobody will be left in town, but all gone to their re-elections; so, I could only transcribe the Gazette, and be able to send you little news.

LETTER CCCCXIV.

Berkeley Square, Jan. 8, 1784.

The Gazettes have told you all the changes. The House of Commons is to meet on Monday, and all expectation hangs thereon. Each party promises itself—or others the majority. I never deal in prophecies; and, not having more *knowledge* than prophets, I shall not pretend to foretell the event, much less the consequences it will produce either way.

I have no other reasons for writing to you. Cavalier Mozzi's message by you, and his letter to Mr. Duane, will, I think, put an end to our arbitrage. I do not imagine that Mr. Lucas will give up the interest upon interest, at least not without such strong reluctance as will make it very difficult for me, as my Lord's nominee, to decide against him. On the other hand, I do not see how Mr. Duane, or even I, can pronounce *for* that accumulated interest, after such earnest protests of Cavalier Mozzi. My inclination, therefore, as I must, either way, give such dissatisfaction, and as the lawyers are so positive in their contradictory opinions, as to decline the arbitrage. At present we can do nothing. Lucas is in the West, looking after Lord Orford's boroughs, in case the Parliament should be dissolved. I myself have an avocation or occupation of a more melancholy kind.

My brother, Sir Edward,* is, I fear, dying: yesterday we had no hopes; a sort of glimmering to-day, but scarce enough to be called a

* "Sir Edward Walpole's three natural daughters were, Mrs. Keppel, wife to the Hon. Frederick Keppel, Bishop of Exeter; the Countess of Waldegrave, afterwards Duchess of Gloucester; and the Countess of Dysart."—*Lord Dover's Life of Horace Walpole.*—(See Collective Edit. of Walpole's letters, 1840.)

ray of hope. He has for a great number of years enjoyed perfect health, and even great beauty, without a wrinkle, to seventy-seven; but last August his decline began by an aversion to all solids. He came to town in the beginning of November; his appetite totally left him; and in a week he became a very infirm, wrinkled, old man. We think that he imagined he could cure himself by almost total abstinence. With great difficulty he was persuaded to try the bark; it restored some appetite, and then he would take no more. In a word, he has starved himself to death, and is now so emaciated and weak, that it is almost impossible he should be saved, especially as his obstinacy continues; nor will he be persuaded to take sustenance enough to give him a chance, though he is sensible of his danger, and cool, tranquil, perfectly in his senses as ever. A cordial, a little whey, a dish of tea, it costs us all infinite pains to induce him to swallow. I much doubt whether entire tractability could save him!

I am very sorry your Sweedish King* is so expensive to you. Should he think of any return, do not be disappointed, if, on opening a weighty bale, you find nothing but a heap of copper-money.

Lord Hardwicke† is a great oaf, both in the book he has written, and in thinking it worth being sent so far as to Florence. The ignorance in it is extreme, and so are the blunders. The fable of the late King giving my father a large sum of money towards building Houghton must have been borrowed from some vulgar pamphlet or magazine. There is not a shadow of truth in it, nor did one of the family ever hear of it. I do not mean to impeach the late King's goodness to him; but, for presents, he most assuredly never made him but two: a very large diamond, but with a great flaw in it, which Lady Mary had; and, after the Queen's death, her crystal hunting-bottle, with a golden stopper and cup. I have often heard my father mention these as the only *presents*. He was too grateful and too frank to have been silent on money; nor would it have escaped the Opposition, who were reduced to charge him with falsehoods, in want of truths. This pretended friend was reduced to fish in the kennels of Grub Street, to eke out his meagre anecdotes of a man whose long administration might have furnished so many; but, like his lordship's other publications, they are all dead before him! He has all his life resembled an angler, who stands for hours and days by a river with a line and hook, and at last catches a paltry dace or bleak, which no mortal will touch.

Some events next week must produce; I perhaps shall be shut up in the house of mourning, and know little of the matter! Parliamentary

* Gustavus III. In 1783, having been advised by his physicians to spend the winter in a milder climate than Sweden, he set out in the beginning of October for Italy, and remained during the winter and ensuing spring at Pisa, Rome, Naples, Florence and Genoa.

† Philip, second Earl of Hardwicke. The book alluded, to was a collection of anecdotes respecting Sir Robert Walpole, called "Walpoliana," printed in 4to. but not published. Lord Hardwicke died in 1790.

debates are now so circumstantially detailed in the newspapers, that at best I could but send you extracts. Adieu!

LETTER CCCCXV.

Berkeley Square, Jan. 13, 1784.

Amid the distresses of my family I can find time to send you but few lines. My brother died yesterday evening, with the same constant tranquillity which he had preserved through his whole illness. His almost unvaried health from soon after thirty to seventy-seven, his ample fortune and unambitious temper, make his life and death rather to be envied than lamented. His boundless benevolence and charity had left him but very moderate wealth, which he has given chiefly to his eldest daughter, Mrs. Keppel.

Yesterday was the mighty day of expectation in the House of Commons: at six in the morning the ex-Ministers had a majority of 39.

I could tell you but few or no particulars, having been shut up entirely at my brother's; and this whole morning was employed on reading his will, and other melancholy duties, till seven this evening, when I have barely time to write and send this to the Secretary's office. It was expected yesterday that the Parliament will be immediately dissolved—what the opinion is to-day, I do not at all know. I am interrupted, and must bid you good night.

LETTER CCCCXVI.

Berkeley Square, Feb. 2, 1784.

As your nephew tells me that he sends you punctual accounts of our politics, I shall say nothing on them. I do not know how he contrives to give you a clear idea of them, so fluctuating and uncertain they are. Once or twice a week there is a day which it is said will be decisive. *To-day* is in that number; yet I expect it so little, that I am writing to you at ten at night, without inquiring whether the House of Commons, where action is expected, is up; without knowing what was to be there.

My reason for writing is to tell Cavalier Mozzi, through you, that Lucas was with me this morning along with Messrs. Duane and Sharpe. I then acquainted them, as I had resolved, that Mr. Sharpe, having received from the Cavalier, and I from you, the strongest remonstrances against the *injustice criante* of allowing my lord interest upon interest, and Mr. Lucas adhering to the demand, I did not see how Mr. Duane and I could proceed any farther as referees; as to decide on either side, must discontent the other; whereas our business

was to accord them as amicably as we could, consistently with equity. Mr. Duane then declared against the legality of interest on interest. I said, if it was illegal, it was not a point on which we *could* decide, but ought to be left to lawyers; and that it would be better to name two new lawyers, one on each side; and, if they disagreed, to call in a third, who should pronounce decisively. Mr. Duane was warm against that; said, the whole cause must be gone over again, and would not end in years. He was for offering my Lord 600*l.* out of 2431*l.* demanded by Lucas, who on the other hand offered to abate 1000*l.* Neither would come into the proposal of the other. At last, after many words, I hit on this expedient—that the 5457*l.*, which we had all agreed my Lord should receive as a compromise of the demands of both parties, (and which yet Lucas persists in calling a very liberal concession on my Lord's part, not, I believe, because strictly just, but he having all the proofs in his hands, and Mr. Sharpe few or none but what Lucas pleased to give him,) I proposed, I say, that Mr. Duane and I should decide that sum to my Lord, and then that my Lord and the Cavalier should settle as they could the demand of 2431*l.* Mr. Duane and Mr. Sharpe were much pleased with this expedient. Lucas did not like it so well, but could urge nothing material against it. On that issue we left it for the present. Lucas is to write to my Lord, and Mr. Sharpe to Mozzi, who will now know what he likes to do, and how much of the 2431*l.* he will sacrifice for a termination. He may take what time he will to consider on it, or what measures he pleases to obtain as much as he can. Do not let him answer hastily or inconsiderately. If he is impatient to finish, I believe Lucas is as eager to finger the money for my Lord. The more patient will have the advantage. As I believe the demand exorbitant, if not totally unjust, I cannot help saying, that I should think Mozzi had better offer but little at first, which may make Lucas at last except less than he would if the offer were considerable. A delay cannot make much addition to the time already lost; and whatever he recovers by this new contestation will pay him for losing two or three months more.

I have thus done all that was possible for me to do in my situation. Thinking my party in the wrong in general, though perhaps not wholly, (as it does seem that my Lady had appropriated some things to herself to which she had no right,) I have preferred justice to partiality towards the person for whom I acted; and, as I avowed to Lucas to-day, I have contradicted him throughout whenever I knew (by my own acquaintance with the affairs of the family) that he urged what was not true or matter of fact; for instance, in the case of Lady Orford's jewels, the chief of which I remembered my brother had retained when she went abroad. Still, I dare to say, that, besides displeasing my Lord and Lucas, I shall not have answered Cavalier Mozzi's expectations. I can only say to that, that when I have submitted, I have been guided by Mr. Duane, and never allowed but what he said ought to be allowed—and yet I as-

sure you he has not flinched a jot when he thought Lucas unreasonable. Mr. Sharpe has said less, but has been against the interest on interest.

Upon the whole, I am still of opinion that had Cavalier Mozzi come over when I advised him, he would have fared better—but that is past!

You, my dear sir, will be as tired as I am of this tedious affair; but your goodness to poor Mozzi will make you excuse it. I could not possibly have explained myself to him in Italian, nor even in French; he is lucky that I could not in terms of law, which even you could not have translated into Italian, nor perhaps into sense. Adieu! I am quite fatigued, having been writing another letter on business.

I have received and thank you for the two prints of old Cosimo's Duchess; and I thank you for telling me the price of the Fatti Farnesiani, which I shall pay directly to Mr. Croft; I have been so hurried by my brother's death, that I forgot it till just now on reading your last of Jan. 10th again.

LETTER CCCCXVII.

March 12, 1784.

Your nephew sends you such regular accounts from the fountain-head, the House of Commons, that I could only retail them more imperfectly. As it will not be long before you see him, you will understand our state of politics better by question and answer, than from maimed or partial relations. The present face of things looks like a suspension of arms—not a truce; much less has your half-nephew succeeded in his endeavours to negotiate an accommodation. The Opposition acquiesce in raising the supplies; and, consequently, the rest of the session is not likely to be tempestuous, as it has been.

You may be sure that *I* approve of your nephew's intention of withdrawing from Parliament. As I have never for one moment regretted my own retirement from that disagreeable occupation, I cannot wonder at another's being sick of it. Ambition, vanity, and interest may reconcile one to acting a part in their theatre; but where *they* are weak motives, or not existent, how many are there to disgust!

You perceive that I have received yours of Feb. 14th, and the news of Florence in it, which require no answer. Nor have I any to send you in return. Politics have engrossed all conversation, and stifled other events, if any have happened. Thus I find it difficult to be so punctual as I was wont, or to fill a decent sheet when I do write. Indeed, our ladies, who used to contribute to enliven correspondence, are become politicians, and, as lady Townley says,

"squeeze a little too much lemon into conversation." They have been called back a little to their own profession—dress, by a magnificent ball which the Prince of Wales gave two nights ago to near six hundred persons, to which the Amazons of both parties were invited; and not a scratch was given or received!

I am impatient for Cavalier Mozzi's answer to Mr. Sharpe's letter. The one you sent me from the former came too late; and, though he mentions the distress that delay would occasion to him by his probably missing the opportunity of buying into the French funds, it was impossible for me to go back. I had avoided the inconvenience of throwing up the refereeship, by the sole expedient of deciding all but the interest on interest, and leaving that to be accommodated by the parties themselves, on which it was impossible for me to pronounce, unless by allowing it to my Lord, which I both thought unjust, and which Cavalier Mozzi himself had *almost absolutely* forbidden me to grant—I say *almost*, for, though not *positively*, he had represented so strongly against it, that, concurring with mine and Mr. Sharpe's sentiments, I could not think myself at liberty to comply; and indeed, if I had, Mr. Duane and I should, after so long a suspense, have been of very little use, as Lucas would have obtained very near all he demanded in the most unbounded manner at first. I have, I am persuaded, offended my Lord much, and do not doubt but that Lucas will have insinuated that I have given his Lordship full excuse for *doing any act* to my prejudice; but I laugh at that. I am neither fool enough to expect to outlive him, nor care, if I should, whether he totally disinherits me, as I conclude he would. I will not pay the smallest degree of court to him, but rather less, if less could be, since I am become his next heir. I will not owe even what my birth would entitle to, to any insincerity. Judge, then, whether I should not be hurt, if Cavalier Mozzi should suspect me of having acted with any partiality. I doubt whether I have not shown too much on *his* behalf, though I have often checked myself when I perceived it; for indignation at the treatment of him, resentment on other accounts to his adversaries, and even the vanity, the ostentatious vanity of acting uprightly, may, and I really believe have, biassed my inclinations *against* the party *for* whom I was employed:—but then, I have really done nothing but by Mr. Duane's advice; and by his advice have allowed much more to my Lord than I ever believed he had a right to; and which, if he had behaved handsomely, and not been guided by Lucas, he would not have claimed, whatever his pretensions were.

I beg your pardon for dwelling so much on this tedious affair. You will soon, I trust, hear no more of it.

LETTER CCCCXVIII.

Berkeley Square, March 26, 1784.

The Dissolution of Parliament, a manœuvre so long upon the anvil, and so often intermitted, has at last taken place. The King went to the House on Wednesday, and in a few words declared his intention;—a strange event interrupted the blow for a moment. In the preceding night some thieves had broken into the Chancellor's house, and stolen the Great Seal! The hubbub it occasioned for some hours was prodigious; but, as forms and ceremonies are not quite so awful as before Time was arrived at years of discretion, a cast was taken off, and served for the death-warrant of the House of Commons last night. In truth, there does not seem to remain any terror in solemnity, when housebreakers make free with the head of the law himself. I doubt, that, for a month or six weeks to come, one shall have additional occasion to keep watch and ward. All the island will be a scene of riot, and probably of violence. The parties are not separated in gentle mood: there will, they say, be contested elections every where; consequently, vast expense and animosities. The Court, it is believed, will have the majority in the new Parliament. As your nephew does not intend to be of it, you will, I conclude, see him soon; but he is out of town, and I know nothing of him. I only write now just to mark the crisis, though to-morrow's papers would have notified the event; but you love, now and then to have the confirmation from me. I have not received from you that of the Pretender's death,* though it has been public here this fortnight. I do not mean that I cared a straw about it; and perhaps you thought you had mentioned it. Does his brother mean to encircle his hat with a diadem, like old King Henry of Portugal;† or rather, more like the imaginary Charles the Tenth of France,‡ the puppet of the League?

I have not only not heard from you on the part of Mozzi, but not a word from Sharpe; and therefore I conclude no answer is come.

We have no private news at all. Indeed, politics are all in all. I question whether any woman intrigues with a man of a different party. Little girls say, "Pray, Miss, of which side are you?" I heard of one that said, "Mama and I cannot get Papa over to our side!"

The weather is as violent as our contests. Though the winter was so long and severe, we had snow two days ago, and have again to-day; yet our calamities are trifling to what we hear from the

* This proved to be erroneous. He had, however, been given over, and had received extreme unction.

† Cardinal Henry, uncle and successor of Don Sebastin.

‡ The Cardinal of Bourbon, uncle of Henry IV. of France, proclaimed king by the name of Charles X. by the League, though a prisoner to his nephew; in which confinement he died.

Continent: from Germany, destruction of bridges by inundations; and still more dreadful from Holland. Well! politics and tempests are important in their day, and then sink into the mass of events, and lose their striking characteristics—the sufferings of individuals. I have lived so long, and have seen such a succession of both kinds of convulsions, that they make little more impression on me than the scenes of a play.

To the present drama, Elections, I shall totally shut my ears. Such subjects as, however noisy, one is sure to hear of no more the moment they are over, are to me insupportable. I hated elections forty years ago; and when I went to white's preferred a conversation on Newmarket to one on elections: for the language of the former I did not understand, and, consequently, did not listen to; the other, being uttered in common phrase, made me attend, whether I would or not. When such subjects are on the tapis, they make me a very insipid correspondent. One cannot talk of what one does not care about; and it would be jargon to you if I did: however, do not imagine but I allow a sufficient quantity of dulness to my time of life. I have kept up a correspondence with you with tolerable spirit for three and forty years together, without our once meeting. Can you wonder that my pen is worn to the stump? You see it does not abandon you; nor, though conscious of its own decay, endeavour to veil it by silence. The Archbishop of Gil Blas has long been a lesson to me to watch over my own ruins; but I do not extend that jealousy of vanity to commerce with an old friend. You knew me in my days of folly and riotous spirits; why should I hide my dotage from you, which is not equally my fault and reproach? I take due care that nobody should hear of me but two or three, who persuade me that I still live in their memories; by the rest I had rather be forgotten.

LETTER CCCCXIX.

Berkeley Square, March 30, 1784.

As I expect your nephew in town previously to his setting out for Florence, and as his residence, I conclude from his having let his house in London, will be very short, I prepare a letter to send by him, lest I should not have time to write it leisurely when he comes, and is departing again instantly.

My letters, since the great change in the Administration, have been rare, and much less informing than they used to be. In a word, I was not at all glad of the Revolution, nor have the smallest connexion with the new occupants. There has been a good deal of boldness on both sides. Mr. Fox, convinced of the necessity of hardy measures to correct and save India, and coupling with that rough medicine a desire of confirming the power of himself and his allies, had formed

a great system, and a very sagacious one; so sagacious, that it struck France with terror. But as the new power was to be founded on the demolition of that nest of monsters, the East [India] Company, and their spawn of Nabobs, &c., they took the alarm, and the secret junto at Court rejoiced that they did. The Court struck the blow at the Ministers; but it was the gold of the Company that really conjured up the storm, and has diffused it all over England.*

On the other hand, Mr. Pitt has braved the majority of the House of Commons, has dissolved the existent one, and, I doubt, given a wound to that branch of the Legislature, which, if the tide does not turn, may be very fatal to the Constitution. The nation is intoxicated, and has poured in Addresses of Thanks to the Crown for exerting the prerogative *against* the palladium of the people. The first consequence will probably be that the Court will have a considerable majority upon the new elections. The country has acted with such precipitation, and with so little knowledge of the question, that I do not doubt but thousands of eyes will be opened and wonder at

* "A bill for the regulation of the territorial government in India (the corruptions of which were notorious to all) was brought into Parliament in November 1783. Its leading provision was to vest the whole management of the affairs of the East-India Company in seven commissioners, named in the act, and of course appointed by the existing Ministry. It was warmly opposed by Pitt, on account of its being a violation of the chartered rights of the Company; it however passed the House of Commons by a great majority, and was introduced to the Lords. But in the mean time an alarm was raised respecting the inordinate power such a regulation would confer upon the Ministers, and which would render them almost independent of the Crown: and in a private audience given to Lord Temple by his Majesty, this danger was represented in such a light, that directions were sent to all the noblemen dependent on, or confidential with, the Court, to vote against the bill; and it was accordingly rejected. The immediate consequence was a change of Ministry; and in the new arrangement, Dec. 1783, Pitt united the posts of First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, and thus in his twenty-fourth year assumed the station of Prime Minister. But, although supported by the choice of his Sovereign, he had a very powerful opposition to encounter in the House of Commons, and his first India bill was rejected. The extraordinary spectacle was now presented of a Minister standing opposed to the majority of the national representatives, and it was obvious that either he must give way, or Parliament be dissolved. After a long struggle, in which Pitt, almost unsupported, steadily resisted the call upon him to declare whether or no a dissolution was intended, that measure took place in March 1784, and a general election succeeded. On this occasion it appeared that the voice of the nation was decidedly in favour of the Minister; and he had the singular fortune of being supported, as well by the friends of royal prerogative, as by those of parliamentary independence. Some of the strongest aristocratical interests in the kingdom were defeated, and the new Parliament opened with a large majority on the ministerial side. Pitt was returned for the University of Cambridge. His first measure was the passing of his India bill with some alterations. Its essence was the constituting of a board of control, appointed by the King out of the Privy Council, for superintending the civil and military government and the revenue concerns of the Company, whilst their commercial and internal affairs were left under the management of their own directors. The King was to nominate a commander-in-chief, and to possess a negative upon all appointments of the Company; and a new court of judicature was instituted for the trial of offences committed in India."

themselves; but the mischief will be done! But, without talking of futurity and constitutional points, you may easily judge what detriment the nation must have received already. The first year after a war—and after a fatal war!—was the moment to set about repairing what could be repaired. *That* year is already lost, totally lost! not a measure has been taken yet; and it will be the end of May before even the session can begin. Unanimity, too, was essential; instead of which, behold two parties revived with as much animosity as ever actuated factions, except in religious wars! It was deemed of the last urgency that the East India Bill should have gone by the ships in February; not a bill is yet in the egg-shell. The Cabinet of Versailles speak their opinion plainly, by being zealous for Mr. Pitt; a sad compliment to him! And they are sending a powerful fleet to India, accompanied by Spaniards and Dutch. Guess how near we are to peace with Holland! Add to all these difficulties the incapacity of the new Ministers. Mr. Pitt is certainly an extraordinary young man; but is he a supernatural one? Do not trust to me, but believe the foreign Ministers. There is but one voice amongst them on the marvellous superiority of Mr. Fox, and the unheard-of facility of doing business with him. *He* made the peace between the Turks and Russia; and Simonin, the latter's Minister, told the king himself so in the drawing-room since Fox's fall. On the contrary, those foreigners talk loudly of the extreme ignorance of the new Secretaries. Our Ambassador at Paris is a proverb of insufficience. Lord Shelburne (who, by the way, seems likely to succeed one of his successors, Lord Sydney,) said the other day, "Upon my word, I hear that the Duke of Dorset's letters are written very well; he talks of the ceded islands as if he knew where they are."*

This is a brief sketch of part of our history; for particulars, I refer myself to your nephew. You, with whom I have conversed so freely for above forty years, could not want a clue to my sentiments on the present crisis. I never have changed my principles, nor am likely. I shall continue to write to you on great events, but without comments, which would be unnecessary after I have given you this key.

In a general view, I suppose we shall fall into all the distraction of a ruined country. The memory of what we have been so recently will exasperate our feelings; or we shall grow insensible, remain dissipated till totally impoverished, and perhaps imagine from indolence

* "For the embassy to Paris, the Duke of Dorset was selected by Pitt, or rather by the King. The Duke was the son of Lord John Sackville, elder brother of Lord George; and succeeded collaterally to the title, on the demise of his uncle Charles, second Duke of Dorset, mentioned so frequently in Dodington's Diary as Earl of Middlesex. The Duke, when named Ambassador to Versailles, had nearly attained his fortieth year. He displayed neither shining parts nor superior abilities; and, considered as Ambassador to France, could not sustain a comparison for diplomatic ability, or strength of intellect, with the Earl of Stair, or with the first Horace Walpole, brother of Sir Robert, who had represented the English Sovereign at the Courts of Louis the Fourteenth and Fifteenth."—*Wraxall's Memoirs.*

that submission is ease! I am so near the end of my course, that I bear these uncomfortable prospects with more indifference than I should have done some years ago. I take no part; for, when boys are on the stage, a veteran makes but an awkward figure: nor can I tap a new controversy, of which I shall probably see but little of the progress. Methinks one ought to be ready to go at one's time, and not be called away when one has much to do. I was enough engaged when the former Pitt* and Fox were the heroes of the scene. Were I to list under the son of the one or the other, I should feel as if I were reading the romance of Amadis de Gaul, which continues through the adventures of his son.

April 11th.

I hear nothing of your nephew, nor know where to inquire; yet, as he has parted with his house in town and abandoned his borough, I conclude he perseveres in his intention of visiting you, and that I shall see him before he sets out.

The scene is wofully changed for the Opposition, though not half the new Parliament is yet chosen. Though they still contest a very few counties and some boroughs, they own themselves totally defeated. They reckoned themselves sure of two hundred and forty members: they probably will not have a hundred and fifty; and, amongst them, not some capital leaders,—perhaps not the commander-in-chief, Mr. Fox;† certainly not the late commander-in-chief of the army, General Conway. In short, between the industry of the Court and the India Company, and that momentary phrenzy that sometimes seizes a whole nation, as if it were a vast animal, such aversion to the Coalition and such a detestation of Mr. Fox have seized the country, that, even where omnipotent gold retains its influence, the elected pass through an ordeal of the most virulent abuse. The great whig families, the Cavendishes, Rockinghams, Bedfords, have lost all credit in their own counties; nay, have been tricked out of seats where the whole property was their own; and in some of those cases a *royal* finger has too evidently tampered, as well as singularly and revengefully towards Lord North and Lord Hertford; the latter of whom, however, is likely to have six of his own sons‡ in the House of Commons—an extraordinary instance. Such a proscription, however, must have sown so deep resentment as it was not wise to provoke; considering that permanent fortune is a jewel that in no crown is the most to be depended upon!

When I have told you these certain truths, and when you must be aware that this torrent of unpopularity broke out in the Capital, will it not sound like a contradiction if I affirm that Mr. Fox himself is still strug-

* Mr. Pitt was second son of William Earl of Chatham, who was also a second son; as Charles Fox was of Lord Holland, a second son also.

† Though Mr. Fox was elected both for Westminster and Kirkwall, petitions from both were presented against him.

‡ He did get but five of his sons into that Parliament.

gling to be chosen for Westminster, and maintains so sturdy a fight, that Sir Cecil Wray, his antagonist, is not yet three hundred ahead of him, though the Court exerts itself against him in the most violent manner, by mandates, arts, &c.—nay, sent at once a body of two hundred and eighty of the Guards to give their votes as householders, which is legal, but which my father in the most quiet seasons would not have dared to do! At first the contest threatened to be bloody: Lord Hood* being the third candidate, and on the side of the Court, a mob of three hundred sailors undertook to drive away the opponents; but the Irish chairmen,† being retained by Mr. Fox's party, drove them back to their element, and cured the tars of their ambition of a naval victory. In truth, Mr. Fox has all the popularity in Westminster; and, indeed, is so amiable and winning, that, could he have stood in person over all England, I question whether he would not have carried the Parliament. The beldams hate him; but most of the pretty women in London are indefatigable in making interest for him, the Duchess of Devonshire‡ in particular. I am ashamed to say how coarsely she has been received by some worse than tars!—But me nothing has shocked so much as what I heard this morning: at Dover they roasted a poor *fox* alive by the most diabolic allegory!—a savage meanness that an Iroquois would not have committed. Base, cowardly wretches! how much nobler to have hurried to London and torn Mr. Fox himself peacemeal! I detest a country inhabited by such stupid barbarians. I will write no more to-night; I am in a passion!

April 15th, at night.

Your nephew has been in town for a moment, and called on me; but hurried into Kent, apprehending an opposition to his friend, Mr. Marsham:§ but Lord Mahon,‖ a savage, a republican, a royalist—I don't know what not—has been forced to drop it; and your nephew will set out immediately, and sends for this letter, which I must finish in haste. I can add nothing newly decisive. The Court will have a great majority; but the tide, at least here, begins to turn. They did not carry a supply of six new Directors of the East India Company swimmingly yesterday: Mr. Fox was within two or three voices of choosing three of those very friends who were to have been members of his bill which proves that he has still great weight among the

* Lord Hood was an admiral.

† Almost all the hackney-chairmen in London were Irish.

‡ Lady Georgiana Spencer. She certainly procured the greatest part of Mr. Fox's votes for him: though the Court party endeavoured to deter her by the most illiberal and indecent abuse, yet they could not fix the smallest stain on her virtue.

§ The Honourable Charles Marsham, son and heir of Robert, second Lord Romney. Wraxall describes him as a man by no means prepossessing or engaging in his manners; but admits that he wanted not ability, and that he deservedly attracted general consideration in his parliamentary capacity.

‖ Lord Mahon, by his first marriage, stood in the near relation of brother-in-law to Mr. Pitt. He was a very eccentric man in dress and manners, and his opinions were tinged with republicanism. His temper was impetuous and fiery.

proprietors. His own election for Westminster still continues, and he has recovered much ground within these three days, so that Sir Cecil Wray's majority of above 300 is reduced to 175.

The aspect in Ireland is cloudy; nay, has been stormy. The mob broke into the House of Commons, and insulted the members for not passing what is called the Protecting Duties, which your nephew must explain; but the rioters were suppressed and imprisoned—*reste à voir* whether *the Volunteers* will not espouse *the Protecting Duties*, which might be very serious. I thought and said, that our India Bill was still more a bill for Ireland; meaning, that if lost, and the Ministry changed, I concluded the Irish would say, that it was not fit to be governed by a country that could not govern itself for six months together. It looks as if I had not been totally mistaken; nor shall I be, if France, whose whole eye is on India, should contrive to find us employment in Ireland. That Island is more *à leur portée* than America was. In short, the present reign may be painted in one sentence, which I found t'other day in Muratori's Annals of Italy: "*Cento si richieggono ad edificare; un solo basta perdistruggere tutto.*" Adieu! Return me this letter.

LETTER CCCCXX.

Berkeley Square, April 29, 1784.

NEVER did more traverses happen in a law suit than befall poor Cavalier Mozzi! Three weeks ago Mr. Duane sent me the Cavalier's letter to Mr. Sharpe, with the handsome offer of 1000*l.*, which I concluded my Lord would jump at; and I expected to hear, that, as soon as he could despatch an answer, I should have notice to settle the whole affair with the lawyers. No such summons arrived. Alas! the night before last I was told accidentally that Mr. Duane had a stroke of apoplexy! I immediately wrote to Mr. Sharpe to inquire: he has this moment been with me, confirmed the melancholy story, adding, that he doubts much of Mr. Duane's recovery. However, he brought me my Lord's answer—satisfactory so far, as that he will close with the Cavalier's offer; but not at all content with it. No matter: the affair will at least be terminated, though neither side will be pleased. A little time, I suppose, will be wasted in waiting for the event of Mr. Duane's illness; and Lucas, as Mr. Sharpe said this morning, will not hurry himself a jot more than a snail: yet, whether poor Mr. Duane recovers or not, the matter will be adjusted; it might, no doubt, in a week, but I dare to say will not be finished in two months.

As I sent you all the news I knew by your nephew, I have none to add. Most elections are over; and, if they were not, neither you nor I care about such details. I have no notion of filling one's head

with circumstances of which, in six weeks, one is to discharge it for ever. Indeed, it is well that I live little in the world, or I should be obliged to provide myself with that viaticum for common conversation. Our ladies are grown such vehement politicians, that no other topic is admissible; nay, I do not know whether *you* must not learn our politics for the *conversationi* at Florence,—at least, if Paris gives the *ton* to Italy, as it used to do. There are as warm parties for Mr. Fox or Mr. Pitt at Versailles and Amsterdam as in Westminster. At the first, I suppose, they exhale in epigrams; are expressed at the second by case-knives; at the last they vent themselves in deluges of satiric prints, though with no more wit than there is in a case-knife. I was told last night that our engraved pasquinades for this winter, at twelvepence or sixpence a-piece, would cost six or seven pounds.

Having written thus-far, I received yours of the 9th, in which I find Cavalier Mozzi is anew displeased with Mr. Sharpe, whom indeed I do not understand. He told me to-day, as justifying my Lord's dissatisfaction, that he did think his Lordship was entitled to interest on interest on part of his demand; namely, on what Lady Orford had taken away from the seats in the country. *This he had not intimated before;* nor indeed does he now pretend that my Lord should have more than the 1000*l.* that he consents to take. For Sharpe's demand of the same allowance as he used to have from my Lady, it is extortion; as he certainly, by his own statement, has not been collecting rents since her death. In short, I can only recur to my old opinion, that Cavalier Mozzi should have come over himself: I could have given him advice here; but, being made referee for my Lord, I could not take part against him. I doubt I have gone to the utmost limits of decency and equity to protect Mozzi; and Lucas, I am persuaded, will have represented that delicacy in the worst light. I do not care; I will take no step to disculpate myself. I am only sorry that I could do no better for Mozzi: though I repeat it, he must in part blame himself for not coming to defend his own cause, which has given Sharpe and Lucas full elbow-room for plundering him;—and yet Sharpe blames, or pretends to blame, Lucas; and I must own in justice to the former, that more than once he did provoke the latter by his opposition. I hope that Mozzi gained so much by Lady Orford's favour, from what was not within reach of our legal harpies, that he will be much at his ease.

We do not know that Lady Charlotte Herbert is dead, though a letter received to-day represents her case as totally desperate. Though her father was forced to be acquainted with her danger, his return will be far from a consolation. We are not surprised at any extravagance in his Lordship's morals, though at his age; but much at his profligacy, counteracting his avarice. I will give you one instance of the latter. At Wilton he always recommends his port before his other wines, saying, "I can warrant the port good, for I make it myself."

I am sorry to hear you are tormented with the rheumatism. I have had it in my shoulder, though not sharply, ever since last July, and prefer the gout to it. The latter goes at its period, and does not return for some time; but the rheumatism may depart to-day and come back to-morrow, or never leave one at all. Our winter has been doleful too, though less so than in many countries. Of spring there was not a symptom a fortnight ago, though commonly many trees and most shrubs are in full leaf by the end of April. I shall visit my Strawberry to-morrow, and hope at least to find the grass verdant. We are so pestered by robbers, that a month ago I thought they had stolen all the turf of my meadows. Good night! It is near one in the morning.

LETTER CCCCXXI.

Strawberry Hill, June 3, 1784.

As I was told two days ago that Mr. Duane is recovered, and still, as I heard nothing from Lucas or Sharpe, I yesterday wrote to the latter, complaining of the continuation of delay, though all points are agreed and declaring I was ashamed of seeing Cavalier Mozzi so incessantly ill-treated. That night I found a letter on my table from Sharpe,—not an answer to mine, which he could not have received; but one to tell me that he had the day before had a letter from the Cavalier, consenting to all their demands, and promising to send the necessary order on the following Saturday. Sharpe adds these words: "In the mean time Mr. Lucas and I have prepared a writing for the mutual discharge of all demands, which is now submitted to Mr. Duane's consideration."

Thus I suppose, *at last*, when all has been extorted that can be, those honest gentlemen will let the Cavalier receive his remaining pittance; though, no doubt, Lucas will not be very expeditious, if he can help it, for fear of breaking his good old custom of being dilatory.

Well! but a letter was not all I found from Sharpe; it was accompanied by a very large snuff-box, and a request to inquire of *you* whether any letter of advice was sent by you to any person, or the bill of lading signed by the captain of the Swedish ship, the Esperance, (the captain's name Lingdeen,) to whom was consigned, in January 1782, the portrait of Lord Clinton, by Vandyck, which, the Cavalier says, in April last was addressed to your nephew for my Lord, and of which my Lord has yet heard nothing more. Oh! but now comes the curious part! The snuff-box, which is a black tortoise-shell one, contains an uncommonly large enamel portrait, by Zincke, of Lady Orford, painted, I suppose, early for my brother Orford. The features are extremely like; the countenance not at all so: on the neck is a flaw from the furnace. If I was surprised at its being sent to *me*, I was not less at its real destination. It was sent to me, says

Sharpe, by his Lordship, either to be forwarded to the Cavalier in return (for the Lord Clinton,) or to have it copied in oil to the size of life three quarters; but I know no hand," continues he, "that I think can do that to any advantage." He then asks my opinion; as it is supposed the Cavalier would prefer a portrait near to the size of life. A more absurd or indelicate thought never entered into the head of man; but, indeed, it is a madman's head! I did *not* reply, that I concluded the Cavalier, had he wished for a portrait of my Lady, might have obtained one from her, and could not wish for one painted fifty years ago. I did just hint, that it would be a very *odd* present from *my Lord* to the *Cavalier*, but said I did not presume to give advice: that for a copy, the picture, which has no merit but in the excellence of the enamel, would make a woful appearance in oil; for it is in the plain barren manner of that time, totally void of ornament and grace. And so I sent it back to let the cabal decide, whose delicacy I doubt not will decide for sending the original; especially as a copy, or any other present, would cost a few guineas, which they had rather get for themselves. However, it became me to object to the impropriety of giving away his mother's picture, and to *the person* in the world to whom *he* should not send it—and there I shall leave it.

Your nephew, I depend upon it, has been with you some time, and satisfied you in all you could wish to know. The new Parliament, as the papers will have told you, and as the progress of the elections foretold, is decidedly with the Court.* Nothing extraordinary has passed there or any where else. The House of Commons is occupied by the Westminster election, and sat on it till six this morning; nor yet is it finished. You know, I cannot bear election contests, nor ever inform myself of their circumstances. In truth, I am very ignorant of what is passing. I have been settled here this fortnight, though two dreary wet days drove me to town; but I returned today, and shall stay here if the weather is tolerable, though London is brimful—but then it is brimful of balls, shows, breakfasts, and joys, to which my age says no, and my want of inclination a treble no. It is my felicity to have remembered how ridiculous I have formerly thought old people who forgot their own age when every body else did not; and it is lucky too that I feel no disposition that can lead me into absurdities. The present world might be my grandchildren; as they are not, I have nothing to do with them. I am glad they are amused, but neither envy nor wish to partake of their pleasures or their business. When one preserves one's senses and faculties, and suffers no pain, old age would be no grievance but for one; yet oh! that one is a heavy calamity—the surviving one's friends: nay, even the loss of one's contemporaries is something! at least, I cannot feel interested about a generation that I do not know.

I felt this very sensibly last week. I have no taste for, and scarce

* The Opposition moved an amendment to the Address, which was supported by only 114 votes against 282.

ever read, the pamphlets and political letters in the newspapers; but I cannot describe the avidity with which I devour a new publication. A nephew of Lord Melcombe's heir has published that Lord's diary.* Indeed, it commences in 1749, and I grieve it was not dated twenty years earlier. However, it deals in topics that are ten times more familiar and fresh to my memory than any passage that has happened within these six months. I wish I could convey it to you. Though drawn by his own hand, and certainly meant to flatter himself, it is a truer portrait than any of his hirelings would have given. Never was such a composition of vanity, versatility, and servility! In short, there is but one feature wanting—his wit, of which in his whole book there are not three sallies. I often said of Lord Hervey and Doddington, that they were the only two I ever knew who were always aiming at wit, and yet generally found it. There is one light in which the book pleases *me* particularly; it fully justifies the unfavourable opinion I always had of the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Pelham, and which was thought such heresy during their lives.

I have somehow or other made out a longer letter than I expected. My correspondence in summer has commonly been barren, and probably will not be luxuriant in this, though the Parliament will be sitting: but I shall know no more than the newspapers tell me; and they are grown so communicative, that you may draw from the fountains, without my purloining a pitcher here and there to send you. Adieu!

LETTER CCCCXXII.

Strawberry Hill, July 8, 1784.

I HAVE delayed and delayed writing, in hopes of being able to send you the completion of Cavalier Mozzi's business; but at last I have lost my patience, as I suppose he has. Lucas is intolerable. I sent him word of it the moment I received the order on Mr. Hoare. Lucas desired to see a copy of it: I sent it. He said, Mr. Hoare must have it before he (Lucas) could withdraw the caveat: but Lucas had stayed sometime before he gave me that notice. I replied, I would deliver the order, if Mr. Hoare would engage to restore it to me, provided he, Lucas, should start any new difficulties; but would not part with it out of my hands till every thing was ready for conclusion: and I did express resentment at his endeavouring to represent me as the cause of the delay. I said, I had learned circumspection from him, and gave him plainly to understand that I would not *trust him* with the order; in which I believe I was very much in the right. He begged my pardon, and pretended to have had great difficulties in waiving his own scruples—I don't know

* It is generally named Doddington's Memoirs.

about what. Still, I hear nothing from him, though I told him, near a fortnight ago, that I would meet him and Mr. Hoare, &c. in town, whenever they would give me notice they were ready. I comprehend nothing of all this. I am surprised Lucas is not impatient to finger his booty; but his invincible slowness, in which, somehow or other, he thinks he finds his account, is perhaps the sole cause; for I do not see how he can possibly hope to extort more from Mozzi than he has done. You may depend upon hearing, the moment the affair is terminated.

This letter is merely written to explain my silence to poor Mozzi. I know no news, public or private. The Parliament sits, but only on necessary business. There is much noise about a variety of new taxes, yet only few have a right to complain of them.* The majority of the nation persisted in approving and calling for the American war, and ought to swallow the heavy consequences in silence. Instead of our colonies and trade, we have a debt of two hundred and fourscore millions! Half of that enormous burden our *wise* country-gentlemen have acquired, instead of an alleviation of the Land-tax, which they were such boobies as as to expect from the prosecution of the war! Posterity will perhaps discover what his own age would not see, that my father's motto, *Quieta non movere*, was a golden sentence; but what avail retrospects?

Pray tell me if you know any thing of a very thin book lately printed at Florence, called "The Arno Miscellany," said to be printed at the Stamperia Bonducciana; and what does that mean? The Abbé Bonducci I thought dead many years ago; yet that term, and the style of the work, seems to allude to his buffoonery.† The paper, impression, and binding, I will swear, are Florentine. This dab was left at my house in town without a name. It consists of some pretended translations and odes by (pretended) initials, though I suppose all by the same hand. The last two are a pastoral and an ode that are perfect nonsense; designedly nonsensical, no doubt; yet undesignedly too, for they have no humour, or at least no originality, being copies of Swift's ballad, *Mild Arcadians, ever blooming:* and certainly nothing is so easy as to mismatch substantives and adjectives, when the idea has once been started. The last ode seems to be meant to ridicule Gray's magnificent odes, and in truth is better than the serious pieces; for a thousand persons can mimic an actor, who cannot act themselves. I imagine the whole to be the work of young Beckford.‡ He is just returned from Italy.

* The budget comprised a loan of six millions, which was obtained on very favourable terms, and an increase of the window-tax, to make up for a reduction of the duties on tea.

† This was a slip of memory. Mr. Walpole, in 1740, had been acquainted at Florence with the Abbés Bonducci and Buondelmonte: the latter was the wit and mimic; the other had taught Mr. Gray Italian. In this letter Mr. Walpole had confounded them.

‡ The celebrated author of "Vathek," and of "Italy, Spain, and Portugal; with an Excursion to the Monasteries of Alcobaça and Batalha."—Ed.

One of my hundred nieces has just married herself by an expedition to Scotland. It is Mrs. Keppel's second daughter;* a beautiful girl, and more universally admired than her sister or cousins the Waldegraves. For such an exploit her choice is not a very bad one; the swain is eldest son of Lord Southampton.† Mrs. Keppel has been persuaded to pardon her, but Lady Southampton is inexorable; nor can I quite blame her, for she has thirteen other children, and a fortune was very requisite: but both the bride and bridegroom are descendants of Charles the Second, from whom they probably inherit stronger impulses than a spirit of collateral calculation.

Another of the Fitzroys is dead, the Dowager Lady Harrington,‡ who in the predominant characteristic of the founders of her line certainly did not degenerate in her day from the King her grandfather, or her grandam the Duchess of Cleveland.

Adieu! I hope you will hear from me again very soon; but I answer for nothing that depends on Lucas. One would think that he had been the inventor of the game of chess.

LETTER CCCCXXIII.

July 10, 1784.

The very night on which I sent my letter for you to town, complaining of Lucas's tediousness, I received one,—not from him, but from Mr. Sharpe,—telling me that Mr. Hoare *had* paid the money to my Lord, who had executed a full discharge to Cavalier Mozzi, one part of which was lodged with Mr. Hoare, and the other part, or duplicate he, Sharpe, had sent me, *as he apprehended the Chevalier had desired him to do*, in hopes that I might find some favourable opportunity of conveying it to you; and, as the Chevalier must execute a counterpart, he had sent that to me too, and had himself written to Mozzi to acquaint him with the termination, and in what manner he must execute the deed. Thus the same post will convey my complaint of the delay, and Sharpe's account of the conclusion: however, this will explain the contradiction. But what will explain Lucas's conduct? He would not withdraw the caveat till Mr. Hoare had the order; and yet Mr. Hoare pays the money without that order, of which he has seen nothing but a copy! This may be law—it is not common sense.

What do you think, too, of Lucas's impertinence to me? I was referee; I have made no decision in form; I offered to meet all the parties, to settle and conclude the whole business; and then Lucas,

* Laura, second daughter of Dr. Frederic Keppel, Bishop of Exeter, by Laura, eldest daughter of Sir Edward Walpole.

† Lord Southampton was grandson of the Duke of Grafton; the Bishop of Exeter's mother was Lady Anne Lenox, daughter of the first Duke of Richmond.

‡ Lady Caroline Fitzroy, eldest daughter of Charles, second Duke of Grafton, and widow of Henry Stanhope, second Earl of Harrington.

without taking notice of me, concludes the whole without me! A footman would have been treated with less disrespect; they would at least have told him they did not want him. I have written a word of resentment to Sharpe: but do not mention it to Mozzi, lest he should suspect any informality, and not yet be easy.

I do not doubt but they have acted legally, and only chose to affront *me* after all the trouble I have had. They never omit any opportunity of egging the poor madman to insult me. I wish that was all: I despise such wretches; but I am not indifferent to being kept out of even the interest of my fortune. But I shall not trouble you with my own grievances; indeed, they do not sit heavy. I am arrived too near the term when grievances or joys will be equally shadows passed away, not to consider either but as the colours of a moment. A prospect of suffering long may poison even the present hour; but it were weak indeed to be much affected by injuries that arrive at the end of one's course: one is within reach of the great panacea which delivers one from the power of the most malevolent. Old age is like dipping one in Styx; not above the breadth of one's heel is left vulnerable. I perceive this numbness even to bodily pain. Some years ago the dread of a fit of the gout soured even the intervals; now, if the apprehension occurs, I say to myself, "Is not it full as probable that I shall be laid out as be laid up? then why anticipitate what may never happen?" My dear sir, life is like a chessboard,—the white spaces and the black are close together: it does not signify of which hue the last square is; the border closes all!

12th.

Well! I have received a note from Lucas, to tell me he had desired Mr. Sharpe to give me intelligence of the conclusion, and that Mr. Hoare *now* ought to have the order—if I please to deliver it. This, you see, is again to imply blame on me—as if I could have had any reason for detaining the order, but from a caution which in justice I owed to Cavalier Mozzi. Does any one give up an order on a banker, unless he is ready to pay the money? Nor indeed did I know till now that a banker would pay money on the *copy* of an order. It is all a juggle that I do not comprehend: perhaps it is not irreputable not to understand all the tricks of such an attorney as Lucas.

I can plainly see that he and his asspociates are willing to censure me for ends for which they would always have pretended some reasons or other; and it is not improbable but that was an inducement to employing me as referee. Lucas knew I disapproved of his instigating my Lord to contest his mother's will; and, because I have said what I owed in justice to Mozzi, he will have represented me as partial to one for whom in reality I could have no partiality, though I certainly would not be influenced by any prejudice against him. I smile at all their plots, and am not fool enough to entertain myself with such improbable visions as they may think I indulge; though my whole conduct, and the little management I have had for the crew, proves how far I am from having a grain of such weakness.

I trust, my dear sir, that this is the last letter I shall write to you on the subject of Mozzi. Sharpe's expression, of apprehending the Chevalier meant the deed should be deposited with *me*, looks as if he had expected it himself; or that he is in the plot of representing me as acting in concert with Mozzi. On the other hand, I should not be surprised if Mozzi, from the unfavourableness of the decision, should suspect me of having acted too partially towards my Lord. I cannot help it if he does.

It will be some comfort to reflect, that, if I have dissatisfied both sides, it is a presumption that I have not been very partial to either. At Mozzi I shall not wonder. From the other side I have never met but ingratitude, distrust, and ill-usage, in return for behaviour, I will dare to say, unparallelled in tenderness, care, attention to his interest, and most scrupulous integrity. Should it ever come to the test, I know what my reward would be. Adieu!

LETTER CCCCXXIV.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 9, 1784.

Your's of the 24th of July, which I have just received, tells me that Cavalier Mozzi is much disappointed at the small sum he is to receive on the winding up of his affair. I am not surprised, and can only tell him what I have said to my nephew; from whom I have, to *my* great surprise, received a letter of thanks, but saying that Cavalier Mozzi must be satisfied, as many points had been given up. I replied, "that I had done but my duty in undertaking the arbitration, to prevent a very disagreeable discussion in a public court; that I confessed I had favoured Mozzi to the utmost of my power, as far as I thought I might, that *he*, a stranger, and not acquainted with even his own lawyer or referee, might not think himself betrayed; and that I had done it the rather, lest he should suspect me of partiality too; that, for thanks, his Lordship owed me none; as I owned, that, if Mr. Duane had not given his opinion so much in favour of his Lordship, I should have been inclined to allow him less; and, consequently, I could not agree that any rights had been ceded on that side."

I do not doubt but Lucas had already acquainted him with what I have said, though, perhaps, neither the one nor the other expected I should be so frank. I did not expect to content either party, nor have even contented myself; but I could not act otherwise than I have done. And, as Cavalier Mozzi would not be persuaded by any thing I could urge to come over, he must blame himself, if his cause has not been better defended.

The history of Count Albani's daughter is no news to me;* I knew

* The Pretender had just acknowledged his natural daughter, declared her his heiress, and pretended to create her Duchess of Albany. He sent this declaration to be registered at Paris.

it from a physician* who attended her at Paris: but you mistake the name of the mother, which was Walkinshaw, not Walsingham, and who has a sister now living, that was Woman of the Bedchamber to the late Princess of wales. The family of Fitzjames have always opposed the acknowledgment of the daughter, lest on her father's death they should be obliged to maintain her in a greater style than they wished.

I asked you a question in my last, about some poems lately printed at Florence: I know now that I did guess the right author.†

I know no news, public or private. We have had, and it still continues, a most dismal summer; not only wet, but so cold, that for these two evenings I have had a fire. The rage of air-balloons still continues, both here and in France. The Duc de Chartres‡ made a campaign in one, that did not redound to his glory more than his former one by sea. As he has miscarried on three elements, he should try if he could purify himself by the fourth. He is now in England for the third time.

I have been writing to you this morning, but you will not receive my letter immediately. It is to recommend Lord Mount-Edgcumbe's only son,§ who is on his travels. The grandfather‖ was my father's most intimate friend, and the late Lord¶ a friend of mine; and with the present I have been much acquainted from a boy; consequently, I should wish you to be kind to the son, even if you were not always disposed to be so. But I have been so unlucky in my *protegés*, and your goodness has been so thrown away upon them, that I desire no work of supererogation on my account. The son of an English peer, whose father has a considerable office, is entitled to attentions enough; but, after Mr. Windham, I will never trust any man with particular credentials, nor will expose you to rudeness by beseech-

* Dr. Gem, an English physician settled at Paris. She had been educated in a convent in Paris, and at this time resided *en pension*, under the name of Lady Charlotte Stuart. The Pretender was desirous that she should reside with him in Florence, where he purposed to marry her to some Florentine noble.

† Mr. Walpole was misinformed; at least, it is not certain that Mr. Beckford had any hand in those poems which were written in concert by the persons whose initials are prefixed. "M." was Captain Merry, who had been in the Horse-guards, sold out, and retired to Florence. The second was old Alan Ramsay, the painter and author, son of Alan Ramsay, the Scotch poet. The son, who died at Dover about this time, on his return from Italy, whither he had been for his health, brought over some copies of these poems, and had ordered, or intended, a copy to be sent to Mr. Walpole, who from his family probably received it. The third was one Buignon, a Swiss governor to Mr. Dawkins.

‡ Afterwards Duke of Orleans, and unhappily distinguished in the French Revolution as Philippe Egalité. He was the father of the present King of the French. On the 15th of July 1784, he ascended from the park of St. Cloud in a balloon with three companions, and after a very perilous voyage descended safely.—Ed.

§ George, third Lord Edgcumbe, created Viscount Mount-Edgcumbe by George III. He was an Admiral, and Captain of the band of Pensioners.

‖ Richard, the first baron created by George II., had been Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.

¶ Richard, second baron, was Controller of the Household to Geo. II.

ing you to fling your pearls before swine. I even restrain myself from recommending the gentleman who travels with Mr. Edgcumbe, though I think him a sensible prudent young man. I did recommend him to Lord Mount-Edgcumbe. He is a youngish French Protestant, of a very good gentleman's family, and left the service on, I believe, an affair of honour. He was addressed to the Duke of Richmond and to me, by the Prince de Bauffremont in the strongest terms imaginable. He passed three years in this country in a manner that fully justified his character. He speaks and writes English well; his name is De Soyres. It was not in my power to serve him but in the manner I did; and he gives great satisfaction in his present situation. As the Mentor is so much a gentleman, I hope the Telemachus will give you no trouble. But, were it Minerva herself, I prefer your peace; and therefore pray lay yourself out in no attentions beyond what you find received with "reciprocity."* Your nephew, I hope, is not leaving you yet; in him, I am sure, neither you nor I shall be disappointed. Adieu!†

* A term used by Lord Shelburne on the peace with America, and much ridiculed at that time.

† Sir Horace Mann thus writes to Walpole at this time: "I have not heard any thing more relating to the daughter of Count Albany and Mrs. Walkinshaw; but it is said in his family that she is expected here [Florence] soon, and that the delay is owing to the preparations necessary to equip her out properly to appear first at Paris, and then here, under the new title her father has given her of Duchess d'Albany. She is not to be accompanied by her mother, who would disgrace her, but by some great lady, who must ask that honour as *dame de compagnie*, as the discarded Countess has, who is a *chanoinesse* and sister of a Prince Maisan. It will require time to settle all these matters; and, after all, there may be some difficulty in the etiquette. If the Count has not erred in his calculations, the family of Fitzjames need not be under any apprehension of their *cousine* being a future expense to them, for the Count purposes to marry her here, not indeed to one of the Archdukes, but to a Florentine nobleman; and to leave her twelve thousand crowns a year,—a sum which would tempt any of them more than the tincture of royalty. I know the little book which was left at your house; it was composed in my neighbourhood by the persons indicated by the initials affixed to each performance, Merry and Ramsay. The first was known in England by the name of Captain, as he was then in the Horse-guards, but has since sold out, and has resided here some years. Ramsay's name is well known to you, both by his pen and pencil: he was in a decrepit state here, and died lately at Dover, on his way to London to meet General Campbell, who married his daughter, on their return from Jamaica. The third is a Swiss governor of a Mr. Dawkins, named Buignon. Mr. Ramsay promised me to cut out the last performance from all the copies he proposed to send to England, to be distributed by his sister as a tribute to his learned friends or patrons. I formerly knew Lord Mount-Edgcumbe, and shall be glad to see his son. You interpreted what I wrote of Mr. Windham too severely. I was only offended at the violence of his political sentiments, and the great indiscretion with which he spoke of the King, and all those whom I was obliged to respect."—*From an unpublished Letter.*—Ed.

LETTER CCCCXXV.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 25, 1784.

I THOUGHT I had done corresponding with you about Cavalier Mozzi; but here is a letter which you must deliver to him. Good Mr. Duane came to me two days ago, and insisted on my sending it. He protests that he declared at first to Mr. Sharpe that he would accept no reward for his trouble; that he undertook it to oblige Mr. Morice, and says he has had little trouble: and, though I thought it decent to press him to accept the draft, he would not hear of it; and it is here inclosed. I own I am charmed with his handsome behaviour; it confirms the character I gave of him when I recommended him to Cavalier Mozzi, and, I think, ought to convince the latter that Mr. Duane was clear in the judgment he pronounced. Still, I must regret that my Lord was advised to make the claim, and shall never be persuaded but that Lucas had multiplied documents that it was impossible to fathom without a waste of years; but which, if they could have been probed to the bottom, would not have stood the test. All the comfort that remains is, that the duration of a law-suit would probably have cost as much to Mozzi as he has now lost.

The Parliament is risen; and, having lasted so late in the year, is not likely to meet again till after Christmas. Consequently, no events are to be expected, unless the scene should grow very serious in Ireland, as it threatens; but it is to be hoped that our American experience has taught us discretion.

I interest myself little in novelties, but I own I have some remains of curiosity from ancient impressions. Pray send me the sequel of the Count Albany and Lady Charlotte Fitzcharles, his daughter, the new Duchess.* I shall like to know, too, whether the Cardinal assumes

* In a letter to Walpole, dated Florence, September 18th, Sir Horace Mann says "The affair relating to Count Albany and his natural daughter is drawing to a conclusion. Lady Charlotte Stuart (not Fitz-Charles,) to which her father has on this occasion added the title of Duchess of Albany, is supposed to be on the road hither, attended by two ladies and two gentlemen, and is expected in the beginning of next month. The Count is very busy in furnishing his house with all the valuables that he has lately received from Rome that his father left, which are numerous and costly; besides these, he has received a large quantity of plate, and his share of his mother's jewels, except the great ruby, and one lesser, which were pawned by the republic of Poland for a very large sum to his grandfather Sobieski, with a power, it is said, of redeeming them in the space of a hundred years, which are nearly elapsed. These, therefore, the Cardinal would not trust to his brother, being persuaded that, if he could find a purchaser, he would sell them, or even part with them for a large *rente viagère*, to an Empress of Russia or some other Court; but it is not probable that he will ever have the disposal of them, and that, when they fall to the Cardinal, he will rather give them to the Madonna di Loretto than to his niece, with whose adoption he is not pleased, nor was consulted about it. Nobody can foresee what the Cardinal will do with his crown after his brother's death. The Pope cannot permit him to wear it, as he never acknowledged or permitted the elder brother to assume it. You may remember the struggle which I

the royal title when his brother dies. I recollect but two King Cardinals, Henry of Portugal and the Cardinal of Bourbon, whom the League called Charles the Tenth, but who attained the crown no more than the Cardinal of York will do. If the Count himself has any feeling left, he must rejoice to hear that the decendants of many of his martyrs are to be restored to their forfeited estates in Scotland, by an Act just passed.*

As this was meant but for a cover to the inclosed, I will not pique myself on making it longer, when I have no more materials. In good truth, I may allow myself a brief epistle now and then. I have been counting how many letters I have written to you since I landed in England in 1741: they amount—astonishing!—to above eight hundred; and we have not met in three and forty years! A correspondence of near half a century is, I suppose, not to be parallelled in the annals of the post-office.

LETTER CCCCXXVI.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 30, 1784.

I DO not recollect having ever been so totally at a stand for want of matter since our correspondence began. The Duchess of Gloucester, in her last to me, told me that my letters contain nothing but excuses for having nothing to say; so, you see, my silence is not particular to you. I can only appeal to my usual vouchers, the newspapers, who let no event escape them; and I defy you to produce one they have told you that was worth knowing. I cannot fill my paper, as they do, with air-balloons; which, though ranked with the invention of

then had with the Marquis D'Aubterre, the French Ambassador at Rome, which he never forgave, and some years after expressed himself to the Marquis de Barbantane, who questioned him about it, in these words: 'Ha! Monsieur le Marquis, je croyais faire le plus beau coup possible, mais je ne fis qu'un pas de clerc. Ce diable de M. Mann m'avait prévenu, et gâta mon projet;' which was to take the Pope by surprise. But in my letters to old Cardinal Albani, which were read in the Consistory held on that subject, I asserted that the French Ambassador could not have received orders from his Court, whose engagements with that of England had made it inconsistent with its honour to insist upon it; that the Ambassador had laid a snare for the Pope, which he might avoid by only waiting for an answer from Paris, which I was very sure would bring a disavowal of the Ambassador's conduct. That encouraged the Pope to tell him, that, if his master would be the first, he would be the second, to acknowledge him under the titles he contended for. The answer from France was such as I foretold; and General Conway, who was then Secretary of State, conveyed to me the King's approbation of what I had done. From all this I conclude that no future Pope will permit the Cardinal York to instal himself King of England."—(*From an unpublished Letter of Sir Horace Mann.* —ED.)

* The bill for restoring the estates forfeited in 1745 was introduced to Parliament by Mr. Dundas, and passed with little difficulty; it omitted from its provisions those forfeited under similar circumstances in 1715.—ED.

navigation, appear to me as childish as the flying kites of schoolboys. I have not stirred a step to see one; consequently, have not paid a guinea for gazing at one, which I might have seen by only looking up into the air. An Italian, one Lunardi, is the first *airgonaut* that has mounted into the clouds in this country.* So far from respecting him as a Jason, I was very angry with him: he had full right to venture his own neck, but none to risk the poor cat, who, not having proved a martyr, is at least better entitled to be a confessor than her master Dædalus. I was even disappointed *after* his expedition had been prosperous; you must know, I have no ideas of space: when I heard how wonderfully he had soared, I concluded he had arrived within a stone's throw of the moon—alas! he had not ascended above a mile and a-half—so pitiful an ascension degraded him totally in my conceit. As there are mountains twice as high, what signifies flying, if you do not rise above the top of the earth? any one on foot may walk higher than this man-eagle! Well! now you know all that I know—and was it worth telling?

There does seem to be a storm still brewing in Ireland, though a favourable turn has happened. The people of property have found out there is no joke in putting votes into the hands of the Catholics.† They were Irish heads that did not make that discovery a little sooner. Can there be a greater absurdity than Papists voting for Members of Parliament? It will be well for those who invited them to that participation, if they can satisfy them without granting it! How often I reflect on my father's *Quieta non movere!* It seems to me, from all I have seen of late years, to be the soundest maxim in politics ever pronounced. Think of a reformation of Parliament by admitting Roman Catholics to vote at elections! and that that preposterous idea should have been adopted by Presbyterians! That it was sanctified by a Protestant Bishop‡ is not strange; *he* would call Mussulmen to poll, were there any within the diocess of Derry.

Your Lord Paramount seems to be taking large strides towards Holland;§ but of that you probably know more than I do,—at least, you cannot know less. The old gentlewomen in my neighbourhood, the only company I have, study no map but that of *Tendre* in Clelia; but they relate the adventures of that country in a different style from Mademoiselle Scudery;‖ they put as many couple together, but not quite with such honourable intentions as she did. In short, you may perceive that I can send you no intelligence but folly and lies from

* This aerial voyage was performed in London, September 15th, 1784, by Vincent Lunardi, whoa scended from the Artillery-Ground, taking with him a dog, a cat, and a pigeon; he descended in a meadow near Ware, in Hertfordshire.—Ed.

† The admission of Romanists to the elective franchise in Ireland gave great dissatisfaction to the Protestants of the middle and lower class, who had previously the preference as tenants on account of their exclusive right of voting.—Ed.

‡ Dr. Frederic Hervey, Earl of Bristol and Bishop of Derry.

§ The Emperor Joseph II. quarrelled with the Dutch for the navigation of the Scheldt.

‖ A writer of French romances in the 17th century, remarkable chiefly for the extravagant length and exaggerated style of her productions.—Ed.

newspapers, or scandal from beldams; I do not listen to the latter, nor mind the former. I pay you my monthly quit-rent, though in truth it is not worth a pepper-corn.

Sir William Hamilton, just before he set out, gave me a small printed account of the *Reale Galleria di Firenze accresciuta*, &c. By it I perceive, that, though the Great-Duke has dispersed the group of the Niobe like our riot-act, and left them staring in strange attitudes like the mob on such an occasion, he has assembled all the outlying parts of the Medicean collection,* and made great purchases himself and new-arranged the whole. This is praiseworthy, but seems a little contradicted by selling so much of the *Guarda-roba*; not that *I* blame him I am sure, who, thanks to you, have profited by it. The little book promises an ampler account. Should such appear, I should be glad to have it, on strict condition of paying for it; otherwise, you know you exclude me from troubling you with any commission: my house is full of your spoils already, and by your munificence is a *Galleria Reale* itself.

I shall now be expecting your nephew soon, and, I trust, with a perfectly good account of you. The next time he visits you, I may be able to send you a description of my *Galleria*,—I have long been preparing it, and it is almost finished,—with some prints, which, however, I doubt, will convey no very adequate idea of it. In the first place, they are but moderately executed: I could not afford to pay our principal engravers, whose prices are equal to, nay, far above, those of former capital painters. In the next, as there is a solemnity in the house, of which the cuts will give you an idea, they cannot add the gay variety of the scene without, which is very different from every side, and almost from every chamber, and makes a most agreeable contrast; the house being placed almost in an elbow of the Thames, which surrounds half, and consequently beautifies three of the aspects. Then my little hill, and diminutive enough it is, gazes up to royal Richmond; and Twickenham on the left, and Kingstonwick on the right, are seen across bends of the river, which on each hand appears like a Lilliputian seaport. Swans, cows, sheep, coaches, post-chaises, carts, horsemen, and foot-passengers, are continually in view. The fourth scene is a large common-field, a constant prospect of harvest and its stages, traversed under my windows by the great road to Hampton Court; in short, an animated view of the country. These moving pictures compensate the conventual gloom of the inside; which, however, when the sun shines, is gorgeous, as he appears all crimson and gold and asure through the painted glass. Now, to be quite fair, you must turn the perspective, and look at this vision through the diminishing end of the telescope; for nothing is so small as the whole, and even Mount Richmond would not reach up to Fiesole's shoe-buckle. If your nephew is still with you, he will confirm the truth of all the pomp, and all the humility, of my description. I grieve that you would ne-

* Particularly from the Villa Medici at Rome.

ver come and cast an eye on it!—But are even our visions pure from alloy? Does not some drawback always hang over them? and, being visions, how rapidly must not they fleet away? Yes, yes; our smiles and our tears are almost as transient as the lustre of the morning and the shadows of the evening, and almost as frequently interchanged. Our passions form airy balloons—we know not how to *direct* them; and the very inflammable matter that transports them, often makes the bubble burst. Adieu!

LETTER CCCCXXVII.

Strawberry Hill, Nov. 1, 1784.

You are one of the last men in the world to be comforted by a legacy for the loss of a friend; nor can one see it in any agreeable light, but as a testimony of real affection. An old friend is a double loss when one's self is not young. However, it is the frequent untying of such strings that accustoms one to one's own departure. The patriarchs might preserve a relish for life, even when five hundred years old; because their children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren, were all upon as lasting an establishment; and, I suppose, the affections of the ancestry were as vivacious as themselves. But, in the post-diluvian system, long-lived parents are often more unfortunate than we old bachelors, and survive their children. For my part, who have outlived some friends and most of my contemporaries, I am attached to being but by few threads. I see little difference between living in Otaheite, and with new generations. Small advantage has one in the latter intercourse, but in not having an unknown language to learn; nay, one has part of a new tongue to practise when there is a distance of fifty years between the two vocabularies. My dear old friend, Madame du Deffand, often said, she did not understand modern French. Swift was out of humour with many words coined in his own time;—a common foible with elderly men, who seem to think that every thing was in perfection when they entered the world, and could not be altered but for the worse.

Thank you for the account of the arrival of the Duchess of Albany. It is one of the last chapters of the House of Stuart; whose history—tarry but a little—may be written, like that of the Medici. The episode of the Princess of Stolberg* is more proper for an Atalantis.†

* The Pretender's wife, daughter of the Prince of Stolberg, and great-granddaughter of the outlawed Earl of Ailesbury, who died at Brussels. The Countess of Albany was separated from her husband on account of his ill-usage, and was supposed to like Count Alfieri (the poet,) a Piedmontese gentleman, who had been in England, where he fought a duel with the second Lord Ligonier, on having an intrigue with his wife, who was daughter of Lord Rivers, and who was soon after divorced.

† In a letter to Walpole, dated Florence, October 8th, Sir Horace Mann had told

Such anecdotes, however, come within my compass, who live too much out of the world to know what bigger monarchs are doing. Newspapers tell me your Lord Paramount is going to annihilate that fictitious state, Holland. I shall not be surprised if he, France, and Prussia, divide it, like Poland, in order to settle the Republic! perhaps, may create a kingdom for the Prince of Orange out of the Hague and five miles round.

Your nephew, though arrived, I have not yet seen; he is in Kent with his daughters. The new Signora Mozzi I should think not enchanted with her husband's *passing eldest* on the wedding-night. She will take care not to choose a philosopher for her second.

This scrap, which in reality is but a reply to some paragraphs in yours, gives itself the denomination of a letter, to keep up the decorum of regularity, which idle veterans have no excuse for neglecting, and often practise mechanically. I began it last night, "because I had nothing else to do, and quitted it because I had nothing more to say;" which was the whole of a letter from a French lady to her husband, and in which there was humour, as she was more indifferent to him

him that "The arrival of Lady Charlotte Stuart, Duchess of Albany, has occasioned some little bustle in the town. A French lady, who for thirty years had been totally neglected, but on a sudden transformed into a Duchess, was an object that excited the curiosity of both sexes—the men, to see her figure; the ladies, scrupulously to examine that, and the new modes she has brought from Paris: the result of all which is, that she is allowed to be a good figure, tall and well-made, but that the features of her face resemble too much those of her father to be handsome. She is gay, lively, and very affable, and has the behaviour of a well-bred Frenchwoman, without assuming the least distinction among our ladies on account of her new dignity. They flock to her door to leave their cards, which she is to return; though the Countess, her step-mother, did not, and therefore, or perhaps for another reason, lived alone with Count Alfieri, who, as a writer of tragedies, formed the plot of her elopement, on which the acknowledgment of this natural daughter, all the honours she has received, and the future advantage she will have by being heiress to all her father can leave her, depend. Perhaps neither the Countess nor her lover foresaw all this, and it is very probable that she will repent of it, and consequently detest her adviser. The Countess renounced every thing to obtain her liberty, gave up her pin-money, which was 3000 crowns a year, and could not obtain any thing for a separate maintenance; so that she does not receive a shilling from the Stuart family, and is only to enjoy a jointure of 6000 crowns after her husband's death—a poor equivalent for what she has lost. However, she obtained a pension from the Court of France soon after her separation, where her complaints were listened to with compassion, and 20,000 *petits écus*, which she now lives upon. The new Duchess has appeared at the theatres, which were crowded on her account, with all her father's jewels, which are very fine. He asked leave of the Duke to put a *baldachino* or dais over her boxes in each theatre, and a velvet carpet to hang before it, which was refused; but had permission to line the boxes as he pleased. That in the great theatre is hung with crimson damask: the cushion is velvet, with gold lace. In the other theatre, it is yellow damask. The Count is much pleased with this distinction. The Duchess brought with her, as a *dame de campagnie*, a Frenchwoman, who married an Irish officer named O'Donnel: and an *écuyer* named Nairn, a Scotchman, whom they call my Lord. We have heard that the King of France has legitimated her so far as to inherit what her father possesses in France."—*From an unpublished Letter.* —Ed.

than I am to you. Now I do resume it, I find it not so convenient; for my hand shakes, being very nervous in a morning. It might shake for another reason, which I should not disguise if the true one; for nothing is so foolish as concealing one's age, since one cannot deceive the only person who can care whether one is a year or two older or younger—one's self. That secrecy convinces me, amongst other reasons, that nothing is falser than the common maxim, that no one knows himself. Whom the deuce should one know, if not the person one sees the oftenest and observes the most, and who has not a thought but one knows? Elderly women, who repair their faces, prove they discover the decay; and yet flatter themselves that others will not discover the alteration which even repairs make. I should think that a daily looking-glass and conscience would leave neither women nor men ignorant of themselves. We are silly animals! even our wisdom but consists in remarks on the follies of others, if not on our own; and, as we are of the same species, we are sure of not being exempt: for myself, I am clear that I was born, and shall die, with no exclusive patent!

LETTER CCCCXXVIII.

Berkeley Square, Nov. 8, 1784.

As I wrote to you but a week ago, don't imagine from another so soon that I have any thing fresh to tell you. On the contrary, I only write to answer a letter of very antique date from you, which I received from your nephew yesterday, with the parcel of mine. I questioned him strictly, as usual; and his account of you is very good. He says, you are sometimes languid in a morning; but was not you so in the century when we were together? If he described *me* as justly to you, you must think me the Old Man of the Mountain. But what signify languors or wrinkles, if one does not suffer pain, nor has a mind that wishes to be younger than its body? that is, if one is neither miserable nor ridiculous, it is no matter what the register says. Your nephew seems much benefited by his journey; and I encourage him to renew them frequently, for both your sakes.

You tell me—but it was on the 11th of September when you told me so—that Cavalier Mozzi had not received the general acquittance from Mr. Hoare. If still not received, he should write to Mr. Hoare or Sharpe. I have taken my leave, and cannot recommence.

You surprise me with the notice that old Ramsay had a hand in that trumpery.* I do not mean that I wonder at his being a bad poet—I did not know he was one at all, though a very good scribbler; but an old dotard! to be sporting and playing at leap-frog with brats.

I came to town yesterday to bespeak some winter clothes, and hear

* The Arno Miscellany.

that the Emperor has marched three-score thousand men towards Holland. We shall now feel a fresh consequence of the blessed American war! It begot the late war with Holland; the remaining animosity of which, and our present impotence, will prevent us from defending the Dutch: and thence, when Austria, as well as France, are grown great maritime powers, we shall be a single one, and probably the weakest of the three! But as I never meddle with the book of futurity, and its commentators—guesses, I leave that matter to younger readers.

Ireland, as far as my spare intelligence extends, is a little come to its senses.* Landed property, though no genius, has discovered that Popery, if admitted to a community of votes, would be apt to inquire into the old titles of estates; and to remember, that prescription never holds against any Church-militant, especially not against the Church of Rome. You know I have ever been averse to toleration of an intolerant religion. I have frequently talked myself hoarse with many of my best friends, on the impossibility of satisfying *Irish* Catholics without restoring their estates. It was particularly silly to revive the subject in this age, when Popery was so rapidly declining. The world had the felicity to see that fashion passing away—for modes of religion are but graver fashions; nor will any thing but contradiction keep fashion up. Its inconvenience is discovered, if let alone; or, as women say of their gowns, *it is cut and turned*, or variety is sought; and some mantua-maker or priest, that wants business, invents a new mode, which takes the faster, the more it inverts its predecessor. I shall not wonder if Cæsar, after ravaging, or dividing, or seizing half Europe, should grow devout, and give it some novel religion of his own manufacture.

I have had as many disputes on the Reformation of Parliament. I do not love removing land-marks. Whether it is the leaven of which my pap was made, or whether my father's *Quieta non movere* is irradicable, experiments are not to my taste; but I find I am talking "about it and about it," because I really have nothing to tell you, and know nothing. I do worse than live out of the world, for I live with the old women of my neighbourhood. I read little, not bestowing my eyes without an object. In short, I am perfectly idle; and such a glutton of my tranquillity, that I had rather do nothing than discompose it. I would *go out* quietly; and, as one is sure of being forgotten the moment one is gone, it is as well to anticipate oblivion.

* The concessions to the Romanists were rejected, but were soon after given with large additions.—Ed.

LETTER CCCCXXIX.

Berkeley Square, Dec. 2, 1784.

You must not be surprised at a little inertness in my correspondence, though not yet trespassing on my regularity, when you consider the season of the year, the tranquillity of the times, and my age, which confines itself to a few elderly folk, as retired from the world as myself. Though the depth of winter, I am not yet settled in town; though I now and then lie here for a night or two, to diversify the scene, and not to live totally in the country, the air of which does not agree with me so well as that of London, purified by a million of fires.

I can tell you nothing but what the Gazette has anticipated—two or three promotions, and the creation of two Marquises;* meagre articles after three wars, and as many revolutions of Administrations! This enormous capital, that must have some occupation, is most innocently amused with those philosophic play-things, air-balloons. But, as half a million of people that impassion themselves for any object are always more childish than children, the good souls of London are much fonder of the *airgonauts* than of the toys themselves. Lunardi, the Neapolitan Secretary, is said to have bought three or four thousand pounds in the stocks, by exhibiting his person, his balloon, and his dog and cat, at the Pantheon, for a shilling each visiter. Blanchard, a Frenchman, is his rival; and I expect that they will soon have an air-fight in the clouds, like a stork and a kite.

I do not know half so much of the war between the Austrian Eagle and the Frogs, though they say it grows very serious. The latter began the attack by a deluge:† but that war is like a theatric tragedy, the principal actors seldom appear in the first scenes; the second may be opened by France and Prussia.

There has been another Fitzroyal match‡ in my family. Lord Euston§ has married my niece, Lady Maria Waldegrave, the Duchess of Gloucester's daughter. The bride has every possible merit —merit put to the test by that wretch Lord Egremont;‖ and on him she is thus nobly revenged. Lord Euston has behaved with as much honour as the other wanted.

Dec. 5th.

As your Court is so linked with Vienna, I suppose it looks steadfastly towards the Scheld; though perhaps as much in the dark as the village of Twickenham, whither I am returned. Your Holy neighbour,

* Earl Temple, made Marquis of Rockingham; and the Earl of Shelburne, Marquis of Lansdowne.

† By opening the dykes.

‡ Between Mr. Fitzroy, eldest son of Lord Southampton, and Miss Laura Keppel.

§ Eldest son of Augustus Henry, Duke of Grafton.

‖ Who had been engaged to her.

no doubt, rejoices that Huguenot commerce is thought a preferable morsel to the temporalities of the Church, which I suspect to have been a weighty ingredient in Cæsar's late reformation,* as they were in Luther's. Nor will he squander them, as Henry the Eighth did on his courtiers. Modern conquests, too, as well as reformations, are grown to have more substantial views than anciently, when fame and glory were the chief incentives. I do not recollect reading that, when Alexander vanquished Porus, he loaded elephants with diamonds and lacks of rubees. Since the world grew wiser, Thamas Kouli Kan carried off all the brilliants and rubies of the Mogul's golden throne; ay, and I dare to swear, the gold too. Why is so much of America, yet unpeopled, unknown? but because no hero expects to find mines in cold and desolate regions. If air-balloons could reach the moon, I believe the first inquiry of philosophers would be after *the Specie* in the planet. Otaheite and all the Owyhees, and New Holland and New Zealand, will be left to return to their primitive obscurity, because they have nothing more intrinsic than hogs and red feathers. Yet science pretended to make the expedition! Science is perfectly content with the very little it has learnt. The sublime legislatress of Russia, who has millions and millions of acres more than she knows what to do with, has more appetite for the plunder of Canstantinople, than for peopling and civilizing the tracts of globe she possesses as far as China. Dr. Young was not a little mistaken when he imagined that "the universal passion" of mankind was fame.

9th, Berkeley Square again.

I saw a gentleman this morning who had just received a letter from his brother at Paris, which says France is determined to defend the Dutch, and is preparing to march two armies, under Broglio and Maillebois, one of which is destined to Alsace. I don't pretend to guess whether that interposition will prevent or extend war. *The time when* is of consequence only to those in being; and, therefore, there is more meaning than appears at first in our form of prayer, "Give peace in *our* time, O Lord!" The world will never be long free from that scourge, war; and whether the passions put on the mast, or throw it off, mankind will be equally sacrificed. Adieu!

LETTER CCCCXXX.

Berkeley Square, Jan. 4, 1785.

I HAD the great satisfaction last week of receiving your letter, my dear sir, written with your own hand to confirm the progress of your recovery; but I was not able to answer it myself, being confined to my bed by a severe fit of the gout too. I could only dictate a few

* Destruction of convents.

lines to your nephew, to beg he would express my joy and thanks to you, and tell you why I did not write myself. Indeed he had the kindness to send me word that he had received one too from you by the same post, and with the same good news. Poor young man! while you thought him fox-hunting, he was prisoner also to the same illness, but less slight than ours. I told him we formed a triangle of gouty correspondence. I have since received another from you, of December 18th: but indeed I have not wanted consolations, for Monsieur de Soyres sent me word from Florence of your amendment, and Lord and Lady Mount-Edgcumbe have been so friendly as to furnish me constantly with the accounts they receive of you from their son—a clear proof that he was satisfied with the marks of attention you were capable of giving him. I have not seen them yet; for, like you, I have not been allowed to see company and talk, nor indeed could I to be heard. Though I have never had the gout in my stomach, yet my breast is so weak that it is always the part principally affected, and, consequently, whence I conclude my dissolution will come. You, I fear, have suffered dreadfully, though you do not say so: your patience, and calmness, and good humour are just what they were five and forty years ago. I am happy that your stamina are as strong too as they were: they must be, to have weathered such an attack! Indeed, I have great comfort in your tranquillity and resignation about the event. I, who have gone through so many more of these assaults, who wonder how I have stood them, and who always expect the next to be the conclusive one, have often called it dying *à plusieurs reprises*. I am not impatient for what *must* happen; but, when one has *tried on* death so often, it must be more familiar to one. Could I choose, it should come at once at the beginning of a fit: I dread the ceremonial, and to know one's house is full of relations and inquirers. My exit I hope will be in the country; there I always keep my illness as secret as I can.

You perceive I am writing to you with a lame hand, and with the only one I have at liberty; the other, muffled up, just holds my paper. I am now weary, and shall go to bed; but, knowing I could not write much at once, I had the precaution to begin my letter three days before the post, and shall add to it at leisure.

5th.

I resume my letter, rather to finish than to add to it. A correspondence between two sick bed-chambers at the distance of a thousand miles must be very lifeless. What news can we tell one another but how we rested last night? and that last night will have been a fortnight ago when the post arrives. Kings and Empresses, of whom we were forced to talk from want of reciprocal acquaintance in our several residences, must be out of our thoughts; can we care what interludes they are playing when we are quitting the theatre? We see them in their true light, and know that they too in a little time

must leave their crowns and sceptres to be worn by formers.

The pantomime carrying on at Florence and Rome is enter So, the Pope, who would not grant the title of King to the Pret allows his no-Majesty to have created a Duchess; and the Card of York, who is but a rag of the Papacy, and who must think h brother a King, will not allow her title! Well! it is well they have not power to do worse, nor can spill the blood of others in their foolish squabbles.

Lord Mount-Edgcumbe has been here this evening. I assure you, it is impossible to be more satisfied than he is with your attentions to his son; who has written, that, to the last moment of his stay at Florence, there was no mark of friendship you omitted, nor any service you did not render him. I know better than they can how much he was obliged to you.—Heavens! attentions for travelling boys when one is on the rack! Oh! my dear sir, I will recommend no more to you, lest they should find you in a fit of the gout. You never did too little, but often too much, and more than your health and constitution could bear. Adieu!

LETTER CCCCXXXI.

Berkeley Square, Feb. 2, 1785.

I would not write to you again, my dear sir, till I could tell you that I was quite recovered; and that I could not say with any truth till within these few days, for I had a relapse, of which I was much worse than from the first attack. The gout passed out of my limbs into my bowels, was sent back, changed itself into a cough, and fell on my lungs; but all are gone, and I am so well, that I should have taken the air to-day in my coach if it had not been too hard a frost. In short, we are both met again on this side of the world; for one may call it *meeting*, as an Englishman and a Frenchman would seem countrymen if they met in the deserts of Tartary: formerly one should have said, in India; but *there* the two nations have proved that they are not such familiar friends.

Your last would have made me uneasy by your still remaining in bed, had it not all been written by your own hand; and had not you kindly foreseen my apprehension, and told me kindly, I hope truly, that you remained there only in complaisance to your physician. We are both deceptions: who that saw *you* in your youth, or *me* from my infancy till now, would have believed that we should live, after men grown, to correspond for four and forty years? For my part, I suppose that Hercules, if he had not gone mad, would have died of a consumption. We have both renewed our leases, and I hope our correspondence will still become much more venerable; for its longevity. We are certainly epistolary patriarchs.

To say the truth, I cannot resume the thread with much interest. Nothing has happened here during the seven weeks of my confinement worth repeating. The Parliament is met, but as quietly as a quarter session. The Opposition seems quelled, or to despair; nor has the town contributed more than the two Houses to the fund of news.

The great scene that Europe expected is said to be laid aside, and that France has signified to the Dutch that they must submit to the Emperor, and that they will,—happy news for one or two hundred thousand of the living! Whether the mass of murder will be diminished in future by that arrangement is another question. The revival of the kingdom of Austrian Lombardy* looks as if the Eagle's eastern wing would expand itself as well as the western; and so I recollected I hinted to you two years ago that I expected it would.

If the town does not do something odd and worth repeating within these two days, I must send away my letter, squab as it is. I cannot coin news, though so easy a practice, as our newspapers prove by the daily lies they publish—I will not say *invent;* for thousands, who get nothing by the manufacture, help the printers to numberless falsehoods. Our newspapers are deservedly forbidden in France for impudent scandal on the French Queen. I am always ashamed that such cargoes of abuse should be dispersed all over Europe; and frequently our handsomest women are the themes. What Iroquois must we seem to the rest of the world!

Jan. 4th.

London is very perverse, and will not furnish me with another paragraph; one would think it had taken spite to our immortal correspondence. Formerly, after a long vacation, people used to be impatient to signalize themselves by some extravagance or absurdity. They are as tame now as if the Millennium was commenced.†

* Which is what the Emperor meditated.

† Mrs. Hannah More writing to her sister about this time tells her, "I believe I mentioned that a foreign ambassador, Count Adhemar, had a stroke of palsy, and that he was to have had a great assembly on the night of the day on which it happened; it is shocking to relate the sequel. It was on Sunday. The company went—some hundreds. The man lay deprived of sense and motion; his bed-chamber joins the great drawing-room, where was a faro bank held close to his bed's head. Somebody said they thought they made too much noise. 'Oh no,' another answered, 'it will do him good; the worst thing he can do is to sleep.' A third said, 'I did not think Adhemar had been a fellow of such rare spirit; palsy and faro together is spirited indeed, this is keeping it up!' I was telling this to Mr. Walpole the other day, and lamenting it as a national stigma, and one of the usual signs of the times I had met with. In return, he told me of a French gentleman at Paris, who, being in the article of death, had just signed his will, when the lawyer who drew it up was invited by his wife to stay supper. The table was laid in the dying man's apartment; the lawyer took a glass of wine, and, addressing himself to the lady, drank *à la santé de notre aimable agonisant!* I told Mr. Walpole he invented the story to out-do me, but he protested it was literally true."—Memoirs of Hannah More, vol. i. p. 396. Perhaps the lady was right.—Ed.

I went out yesterday to take the air, but it fatigued me. Last night it snowed again, and I have staid at home: but I shall recover; my appetite is perfect, and my sleep is marvellous. I don't know why I am not as sleek as a dormouse. Pray give me as good an account of yourself. Have you driven yet in your coach to the Cascines or the foot of Fiesoli? or about the streets to the Duomo and Annunziata, as I used to do in the heat of the day, for the mere pleasure of looking at the buildings, when every body else was gone into bed? What a thousand years ago that was! yet I recollect it as if but yesterday! I sometimes think I have lived two or three lives. My thirteen months at Florence was a pleasant youth to one of them. Seven months and a-half at Paris, with four or five journeys thither since, was a middle age, quite different from five and twenty years in Parliament which had preceded—and an age since! Besides, as I was an infant when my father became Minister, I came into the world at five years old; knew half the remaining Courts of King William and Queen Anne, or heard them talked of as fresh; being the youngest and favourite child, was carried to almost the first operas, kissed the hand of George the First, and am now hearing the frolics of his great-great-grandson;*I—no, all this cannot have happened in one life! I have seen a mistress of James the Second,† the Duke of Marlborough's burial, three or four wars, the whole career, victories, and death of Lord Chatham, the loss of America, the second conflagration of London by Lord George Gordon—and yet I am not so old as Methusalem by four or five centuries! In short, I can sit and amuse myself with my own memory, and yet find new stores at every audience that I give to it. Then, for private episodes, varieties of characters, political intrigues, literary anecdotes, &c., the profusion that I remember is endless; in short, when I reflect on all I have seen, heard, read, written, the many idle hours I have passed, the nights I have wasted playing at faro, the weeks, nay months, I have spent in pain, you will not wonder that I almost think I have, like Pythagoras, been Panthoides Euphorbus, and have retained one memory in at least two bodies. Adieu!

LETTER CCCCXXXII.

Berkeley Square, March 5, 1785.

Your letter of the 8th of last month, telling me that your great illness had *not* been the gout, surprised me much, as we had had no other account of it. I had indeed wondered at your being blooded for it, which is not the treatment of the gout in the stomach here. Whatever your disorder was, thank God it is gone!

* George, Prince of Wales.

† Mrs. Godfrey, mother of the Duke of Berwick and Lady Waldegrave.

For my part, I am still a prisoner, and have been so above three entire months; the longest fit I ever had but one. Indeed, the third relapse is but now going off. Relapses! no wonder! from the beginning of December we have had such a succession of vicissitudes of all kinds of bad weather as I never remember; repeated snows, severe frosts, fogs, sudden rains, and assassinating winds have made every body ill, or kept them so. All my hope is from the almanack, which tells me that spring is at hand; yet the month of March, like the fast on the vigil of a saint's festival, is very apt to prepare one by rigour for rejoicing.

I have heard nothing lately about your nephew. I fear his holidays too are not arrived yet. His friends and mine, the poor Duke and Duchess of Montrose, are exceedingly happy: Lord Graham is just married to Lord Ashburnham's daughter, a pretty amiable young women. They have long been anxious to see him settled. He is a pattern of sons, and their sole remaining comfort under such a complication of miseries as they have been, and are, afflicted with.*

Though we are nearer to the promised field of battle than you are, we know no more of the Dutch war, nor whether it is to be accommodated. The politicians of our coffee-houses are easily diverted from Continental objects when they have the least food at home, as is natural; and we have a few topics that are not quite indifferent. The most recent, and consequently the theme of the day, is the demolition of the scrutiny for Westminster: the Opposition renewed the motion for ordering the High Bailiff to make the return, and carried the question by a majority of *thirty-eight*; and yesterday he did return Lord Hood and Mr. Fox.† At night there were great illuminations. I expected to have catched a great cold; for, the mob at eleven at night knocking at my door with their commands, I rung my bell in great haste for candles, for fear of having my windows broken, as they were two years ago, when I had the gout too; and the servants running in to draw up the curtains, and leaving all the doors open, turned my room from a hot-house to an ice-house: however, I got no damage.

Sunday, 6th.

We are threatened with illuminations again to-morrow night, as they talk of Mr. Fox being carried in procession to the House of Commons in the morning. I wish some mischief do not happen; our new generation are rather bacchanalian, and not averse to being riotous under the *Princeps Juventutis*.‡ However, what is foreseen,

* The Duke of Montrose had been totally blind for above thirty years, was very deaf, and had lost the use of his legs. His Duchess Lady Lucy Manners, was paralytic; and they had lost their only daughter Lady Lucy, wife of Mr. Archibald Douglas.

† The Court had instituted the scrutiny in favour of Sir Cecil Wray, the third candidate, to exclude Mr. Charles Fox, whom the King detested for being attached to the Prince of Wales.

‡ The Prince.

seldom happens. I believe that, of Argus's hundred eyes, those saw best that looked backward—and wise prophets took the hint. We know pretty well that dreams, that used to pass for predictions, are imperfect recollections.

Being no soothsayer, I will anticipate nothing about Ireland, which is to be the next great question. However it has happened, we have for some years resembled gamesters of fortune, who play to know whether *their own* shall remain theirs.

Tuesday, 8th.

There were illuminations again last night, but I hear of no riot or mischief except of some fractures of glass in my square: a few panes were broken at my next door, in the windows of her Dowager Grace of Beaufort,* who would not put out lights; and many in those of Lady Mary Coke, who never misses an opportunity of being an amazon, or a martyr, or a tragedy-queen. She puts me in mind of the Duchess of Albemarle,† who was mad with pride. The first Duke of Montagu married her as Emperor of China; and to her death she was served on the knee, taking her maids for ladies of the bedchamber.

We have still such parching easterly winds that I dare not venture abroad, but I shall take the air the moment the sun lands.

9th.

This letter was written, and was going to the Secretary's office, when your nephew came in, just arrived in town; and, as he sets out on Saturday on his visit to you, I detained my despatch, as I can write more freely by him than I would by French, German, or Tuscan post-offices.

We are certainly in a very embarrassing situation with Ireland. Our raw boy of a Minister‡ has most rashly and unadvisedly plunged himself into a great difficulty, and promised to that country much more than was necessary.§ The dissatisfaction, however, is not near so great here as might have been expected; as it will certainly meet with many other discontents, which Mr. Pitt's ignorance and in expe-

* Miss Berkeley, sister of the late Lord Bottetort, and widow of Lord Noel Somerset, Duke of Beaufort.

† Widow of Christopher, second Duke of Albermarle. As she was a coheiress of the last Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, she enjoyed an immense fortune; and, being mad, was confined at Montagu House, but served with royal state. Her relations pretended she was dead, and the Duke was forced to produce her in Westminster Hall. After his death, she lived at Clerkenwell, and 3000*l.* a-year was allowed for her imaginary court. The rest was laid up, and went to her own relations. The story of her second marriage was introduced into the last act of Cibber's comedy of Sir Courtly Nice. Lady Mary Coke endeavoured to persuade people that she had been married to Edward, Duke of York, the King's brother; and after his death signed her letters and notes *Marye*, with an almost invisible *e* in the tail of the *y*.

‡ Mr. Pitt.

§ The famous propositions for equal trade with Ireland.

rience, not at all cooled by his vanity and insolence, have sown, his situation grows but tottering. The rapidly-chosen Parliament seems by no means firm; and the outrageous injustice of the scrutiny at Westminster, which was solely set on and maintained by royal vengeance, has fallen on the Ministers, who wished to be rid of it, but not to be beaten by 38.* However, I fancy the author† is still more mortified than they are: Fox has triumphed over him, as Wilkes did. Monday last did not pass so quietly as I had heard at first; the new Marquis of Buckingham, who had been profuse of lights last Friday, thought he had done enough, and would not exhibit one on Monday. The mob demolished his windows. Two young rioters of rank, who *said* they were only innocent spectators, were beaten and taken prisoners by the Marquis's domestics, and carried before him. He assuming great dignity, the two young gentlemen let loose a torrent of very coarse appellations. Next morning he recollected himself, and made submissions in proportion to the abuse he had *received*, not *given*. This is the story on one side. On the other, it is affirmed, that only one young gentleman was carried into the house, and, being taken for one of the mob, was threatened with a constable by the Marquis, who, on discovering his error, made proper excuses. In short, in such a season of party violence, one cannot learn the truth of what happens in next street: future historians, however, will know it exactly, and, what is more, people will believe them!

We have a mass of matters besides on the carpet; as, India in several branches, the reform of Parliament, the late taxes, and more to be laid. Pitt has certainly amazing Parliamentary abilities; he has not yet given any indication of others; and if he gains experience, it is likely to be at his own cost. His measures hitherto have been precipitate and indigested.

The latest colour of affairs on the Continent is crimson. Maestricht is said to be invested by the Emperor. As this letter will not pass under your Great-Duke's eye,‡ to whom it would not be well-bred to say so, I may tell you that I abhor his brother, whose rapine and reformations are conducted with equal injustice and cruelty; and, when they are so, I suspect the former to be the motive of the latter. I am only comforted by hoping he vexes the King of Prussia. If those two men and the Czarina could plague one another without consequences to thousands, one should delight in their broils.

I hope, for yours, his, and my sake, that your nephew will find you quite recovered: his impatience to see you is most amiable; but you deserve it. Adieu!

* The number of the majority for closing the scrutiny.
† The King.
‡ The Great-Duke opened all letters before they were delivered.

LETTER CCCCXXXIII.

Berkeley Square, April 8, 1785.

Your letter of March 15th, written by your own hand, came most welcome to me yesterday; for your nephew, who, I trust, is now with you, received one written by your servant just before he set out for Florence. As it mentioned a return of your bleeding, it alarmed me, for *that* is no gouty symptom; but, as you again write, I flatter myself the discharge will be a remedy instead of a disorder. *My* gout is gone, but has left a vicegerent more persecuting than itself; I mean the rheumatism. In short, you must not talk of age to me, who am as much broken as if I was a hundred. General Oglethorpe, who sometimes visits me, and who is ninety-five, has the activity of youth when compared with me. His eyes, ears, articulation, limbs, and memory would suit a boy, if a boy could recollect a century backwards. His teeth are gone; he is a shadow, and a wrinkled one; but his spirits and his spirit are in full bloom: two years and a half ago, he challenged a neighbouring gentleman for trespassing on his manor. *I* could carry a cannon as easily as let off a pistol. There is indeed a circumstance that makes me think myself an antediluvian; I have literally seen *seven* descents in one family. I do believe Oglethorpe can boast of recollecting a longer genealogy. In short, I was schoolfellow of the last two Earls of Waldegrave, and used to go to play with them in the holidays when I was about twelve years old. They lived with their grandmother, natural daughter of James the Second. One evening while I was there, came in her mother, Mrs. Godfrey,* that King's mistress—ancient, in truth, and so superannuated that she scarce seemed to know where she was. I saw her another time in her chair in St. James's park, and have a perfect idea of her face, which was pale, round, and sleek. Begin with her; then count her daughter, Lady Waldegrave; then the latter's son, the Ambassador; his daughter, Lady Harriot Beard;† her daughter, the present Dowager Countess of Powis; and her daughter, Lady Clive—there are six; and the last now lies in of a son, and might have done so six or seven years ago, had she married at fourteen. When one has beheld such a pedigree, one *may* say, "And yet I am *but* sixty-seven!" I don't know whether it is not another patriarchal characteristic to tell you, that my great-niece, Mrs. Fitzroy,‡ is brought to bed of the fifty-sixth of my nephews and nieces,

* Mrs. Godfrey was sister of John Duke of Marlborough, and by King James was mother of the Duke of Berwick and the first Lady Waldegrave; she afterwards married Colonel Godfrey, by whom she had Lady Falmouth and Mrs. Dunch. See an account of Mrs. Godfrey in the Memoires de Grammont.

† Henrietta, only daughter of James, first Earl of Waldegrave, was married to Lord Edward Herbert, brother of the last Marquis of Powis, by whom she had an only daughter, Barbara, first Countess of Powis.

‡ Laura Keppel.

and the present Lady Waldegrave is in a fair way of adding another to the catalogue.

I am not surprised that Mozzi finds there is some difference between being the gallant, when young, of an old woman,—and the husband, when elderly, of a girl: methinks, he might have concluded so without making the experiment. Mr. Duane has, I believe, left his collection to his nephew, and money enough to preserve it;* and the man is a lawyer too, *so* not likely to be ruined: therefore, Mozzi's present, which is handsome, will be welcome.

Your Lord Cowper and his Knighthood of St. Hubert is peddling lunacy. I find that our madmen, though they do not come to their senses abroad, degenerate by transplantation. Garters and orders are simple things in themselves, but succedaneums to them are quite contemptible. An English Earl stooping to be a Knight of St. Hubert is as if a tiger should be proud of being admitted into some order among cats! I think he had better have bought one of the Pope's hats; and then, at least, he would not have been *papable*. I literally remember a mad foreigner at Paris (I forget of what country,) who had a rage of universal knighthood, and used to appear at the theatres with a different coloured riband every night. The Government forbad his being a Knight of the St. Esprit, but left all the other stripes in Europe's rainbow to his option. I have seen him Companion of the Garter, Bath, and Thistle by turns.

I have no news to send to you or your nephew. The House of Commons could not adjourn for Easter, as for ten days they could not get a House to choose a committee on the Buckinghamshire Petition; so, the Speaker and two clerks were forced to go and sit every day in empty walls: your nephew must explain this paragraph to you, as it would be too long for a letter. A committee is chosen at last, but nothing is advanced. The motion of Reform of Parliament is deferred till next week. The Irish business hangs off too; and the House sits now till midnight hearing counsel from Manchester against some of the late taxes. The east wind lasts too, so that in every respect it looks like the beginning of winter; and one so long neither Oglethorpe nor I remember. The sight of your nephew, I hope, has revived you; it is more than I can say that my fifty-six have affected for me.

LETTER CCCCXXXIV.

May 7, 1785.

As I have received a letter from yourself since your nephew set out, and none from him, I flatter myself that he found you well. I

* Most of it, however, consisting of pictures, drawings by Hussey, and antiques, were sold by auction. His gold antique medals Mr. Duane had sold himself to Dr. Hunter.

have had nothing to tell you worth writing; and, though I begin a letter from my usual regularity, I know not how it will get on, nor whether I shall be able to despatch it without more ballast. I know nothing but what all Europe knows, that there is a general drought and no grass. Of conversation, the chief topic is air-balloons. A French girl, daughter of a dancer, has made a voyage into the clouds, and nobody has yet broken a neck; so, neither good nor harm has hitherto been produced by these aerial enterprises. Neither politics nor fashion have furnished any novelties; so that, if I continue my monthly tribute, you must be content with its being of no more value than a peppercorn.

I am inclined to wish that Mrs. Damer would make you another visit. She is very delicate, and often out of order; and certainly was better for her Italian journey. She is engaged on an extraordinary work. There is just built a new bridge of stone over the Thames, at Henley, which is close to Park Place.* Mrs. Damer offered to make two gigantic masks of the Thame and Isis, for the key-stones, and actually modelled them; *and a statuary was to execute them.* I said, "Oh! it will be imagined that you had little hand in them: you must perform them yourself." She consented. The Thame is an old marine god, is finished, and put up; and, they say, has a prodigious effect. She is now at work on the Isis; a most beautiful nymph's face, simple as the antique, but quite a new beauty. The idea was taken from Mrs. Freeman, of Fawley Court, a neighbour of General Conway. The key-stones of a county bridge carved by a young lady is an unparallelled curiosity! The originals in terra cotta are now exhibiting at the Royal Academy; with a model of the same material of two kittens, by her too. She has a singular talent for catching the characters of animals. I have two dogs sleeping, by her, (which she has since executed in marble for her brother,† the Duke of Richmond,) that are perfection. We have besides a young statuary, one Proctor, who is marvellous. He has gained the prizes in drawing, painting, and sculpture; and now exhibits a model in terra cotta of Ixion, less than life, which is a prodigy of anatomy, with all the freedom of nature. Miss Boyle,‡ a grand-daughter of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, and a Miss Ogle, scholar of Mrs. Damer, model admirably too, and the first paints in oil. My brother, Sir Edward, said, that we have so many miracles in painting and music, that they cease to be any miracles at all. I confess, in the former I see few that attain the degree of doctor; of the others I am no judge.

There has been an enormous fire in Southwark, which has de-

* The seat of General Conway, Mrs. Damer's father.

† Charles, third Duke of Richmond, married Lady Mary Bruce, daughter of Lady Ailesbury, and half-sister to Mrs. Damer.

‡ Charlotte, second daughter of Sir Ch. H. Williams, married Captain Walsingham Boyle, brother of the Earl of Shannon.

stroyed some acres of buildings and some vessels. It happened amongst magazines of turpentine, pitch, tar, and hemp; and has besides consumed to the value of a hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling of tea, which the East India Company had just purchased at Ostend to anticipate the smugglers. One must be mighty prone to compassion before one can feel for the Company, and must quite forget their atrocious deeds in India. My bowels shall be sent thither, (as those of our ancestors used to be to the Holy Land,) sooner than to Leadenhall Street.

Friday 13th.

As I heard the great question of Ireland was to be decided yesterday, and it being of no consequence when my letter set out, I detained it till it could have more dignity. I can barely now tell you the sum total, none of the particulars; for I have seen no Member of the House of Commons. The business is not finished, for the House was only in a committee: yet you may look upon it as determined; for Mr. Pitt had so great a majority to favour his propositions, that there is no doubt but they will pass triumphantly. The Committee sat *till past eight this morning;* the numbers were, 281 for the Court, 155 for the Opposition. The completion of that affair, and of the taxes, which were proposed last Monday, will probably conclude the session; and earthly business being adjusted, all the world will be at leisure to travel the air—not that terrestrial matters have interrupted balloons. Mr. Windham,* the Member for Norwich, who was with you not long ago, has made a voyage into the clouds, and was in danger of falling to *earth*, and being *shipwrecked*. Yesterday sevennight, as I was coming down stairs at Strawberrry, to my chaise, my housekeeper told me, that if I would go into the garden I might see a balloon; so I did, and so high, that though the sun shone, I could scarce discern it, and not bigger than my snuff-box. It had set out privately from Moulsey, in my neighbourhood, and went higher than any airgonaut had yet reached. But Mr. Windham, and Sadler his pilot, were near meeting the fate of Icarus; and though they did land safely, their bladder-vessel flew away again, and may be drowned in the moon for what we know! Three more balloons sail to-day; in short, we shall have a prodigious navy in the air, and then what signifies having lost the empire of the ocean?

LETTER CCCCXXXV.

May 29, 1785.

Pleased as I was by hearing from your nephew, I am much more delighted, my dear sir, to see *your* hand again. Yet I must chide

* Of Felbrigge.

you for writing so much, though at intervals, when you are weak and in bed. Your nephew told me your cough was troublesome; but I hope the warm weather will quite remove it. Never was so trying a winter: every body has suffered but the physicians and apothecaries. We are still wanting rain, and are treated like Egyptians by insects.

You have acted like yourself, and the younger Sir Horace has acted like the elder, about Miss Lucy's* marriage. I do not know the *sposo*, but am contented with your account of him, and approve of his *name*. It is not quite right to oppose the inclinations of the young when there are no very striking or disgraceful objections. As to estates and titles, what securities are they? Half our nobility are undone, and every day going into exile, from their own extravagance.

I saw with concern in the newspapers, two days ago, that their Neapolitan Majesties were visiting your Florentine Arch-Graces, and I dreaded their harassing you and putting you to expense: but your indisposition must give you a dispensation, and is even lightened to me by its saving you fatigue, I have no objection to their playing at Naumachis. It were well if sovereigns would be content with mock fights, and not sport with the lives of their subjects. The battle of the Bridge at Pisa, is more glorious than invading the Scheldt. Two days ago there was a report of the *Dauphin's* death, and was said to come from Lord Sydney, Secretary of State. He was asked, if true? He replied, "I said, Lord *Godolphin*." So he is, and has given four thousand pounds a-year to Lord Francis Osborne, second son of the other Secretary of State, Lord Carmarthen,† who himself inherits three thousand a-year more.

I am barren of other news. The House of Commons sits, on taxes and the Irish propositions, but is thinly attended. I shall settle at Strawberry in about a week; but cannot have less to tell you than I have at present. Your nephew, I hope, will stay with you till you are quite recovered. What a nephew! I cannot boast of such a one in my extensive nepotism; and yet I have a few very good. An adopted one, Lord Waldegrave,‡ is excellent. Most of my nieces are unexceptionable. That is a great deal to say in an age not rigorous, and of ample license. I wonder our women are not much worse; for our newspapers are so indiscriminately scurrilous, to the great joy of devout old women, that pretty young women might be hardened, and trust to not being worse treated than many who are blameless. I have no patience with hags who have no temptations, and think that frequent church-going authorizes them to spread scandal from Sunday noon to next Sunday morning. There is not so noxious an animal as an ugly old harridan, who thinks herself re-

* James Mann, only son of Edward Louisa Mann, elder brother of Sir Horace Mann, senr., was going to be married to Lucy, eldest daughter of Sir Horace, jun.

† Francis, only son of the Duke of Leeds, by Lady Mary Godolphin.

‡ George, fourth Earl of Waldegrave, married to his cousin, Lady Laura Waldegrave, daughter of the Duchess of Gloucester.

ligious the moment she becomes a disagreeable object; though she chooses to forget that Charity is preferable to Faith and Hope, or interprets Charity to mean nothing but giving alms. They have more occasion to carry a pocket-glass than a handsome woman—to put them in mind of their own Death's heads.

I said at the beginning of my letter, that I rejoiced to see your handwriting; yet I beg you not to give me that treat often. A line from your nephew, if it tells me you mend, will content me. I have frequently written to you by proxy; and, in truth, my letters require nor deserve answers. I have so much abandoned a world that is too juvenile for me, and have so few connexions with it left, that my correspondence can have neither novelty nor spirit in it; and therefore, except to you, I scarce write a letter of ten lines in a month, and seldom but on business, of which too I have very little. A few antiquaries and virtuosos now and then consult me, because my oracle from its ancientry, is become respected; but my devotees ask me simple questions, and in my response I generally plead ignorance, and often with truth. My reading or writing has seldom had any object but my own amusement; and, having given over the trade, I had rather my customers went to another shop. The profession of author is trifling; but, when any *charlatanerie* is superadded, it is a contemptible one. To puff one's self is to be a mountebank, and swallowing wind as well as vending it.

I do not answer your nephew's letter in form; for formal it would be when you see I have so little to say, except to thank him for it, and for his most amiable tenderness and care of you. Nay, writing to one is writing to both: one loves two Sir Horaces as one: your hearts are as much the same as your names, and to write to you separately would be making a distinction in your unity. I am glad the cousins are to be one too. Adieu! I long to hear that you do not lie in bed but at night.

LETTER CCCCXXXVI.

Berkeley Square, June 24, 1785.

Though I beg not to urge you to repeat those proofs too often, I must feel great satisfaction from every letter I receive from you under your own hand, when I know your health is not yet quite re-established. I should be content, rationally content, that is, enjoining myself to be content, with hearing of you from your nephew; but your own characters must be more comfortable. However, the more you mend, write the less: I am no longer in fear about you, and consequently my patience will allow of longer intervals now I know you are recovering, which *we* cannot do with the impetuosity of youth. But then Italian summers are a good succedaneum, and, I hope, will be

more efficacious than our north-easterly winds. Even with these, *I* am arrived at being as well as I was before my last fit, and I beg you will pledge me.

Thank you for your Gazette, and accounts of *spectacles*.* Florence is a charming theatre for such festivals: those Italy is giving to the Neapolitan Majesties put one in mind of the times when the Medici, the Farneses, Gonzagas, &c., banqueted each other's Highness reciprocally. I am glad the *holy* Roman Emperor is at leisure to visit *principini, palazzi,* and *giardini,* instead of besieging *fortezze,* like a *wicked* overgrown *principone.* I am glad too, that the *wicked holy* Roman Father† is disappointed of his iniquitous plunder. Rome is come to its dregs again when the Pontifex Maximus is sunk into an *heredipeta*—one of the vile vocations that marked the *fæces Romuli.*

Our *Senate* is still sitting, and likely to sit, on the Irish propositions, which gravel both countries. Mr. Grattan, the phenomenon of the other side of the Channel, has set his face against Mr. Pitt's altered plan. This is all I know of the matter. I am very little in town now, and Twickenham is one of the most unpolitical villages in the island.

You will find by our and the French Gazettes, that *air-navagtion* has received a great blow; the first airgonaut, poor Pilatrier, and his companion, having broken their necks. He had the Croix de St. Louis in his pocket, and was to have put it on the moment he should have crossed the Channel and landed in England. I have long thought that France has conceived hopes of annihilating our Pyrenees by these flying squadrons. Here they have been turned into a mere job for getting money from gaping fools. One of our adventurers, named Sadler, has been missing, and is supposed lost in the German Ocean.

Prince William, the King's third son, has been in England, and is sailed for the Mediterranean, I think; so, I suppose, will visit Leghorn. It is pity he will arrive too late for your shows, which would be proper for his age.

On reading over your Florentine Gazette, I observed that the Great-Duke has a manufacture of porcelain. If any of it is sold, I should be glad if your nephew would bring me a single bit—a cup, or other trifle, as a sample. I remember that, ages ago, there was a manufacture at Florence belonging to Marquis Ginori, of which I wished for a piece, but could not procure one: the Grand-Ducal may be more attainable. I have a closet furnished with specimens of porcelain of various countries, besides a good deal of Fayence or Rapheal ware, and some pieces with the arms of Medici—but am not I an old simpleton to be wanting play-things still?—and how like is one's last cradle to one's first! Adieu!

* Relations of the entertainments made for the King and Queen of Naples.

† Pope Pius VI. had wheedled a rich old Abbé to make him heir; but the family contested the will and set it aside.

P.S. 28th.

Notwithstanding Pilatrier's miscarriage, Balloonation holds up its head. Colonel Fitzpatrick, Lord Ossory's brother, has ascended in one from Oxford, and was alone. Sadler, whom I thought lost, is come to light again, and was to have been of the voyage; but the vessel not being potent enough for two, the Colonel went alone, had a brush with a high hill in his descent, but landed safe about fifteen miles from the University. How Posterity will laugh at us, one way or other! If half a dozen break their necks, and Balloonism is exploded, we shall be called fools for having imagined it could be brought to use: if it should be turned to account, we shall be ridiculed for having doubted.

LETTER CCCCXXXVII.

Berkeley Square, July. 25, 1785.

Before I reply to the other parts of your letter of the 5th, which I have just received, I must tell you how rejoiced I am to hear of your having the gout in your knees and feet. Let me intreat you to encourage and keep it there; indulge them in yards of flannel, and lie much in bed; never rise when they have any perspiration; they will cure your cough, and you cannot be too grateful to them. This effort shows the strength and excellence of your constitution, and will preserve you long: for my part I had rather lie in bed than attend regal puppet-shows; and I always make the most of my gout, when it is to excuse my doing any thing I don't like.

I love your nephew better than ever for his attention to you. Mr. Croft has given me a most excellent character of Mr. James,* who, I hope, will repay to your nephew his affection and care of you.

I have not the honour of being acquainted with Lady Hampden;† Mrs. Trevor‡ I do know, who is gentle and pleasing. Lady Hampden's mother, whom I see often at the Duchess of Montrose's, is very amiable and a favourite of mine.

Though three millions sterling§ from the plunder of convents is a plump bellyfull, I dont believe the Austrian Eagle will stop there, nor be satisfied with private property. No; I told you I believe, when I read the new History of the Medici, that Cæsar had set that work on foot as a preparative to his urging his claim to what the Church of Rome had formerly usurped from his predecessors. He has shown that he thinks nothing *holy* but the holy Roman empire. It is the

* Mr. James Mann, mentioned in a preceding letter.

† Daughter of General Græme, and wife of the second viscount Hampden.

‡ Wife of the second son of the first Viscount: Mr. Trevor was envoy to Turin.

§ Sir H. Mann had told Mr. Walpole that the Emperor had acquired three millions by the suppression of convents.

nature of the Church and the Sceptre to league against the rest of mankind, and abet each other until they have engrossed every thing: then they quarrel; and the mightier strips the weaker, as our Henry the Eighth did. One can care little about the upshot of such squabbles. Were I to form a wish, it would be in favour of the Pontiff rather than of the Emperor; *as Churchmen make conquests by sense and art, not by force and bloodshed, like Princes.*

As I have not often been in London for this month till last night, I am utterly unqualified to send you news, if there are any. The Parliament is still sitting on the Irish propositions, which, I believe, are almost settled on this side of the Channel. Then they are to be sent to Dublin; and, if accepted there, the English Parliament is to meet again in October to ratify them. In the mean time politicians will do nothing but kill partridges.

The Balloonomania is, I think, a little chilled, not extinguished, by Rozier's catastrophe. That it should still blaze in my nephew* is not surprising; not that he has mounted himself,—he did threaten it: but real madmen are not heroes, though heroes are real madmen. He did encourage another man, who, seeing a storm coming on, would have desisted: but my Lord cried, "Oh! you had better ascend before the storm arrives," and instantly cut the strings; and away went the airgonaut, and did *not* break his neck!

The Duchess Dowager of Portland† is dead; by which the Duke, her son, gets twelve thousand pounds a-year. The greatest part of her great collection will be sold.

This is all I have to tell you or your nephew; and little as it is, I send it away to express my satisfaction on your having the gout in your limbs, rather than wait for more matter, which probably I should not have soon. I repeat my earnest desire to you to keep your limbs warm. You will tell me perhaps that the season of the year makes that counsel unnecessary. I mean, that you should be very careful not to check perspiration. I am perfectly recovered from my last fit; and am persuaded you will be so too, if you let the gout take its full career. It comes exactly to offer you health; and, as your feet swell, I presume, upon easy terms. I have so good an opinion of the gout, that, when I am told of an infallible cure, I laugh the proposal to scorn, and declare I do not desire to be cured. I am serious; and, though I do not believe there is any cure for that distemper, I should say the same if there were one, and for this reason: I believe the gout a remedy, not a disease; and, being so, no wonder

* George, Earl of Orford.

† Lady Henry Cavendish Holles Harley, widow of the second, and mother of the third Duke of Portland. She was only child of Robert, second Earl of Oxford, by the sole daughter and heiress of the last Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, from whom she inherited that great estate. She had made a vast collection of natural history and various other curiosities, the greater part of which was sold by auction in the year following.

there is no medicine for it—nor do I desire to be cured of a remedy. Adieu!

LETTER CCCCXXXVIII.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 26, 1785.

THOUGH I am delighted to see your hand writing, I beg you will indulge me no more with it. It fatigues you, and that gives me more pain than your letters can give me satisfaction. Dictate a few words on your health to your secretary; it will suffice. I don't care a straw about the King and Queen of Naples, nor whether they visit your little Great Duke and Duchess. I am glad when Monarchs are playing with one another, instead of scratching: it is better they should be idle than mischievous. As I desire you *not* to write, I cannot be alarmed at a strange hand.

Your philosophic account of yourself is worthy of you. Still, I am convinced you are better than you seem to think. A cough is vexatious, but in old persons is a great preservative. It is one of the forms in which the gout appears, and exercises and clears the lungs. I know actually two persons, no chickens, who are always very ill if they have no annual cough. You may imagine that I have made observations in plenty on the gout: yes, yes, I know its ways and its jesuitic evasions. I beg its pardon, it is a better soul than it appears to be; it is we that misuse it: if it does not appear with all its credentials, we take it for something else, and attempt to cure it. Being a remedy, and not a disease, it will not be cured; and it is better to let it have its way. If it is content to act the personage of a cough, pray humour it: it will prolong your life, if you do not contradict it and fling it somewhere else.

The Administration has received a total defeat in Ireland, which has probably saved us another civil war. Don't wonder that I am continually recollecting my father's *Quieta non movere*. I have never seen that maxim violated with impunity. They say, that in town a change of the Ministry is expected. I am not of that opinion; but, indeed, nobody can be more ignorant than I. I see nobody here but people attached to the Court, and who, however, know more than I do; and if I did see any of the other side, they would not be able to give me better information; nor am I curious.

A stranger event than a revolution in politics has happened at Paris. The Cardinal de Rohan is committed to the Bastile for forging the Queen's hand to obtain a collar of diamonds; I know no more of the story: but as he is very gallant, it is guessed (*here*, I mean) that it was for a present to some woman. These circumstances are little Apostolic, and will not prop the falling Church of Rome. They used to forge donations and decretials. This is a new manœuvre. Nor were Cardinals wont to be treated so Cavalierly for peccadilloes.

The House of Rohan is under a cloud: his Eminence's cousin, the Prince of Guemenè, was forced to fly, two or three years ago, for being the Prince of Swindlers. *Our* Nabobs are not treated so roughly; yet I doubt they collect diamonds still more criminally.

Your nephew will be sorry to hear that the Duke of Montrose's third grandson, Master William Douglas, died yesterday of a fever. These poor Montroses are most unfortunate persons! They had the comfort this spring of seeing Lord Graham* marry: the Duchess said, "I thought I should die of grief, and now I am ready to die of joy." Lady Graham soon proved with child, but soon miscarried; and the Duke and Duchess may not live to have the consolation of seeing an heir—for we must hope and make visions to the last! *I* am asking for samples of Ginori's porcelain at sixty-eight! Well! are not heirs to great names and families as frail foundations of happiness? and what signifies what baubles we pursue? Philosophers make systems, and we simpletons collections: and we are as wise as they—wiser perhaps, for we know that in a few years our rarities will be dispersed at an auction; and they flatter themselves that their reveries will be immortal, which has happened to no system yet. A curiosity may rise in value; a system is exploded. Such reflections are applicable to politics, and make me look on them as equally nugatory. Last year Mr. Fox was burnt in effigy; now, Mr. Pitt is. —Oh! my dear sir, it is all a farce! On *this day*, about a hundred years ago (look at my date,) was born the wisest man† I have seen. He kept this country in peace for twenty years, and it flourished accordingly. He injured no man; was benevolent, good-humoured, and did nothing but the common necessary business of the State. Yet was he burned in effigy too; and so traduced, that his name is not purified yet!—Ask why his memory is not in veneration? You will be told, from libels and trash, that he was *the Grand Corrupter*. —What! did he corrupt the nation to make it happy, rich, and peaceable? Who was oppressed during his administration?—Those saints, Bolinbroke and Pulteney, were kept out of the Paradise of the Court, ay, and the Pretender was kept out and was kept quiet. Sir Robert fell: a rebellion ensued in four years, and the crown shook on the King's head. The nation, too, which had been tolerably corrupted before his time, and which, with all its experience and with its eyes opened, has not cured itself of being corrupt, is not quite so prosperous as in the day of that man, who it seems poisoned its morals. Formerly it was the most virtuous nation on earth! Under Henry the Eighth and his children there was no persecution, no fluctuation of religion: their ministers shifted their faith four times, and were sincere honest men! There was no servility, no flattery, no

* The Marquis of Graham married the eldest daughter of the Earl of Ashburnham. His only sister, Lady Lucy, had been married to Archibald Douglas, the contested heir of the Duke of Douglas, and had died young, leaving three sons and a daughter. The Duke had been blind for thirty years, and the Duchess was paralytic.

† Sir Robert Walpole, first Earl of Orford, Prime Minister to George I. and II.

contempt of the nation abroad, under James the First. No tyranny under Charles the First and Laud; no factions, no civil war! Charles the Second, however, brought back all the virtues and morality, which, somehow or other, were missing! His brother's was a still more blessed reign, though in a different way! King William was disturbed and distressed by no contending factions, and did not endeavour to bribe them to let him pursue his great object of humbling France! The Duke of Marlborough was not overborne in a similar and more glorious career by a detestable Cabal!—and if Oxford and Bolinbroke did remove him, from the most patriot motives, they, good men! used no corruption! Twelve Peerages showered at once, to convert the House of Lords, were no bribes; nor was a shilling issued for secret services; nor would a member of either House have received it! Sir R. Walpole came, and, strange to tell, found the whole Parliament and every Parliament, at least a great majority of every Parliament, ready to take his money. For what?—to undo their country!—which, however, wickedly as he meant, and ready as they were to concur, he left in every respect in the condition he found it, except in being improved in trade, wealth, and tranquillity; till *its friends* who expelled him, had dipped their poor country in a war; which was far from mending its condition. Sir Robert died, foretelling a rebellion, which happened in less than six months, and for predicting which he had been ridiculed; and in detestation of a maxim ascribed to him by his enemies, that *every man has his price*, the tariff of every Parliament since has been as well known as the price of beef and mutton; and the universal electors, who cry out against that traffic, are not a jot less vendible than their electors.—Was not Sir Robert Walpole an abominable Minister?

29th.

The man who certainly provoked Ireland *to think*, is dead—Lord Sackville.*

30th.

I see, by the Gazette, that Lord Cowper's pinchbeck principality is allowed. I wonder his Highness does not desire the Pope to make one of his sons a bishop *in partibus infidelium*.

LETTER CCCCXXXIX.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 4, 1785.

I DON'T love to transgress my monthly regularity; yet, as you must prefer facts to words, why should I write when I have nothing to tell you? The newspapers themselves in a peaceable autumn coin wonders from Ireland, or live on the accidents of the Equinox. They,

* Lord George Sackville Germaine, third son of Lionel, Duke of Dorset, who, when secretary to his father, when Lord-lieutenant of Ireland, gave rise, by his haughty behaviour, to the factions that have ever since disturbed that country, and at last shaken off its submission to this country.

the newspapers, have been in high spirits on the prospect of a campaign in Holland; but the Dutch, without pity for the gazetteers of Europe, are said to have submitted to the Emperor's terms:* however, the intelligence-merchants may trust that *he* will not starve them long!

Your neighbour, the Queen of Sardinia, it seems, is dead: but, if there was any thing to say about her, you must tell it to me, not I to you: for, till she died, I scarce knew that she had been alive.

Our Parliament is put off till after Christmas; so, I have no more resource from domestic politics than from foreign wars. For my own particular, I desire neither. I live here in tranquillity and idleness, can content myself with trifles, and think the world is much the happier when it has nothing to talk of. Most people ask, "Is there any news?"—How can one want to know one does not know what? when any thing has happened, one hears it.

There is one subject on which I wish I had occasion to write; I think it long since I heard how you go on: I flatter myself, as I have no letter from you or your nephew, prosperously. I should prefer a letter from him, that you may not have the trouble; and I shall make this the shorter, as a precedent for his not thinking more than a line necessary. The post does not insist on a certain quantity: it is content with being paid for whatever it carries—nay, is a little unreasonable, as it doubles its price for a cover that contains nothing but a direction: and now it is the fashion to curtail the direction as much as possible. Formerly, a direction was an academy of compliments: "To the most noble and my singularly respected friend," &c., &c., —and then, "Haste! haste, for your life, haste!"—Now, we have banished even the monosyllable *To!* Henry Conway,† Lord Hertford's son, who is very indolent, and has much humour, introduced that abridgment. Writing to a Mr. Tighe at the Temple, he directed his letter only thus: "T. Ti. Temple"—and it was delivered! Dr. Bentley was mightily flattered on receiving a letter superscribed "To Dr. Bentley in England." Times are altered; postmen are now satisfied with a hint. One modern retrenchment is a blessing;

* This expected rupture between Austria and the United States of Holland did not take place. The Emperor, perceiving from the decisive language held by the Court of Versailles, and the actual assembling of troops near Luxembourg, that if he prosecuted his claims by force of arms, the French would support the Dutch with all their power, thought it more prudent to settle the points in dispute by means of negotiation. He required, indeed, as a previous step, that a formal apology should be made for the insult offered to his flag by the seizure of the brigs upon the Scheldt: and the States, not hesitating to gratify his pride in this instance, sent two of their nobles to Vienna for that purpose in the month of July. This matter being adjusted, conferences were immediately opened between the Austrian and Dutch ambassadors at Paris; and so really desirous were both parties of an amicable arrangement, that the preliminaries were signed on the 12th Sept., and the definitive treaty on the 8th Nov., through the mediation and under the guarantee of the King of France."—Tomline's Memoirs of Pitt.—Ed.

† Second son of Francis Seymour Conway, first Earl of Hertford.

one is not obliged to study for an ingenious conclusion, as if writing an epigram—oh! no; nor to send compliments that never were delivered. I had a relation who always finished his letters with "his love to all that was near and dear to us," though he did not care a straw for me or any of his family. It was said of old Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, that she never put dots over her *i's*, to save ink: how she would have enjoyed modern economy in that article! She would have died worth a thousand farthings more than she did—nay, she would have known exactly how many; as Sir Robert Brown* did, who calculated what he had saved by never having an orange or lemon on his sideboard. I am surprised that no economist has retrenched second courses, which always consist of the dearest articles, though seldom touched, as the hungry at least dine on the first. Mrs. Leneve,† one summer at Houghton, counted thirty-six turkey-pouts‡ that had been served up without being meddled with.

5th.

I had written thus far yesterday. This minute I receive your nephew's of Sept. 20th; it is not such a one by any means as I had wished for. He tells me, you have had a return of your disorder—indeed, he consoles me with your recovery; but I cannot in a moment shake off the impression of a sudden alarm, though the cause was ceased, nor can a second agitation calm a first on such shattered nerves as mine. My fright is over, but I am not composed. I cannot begin a new letter, and therefore send what I had written. I will only add, what you may be sure I feel, ardent wishes for your perfect health, and grateful thanks to your nephew for his attention—he is rather your son; but indeed he is Gal.'s son, and that is the same thing. How I love him for his attendance on you! and how very kind he is in giving me accounts of you! I hope he will continue; and I ask it still more for your sake than for my own, that you may not think of writing yourself. If he says but these

* A noted miser, who raised a great fortune as a merchant at Venice, though his whole wealth when he went thither consisted in one of those vast wigs (a second-hand one, given to him) which were worn in the reign of Queen Anne, and which he sold for five guineas. He returned to England, very rich, in the reign of George II., with his wife and three daughters, who would have been great fortunes. The eldest, about eighteen, fell into a consumption, and, being ordered to ride, her father drew a map of the by-lanes about London, which he made the footman carry in his pocket and observe, that she might ride without paying a turnpike. When the poor girl was past recovery, Sir Robert sent for an undertaker, to cheapen her funeral, as she was not dead, and there was a possibility of her living. He went farther; he called his other daughters, and bad them courtesy to the undertaker, and promise to be his friends; and so they proved, for both died consumptive in two years!

† A lady who lived with Sir Robert Walpole, to take care of his youngest daughter, Lady Maria, after her mother's death. After Sir Robert's death, and Lady Mary's marriage with Mr. Churchill, she lived with Mr. H. Walpole to her death.

‡ As the sons of Rajahs in India are called Rajah Pouts, and as turkeys came from the East, quære if they were not called Turkey-pouts, as an Eastern diminutive?

words, "My uncle has had no return of his complaint," I shall be quite happy! Indeed, indeed, I ask no more.

LETTER CCCCXL.

Berkeley Square, Oct. 30, 1785.

I AM a contradiction, yet very naturally so; I wish you not to write yourself, and yet am delighted when I receive a letter in your own hand: however, I don't desire it should be of four pages, like this last of the 11th. When I have had the gout, I have always written by proxy. You will make me ashamed, if you don't use the precedent. Your account of yourself is quite to my satisfaction. I approve, too, of your not dining with your company. Since I must be old and have the gout, I have long turned those disadvantages to my own account, and plead them to the utmost when they will save me from doing any thing I dislike. I am so lame, or have such a sudden pain, when I do not care to do what is proposed to me! Nobody can tell how rapidly the gout may be come, or be gone again; and then it is so pleasant to have had the benefit, and none of the anguish!

I did send you a line last week in the cover of a letter to Lady Craven, which I knew would sufficiently tell your quickness how much I shall be obliged to you for any attentions to her. I thought her at Paris, and was surprised to hear of her at Florence. She has, I fear, been *infinitamente* indiscreet; but what is that to you or me? She is very pretty, has parts, and is good-natured to the greatest degree; has not a grain of malice or mischief (almost always the associates, in women, of tender hearts,) and never has been an enemy but to herself. For that ridiculous woman Madame Piozzi,* and t'other more impertinent one,† of whom I never heard before, they are like the absurd English dames with whom we used to divert ourselves when I was at Florence. As to your little knot of poets, I do not hold the cocks higher than the hens; nor would I advise them to repatriate. We have at present here a most incomparable set, not exactly known by their names, but who, till the dead of summer, kept the town in a roar, and, I suppose, will revive by the meeting of Parliament. They have poured forth a torrent of odes, epigrams, and part of an imaginary epic poem, called the Rolliad, with a commentary and notes, that is as good as the Dispensary and Dunciad, with more ease. These poems are all antiministerial, and the authors‡ very young men, and little known or heard of before. I would send

* Widow of Mr. Thrale, on whose death she married an Italian fiddler, and was then at Florence with him.

† Another English gentlewoman also there.

‡ The principal were Mr. Ellis, Mr. Laurence, a lawyer, Col. R. Fitzpatrick, and John Townshend, second son of George Viscount Townshend.

them, but you would want too many keys: and indeed I want some myself; for, as there are continually allusions to Parliamentary speeches and events, they are often obscure to me till I get them explained; and besides, I do not know several of the satirized heroes even by sight: however, the poetry and wit make amends, for they are superlative.

News I have none, wet or dry, to send you: politics are stagnated, and pleasure is not come to town. You may be sure I am glad that Cæsar is baffled; I neither honour nor esteem him. If he is preferring his nephew* to his brother, it is using the latter as ill as the rest of the world.

Mrs. Damer is again set out for the Continent to-day, to avoid the winter, which is already begun severely; we have had snow twice. Till last year, I never knew snow in October since I can remember; which is no short time. Mrs. Damer has taken with her her cousin Miss Campbell, daughter of poor Lady William, whom you knew and who died last year. Miss Campbell has always lived with Lady Ailesbury, and is a very great favourite and a very sensible girl. I believe they will proceed to Italy, but it is not certain. If they come to Florence, the Great-Duke should beg Mrs. Damer to give him some thing of her statuary; and it would be a greater curiosity than any thing in his Chamber of Painters. She has executed several marvels since you saw her; and has lately carved two colossal heads for the bridge at Henley, which is the most beautiful one in the world, next to the Ponte di Trinità,† and was principally designed by her father, General Conway. Lady Spencer‡ draws—incorrectly indeed, but has great expression. Italy probably will stimulate her, and improve her attention. You see we blossom in ruin! Poetry, painting, statuary, architecture, music, linger here,

on this sea-encircled coast, (*Gray*,)

as if they knew not whither to retreat farther for shelter, and would not trust to the despotic patronage of the Attilas,§ Alarics, Amalasuntas of the North! They leave such heroic scourges to be decorated by the Voltaires and D'Alemberts of the Gauls, or wait till by the improvement of balloons they may be transported to some of those millions of worlds that Herschell is discovering every day; for this new Columbus has thrown open the great gates of astronomy, and neither Spanish inquisitors nor English Nabobs will be able to torture and ransack the new regions and their inhabitants. Adieu!

* The Emperor was supposed to be endeavouring to get the eldest son of his brother the Great-Duke elected King of the Romans.

† At Florence.

‡ Lavinia Bingham, daughter of Charles Lord Lucan, and wife of John second Earl Spencer, with whom she was then in Italy.

§ Frederic II., King of Prussia, Joseph II., Emperor of Germany, Catherine II., Empress of Russia, who had usurped and divided great part of Poland.

LETTER CCCCXLI.

Berkeley Square, Dec. 4, 1785.

You and I, dear sir, have long out-friend-shipped Orestes and Pylades. Now I think we are like Castor and Pollux; when one rises, t'other sets; when you can write, I cannot. I have got a very sharp attack of the gout in my right hand, which escaped last year, but is paying its arrears now: however, I hope the assessment will not be general on all my limbs. Your being so well is a great collateral comfort to me. The behaviour of your nephew is charming and unparallelled: by the way, so is Mr. Croft's;* and, in a money-getting man, very extraordinary. I don't mean, that I expect economy *for* another from a prodigal.

For the Signora,† who has been so absurd as to quarrel with your nephew, all I will say in a letter is, that it is a kind of indiscretion I should not have expected from her. I will take no notice of knowing it; but I shall drop her correspondence, as I had done at Paris. You know I tried to serve her; but alas! how often are you punished by my most harmless intentions! I wonder how our Ministers abroad have patience with the extravagances of their compatriots: I have not, I am sure. Well! I will plant her there with a slight alteration of the two last lines of Paradise Lost:

> The world is all before her, where to choose
> Her place of rest—*Im*-providence her guide.

On your political rumours‡ I shall not descant, though they announce, on one side, an intention of opening a vast scene; and, on the other, a determination to embarrass it: but as I recede from life, I look at distant objects through the diminishing end of a telescope, which reduces them to a point. On this side of our asterism I know nothing. My own chamber, and the next, contain my whole map; and two sides of a sheet of paper are volume enough for its history. Adieu!

LETTER CCCCXLII.

Berkeley Square, Dec. 13, 1785.

I HAVE this minute received yours of the 25th of last month; and though I cannot write with my own hand, (which, however, is vastly better, and getting well,) I must say a few words. You surely know

* A banker.

† An English Lady mentioned in the preceding letter.

‡ A report that the Empress of Russia was going to send a fleet against Constantinople, and that the Kings of Spain and France had enjoined the King of Naples to shut his ports against it.

me too well to suppose for a minute that any thing could hurt you or your nephew in my affection or esteem; much less the ravings of such an *aventurière*. I have received two letters from her on the subject, and I can want no other evidence to condemn her. Her behaviour is little more than absurd, and her Knight's interference *y met le comble*.

You may depend upon it, I shall totally drop the correspondence, but shall never own that I know a word of the matter; and I beg that you and your nephew will say that I never mentioned the affair to you, particularly not to the person* whom the dame acquainted that she had complained to me. I have reasons for what I say, which I cannot explain in a letter.

I am overjoyed to see your writing so firm, and to hear you again dine at table; but I beseech you not to abate any attention to your health. My surgeon (for I have been obliged to have one for my hand) has wanted me for these two days to go out and take the air; but I have positively refused, for I got two relapses last winter by venturing out too soon. I had rather be confined ten days more than are necessary, than recommence. I have great patience whenever the fit comes; but a relapse puts me into despair. I must finish, for your letter did not arrive till past seven; mine must go to the office by nine; and, about eight, people drop in to me: but I would not lose a minute before I answered yours.

LETTER CCCCXLIII.

Berkeley Square, Jan. 8, 1786.

I THINK, my dear sir, that you will be glad to hear that I am getting free from my parenthesis of gout, which, though I treat it as an interlude, has confined me above six weeks, and for a few days was very near being quite serious. It began by my middle finger of this hand, with which I am now writing, discharging a volley of chalk, which brought on gout and an inflammation, and both together swelled my arm almost to my shoulder. In short, I was forced to have a surgeon. But last week my finger was delivered of a chalk-stone as big as a large pea, and now I trust the wound will soon heal; and in every other respect I am quite well, and propose taking the air in two or three days, if the weather grows dry: but for two days we have a deluge of rain, and solid fogs after ten days of snow, and a severer frost than any of last winter. I hope you are as well as I am, without having had so grave an *intermezzo*. However, I do not like your inundation of English peerages;† and I cannot enough applaud

* An English Lord, who happened to be then at Florence, and of whom Mr. Walpole had no favourable opinion.

† The Duchess Dowager of Ancaster, Lord and Lady Spencer, Lord and Lady Bulkeley, were then just arrived, or were expected at Florence.

your two nephews for staying, and relieving you of so much of the load. I doubt you will have more fatigue, for I hear the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester are going to Rome; and the other princely pair* are at Naples: but I hope you will not prefer etiquette to your regimen. I make it a rule, since I must be old and infirm, to plead age and ill-health against any thing that is inconvenient. You will see two other English with pleasure, as they will give you no trouble,—Mrs. Damer, and her cousin Miss Campbell, daughter of poor Lady William, whom you knew. The latter has always lived with Mr. Conway and Lady Ailesbury, who are as fond of her as of their own daughter; and indeed she is a very amiable, sensible young woman. In truth, the exports from this country are incredible: Franc, Nice, Switzerland, swarm with us—and not all, as *you* have lately experienced, raise our credit. Gaming has *transported* half.

I ought to have thanked you sooner for your last, as it announced some kind china from you; but, besides the hindrance of my lame hand, I wished to say I had received it, for indeed I had nothing else to tell you. My confinement, and the depopulation of London, which is still a desert, could produce but a very barren letter. I know nothing of the Continent but from our newspapers, the last intelligence in the world to be trusted. They are common sewers of lies, scandal, abuse, and blunders. What must Europe think of us from our travellers, and from our own accounts of ourselves?—Oh! not much worse than we deserve! The mail from France was robbed last night in Pall-Mall, at half an hour after eight—yes, in the great thoroughfare of London, and within call of the guard at the Palace. The chaise had stopped, the harness was cut, and the portmanteau was taken out of the chaise itself. A courier is gone to Paris for a copy of the despatch. What think you of banditti in the heart of such a capital? yet at Dublin, I believe, the outrages are ten times more enormous. Methinks we are not much more civilized than the ages when the Marches of Wales and Scotland were theatres of rapine.

Miss Molesworth, whom you saw a few years ago with her aunt Lady Lucan, and her cousin Lady Spencer, is just married to Mr. Pratt, Lord Camden's son.

I think this is pretty well written for a hand that has still more chalk-stones on it than joints, and its middle finger wrapped up.† In truth, I have suffered very little pain, nor lost an hour's sleep but for three nights. Confinement and debility in my limbs are grievances,

* The Duke and Duchess of Cumberland.

† Walpole, however, endured his sufferings with extraordinary patience. In a letter to her sister, dated Feb. 17, 1786, Mrs. Hannah More thus writes: "I made poor Vesey go with me on Saturday to see Mr. Walpole, who has had a long illness. Notwithstanding his sufferings, I never found him so pleasant, so witty, and so entertaining. He said a thousand diverting things about Florio, but accused me of having imposed on the world by a dedication full of falsehood, meaning the compliment to himself. I never knew a man suffer pain with such entire patience."—Memoirs of Mrs. Hannah More, vol. ii. p. 11.—Ed.

no doubt, or I should not think the gout so violent an evil as it is reckoned; at least, in the quantity I have undergone in thirty years the total of pain has not been very considerable. It has very seldom lowered my spirits; and, the moment the fever is gone, I can sleep without end, day and night. I am complimented on my patience—but what merit is there in patience, when one is not awake, or not in much pain, and not apt to be out of humour? *You* I have seen patient, and never out of humour, though in torture. In fact, if people of easy fortunes cannot bear illness with temper, what are the poor to do, who have none of our comforts and alleviations? The affluent, I fear, do not consider what a benefit-ticket has fallen to their lot out of millions not so fortunate; yet less do they reflect that chance, not merit, drew the prize out of the wheel.

9th.

I have seen a person from the Custom-house, who tells me *the Lively* is not expected before February: when it arrives, I will thank you again for the china.

LETTER CCCCXLIV.

Berkeley Square, Feb. 13, 1786.

If I was to talk of what has occupied most of my thoughts for these last three months, it would be of myself; but that is not a subject with which I ought to harass others, and therefore I shall be brief on it. A finger of each hand has been pouring out a hail of chalk-stones and liquid chalk; and the first finger, which I hoped exhausted, last week opened again and threw out a cascade of the latter, exactly with the effort of a pipe that bursts in the street: the gout followed, and has swelled both hand and arm; and this codicil will cost me at least three weeks. I must persuade myself, if I can, that these explosions will give me some repose; but there are too many chalk-eggs in the other fingers not to be hatched in succession.

I have had no occasion at least, my dear sir, to double my lamentation on your account. Mrs. Damer and Miss Campbell have sent Lady Ailesbury the most pleasing accounts of your health, and the warmest encomiums on your and your nephew's kindness to them. I must thrust myself into a share of the gratitude; for, with all their merit and your benevolence, I do not believe you forgot the pleasure you was giving me.

There are reports that the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester are going to Rome, but we do not know it certainly. Our newspapers have been pleased twice lately to kill his Royal Highness; but though they murder characters and reputations, they cannot take away lives; and indeed they themselves are so lost to all credit, that even the first notification made no impression.

Though the Parliament has been some time opened, it does not furnish a paragraph. There have been three or four times some angry speeches, but no long debate or division. The Opposition seems very inactive, but promises some vivacity on Indian affairs. Mr. Eden's desertion has been the chief topic of politics, and on his subject the newspapers have been so profuse that I can make no additions to them.

Since I began this, I have received yours of the 28th past; and though your account of yourself is exceedingly welcome and pleasing, I am much grieved that your excellent nephews are leaving you: I am sure they cannot help it, for they have shown how much they prefer attending and saving you trouble. For trouble, I hope you will totally dispense with it: your age, indispostion, and fifty years of exertion of duties, benevolence, and attentions to all the world, demand and claim a *quietus;* and, if I have any weight with you, I enjoin your taking it out. If their RR. HH. of Gloucester pass through Florence, I do hope and beg that with all your public and private zeal you will not exert a strength you have not in doing honours; they, I am sure, will not expect it from you; and, when one's own health is at stake, dignities are a joke. When I am ill, I look on Royalties as I do when I see them on the stage, as pageants void of reality: what signifies whether they are composed of velvet and ermine, or of buckram and tinsel? If death opens one's eyes to the emptiness of glories here, sickness surely ought at least to open one eye. Your sweet nature does not think so roughly as mine, and therefore I prescribe stronger doses to you, which I hope self-preservation will persuade you to follow. Mr. Dutens* was here yesterday, and talked to me for an hour on all your good qualities; and charmed me by describing how the people of Florence, as you pass along the streets, show you to one another with fondness and respect.

I am obliged to you for your accounts of the House of *Albany;*† but that extinguishing family can make no sensation here when we have other guess-matter‡ to talk of in a higher and more flourishing race: and yet were rumour—ay, much more than rumour, every voice in England—to be credited, the matter, somehow or other, reaches even from London to Rome. I know nothing but the buzz of the day, nor can say more upon it: if I send you a riddle, fame, or echo from so many voices, will soon reach you and explain the enigma; though I hope it is essentially void of truth, and that appearances rise from a much more common cause.

The swelling of my hand is much abated since I began to dictate this yesterday. The day has been so vernal, that my surgeon would

* A French Protestant clergyman, who had been employed in the embassy at Turin under Mr. Mackenzie and Lord Mountstuart, and author of several works.

† The Pretender's family.

‡ The connexion of the Prince of Wales with Mrs. Fitzherbert.

have persuaded me to take the air; but I am such a coward about relapses, that I would not venture. Adieu!

LETTER CCCCXLV.

Berkeley Square, March 16, 1786.

Your short letter on losing your two amiable nephews gave me great pain for you, my dear sir. As Sir Horace generally hires *post-winds*, I expected him the next day: but as the snow had engaged the whole stable of east-winds for this last month, he is not arrived yet, nor Ginori's china neither, which ought to have been here in February; and which disappointment contributed to delay my thanks, though I can say already that

> ——— *Tuis* nunc Omnia plena
> *Muneribus.*

Two additional causes have concurred in my silence: I had nothing new to tell you; and, till within these ten days, my poor lame and cold hands could not move a pen. Our second winter has been bitter; and, though my chalk-mines were exhausted for the present, I did not dare to stir out, nor have yet been abroad in a morning but three times;—and yesterday we had a new codicil of snow. Our great roads, spacious and level as they are, are almost impassable.

London has been very calm, both politically and fashionably. Mr. Pitt lost a question, by the Speaker's vote only, on a large plan of fortifications which the Minister had adopted to please the Duke of Richmond. Most other debates roll on the affair of Mr. Hastings, who is black-washed by the Opposition, and is to be white-washed by the House of Commons. I do not know who is guilty or innocent; but I have no doubt but India has been blood-washed by our countrymen!

The present subject of the day comes from a country where there reigns as little equity, and more avowed barbarism, than in India. The hero is a Mr. Fitzgerald, grandson of Lord Hervey, and consequently nephew of his Eminence *the Episcopal Earl of Bristol*—nor is the nepotism unworthy of the uncle. England, as well as Ireland, has long rung with Fitzgerald's exploits, who has just committed murders that would be almost unparalleled, if a few years ago he had not attempted the life of his own father, who was defended by another son—and yet neither father nor brother were much better than the assassin. The particulars of the present tragedy are too long for a letter, and unnecessary, as they are all in the newspapers. By this time Fitzgerald is hanged, or *rescued*, or dead of his wounds; for the friends of the murdered broke into the prison, and gave Fitzgerald many wounds, but did not despatch him, as he has long worn

a waistcoat lined with elastic gum, which had *very honourably* saved his life formerly, when shot in a duel. This savage story is a little relieved by Cagliostro's Memorial, and by the exhibition of Mademoiselle la Chevalière D'Eon, who is come over. I trouble myself little to inquire into either of their histories—one shall never know the real truth of either; and what avails it to scrutinize what is unfathomable? What signifies exploring, when at last one's curiosity may rest on error?

I have a pleasanter theme for my own satisfaction: Captain Hugh Conway, a younger son of Lord Hertford, is going to marry Lady Horatio Waldegrave.* He is one of the first marine characters, and has every quality that would adorn any profession; but the striking resemblance between the lovers are good-nature and beauty. Lord Hertford is as much charmed with the match as I am; and we flatter ourselves the Duchess, to whom a courier is gone, and for whose consent they wait, will approve of it too, though it will not be an opulent alliance. Their RR. HH. are at Milan.

Lord and Lady Spencer are arrived,—and now I suppose the adventures of a certain Lady† and *her Cousin Vernon*, which I have kept profoundly secret, will be public. I have lately received a letter from *the Lady* from *Petersburgh:* luckily, she gave me no direction to her, no more than from *Venice;* so, if necessary, I shall plead that I did not know whether I must direct next to Grand Cairo, or Constantinople. Petersburgh I think a very congenial asylum; the Sovereign has already fostered the *Ducal Countess of Bristol*—for in the family of Hervey double dignities couple with facility. Formerly our outlaws used to concentre at Boulogne; they are now spread over the face of the earth. *Mr. Vernon's Cousin* tells me she has been also at Warsaw! that she showed the King a letter of mine, who put it into his pocket, translated it into French (though returning the original,) and would send it to his sister the Princess Czartoriski at Vienna:—so, I may see it in an Utrecht Gazette! I know not what it contained; however, I comfort myself that I have never dealt with my heroine but in compliments or good advice: but this comes of corresponding with strolling Roxanas.

I have very lately been lent a volume of poems, composed and printed at Florence, in which another of our ex-heroines, Mrs. Piozzi,‡ has a considerable share: her associates, three of the English bards who assisted in the little garland which Ramsay the painter sent me. The present is a plump octavo; and, if you have not sent me a copy by your nephew, I should be glad if you could get one for me: not for the merit of the verses, which are moderate enough, and faint imitations

* Third daughter of the Duchess of Gloucester by her first husband, James, Earl of Waldegrave. Lady Horatia and Captain Conway were second cousins, once removed.

† Elizabeth Berkeley, Lady Craven, sister of the Earl of Berkeley.

‡ Widow of Mr. Thrale, a great brewer, remarried to Piozzi, an Italian fiddler. She had broken with Sir Horace, because he could not invite her husband with the Italian nobility.

of our good poets; but for a short and sensible and genteel preface by La Piozzi, from whom I have just seen a very clever letter to Mrs. Montagu, to disavow a jackanapes who has lately made a noise here, one Boswell, by anecdotes of Dr. Johnson. In a day or two we expect another collection by the same Signora.

Though I ask for that volume, it made me very indignant. Though that constellation of *ignes fatui* have flattered one another as if they were real stars, I turned over the whole set of verses, (though I did not read a quarter,) and could not find the only name I expected to see—yours. What stocks and stones!—more insensible than their predecessors, who danced to Orpheus!—who lived under the shade of your virtues, and could drink of the stream of your humanity, benevolence, and attentions, and not attempt to pay one line to gratitude. If you send me the book, I think I will burn all but the preface.

I hope the spring will recruit your spirits, though it cannot replace your nephews! I am very impatient for their arrival. My own gout is gone, the chalk suspended for the present, and, except being six months older than Methusalem in point of strength, I am as well as I ever am.*

17th.

Your nephews are arrived; I have seen Sir Horace, he will write to you to-night himself. Adieu!

LETTER CCCCXLVI.

Berkeley Square, March 28, 1786.

THIS is but a codicil to my letter of last week, and only to tell you that *the Lively* is arrived, and that I have received the vases and books; and, by the courier, your letter of the 10th. The form of the vases is handsome; the porcelain and the gilding inferior to ours, and both to those of France; as the *paste* of ours at Bristol, Worchester, and Derby is superior to all but that of Saxony. The French excel us all in ornaments of taste—I mean, in such ornaments as do not rise to serious magnificence; but they must keep within doors: they may deck dress, furniture, china, and snuff-boxes; but buildings, cities, gardens, will not allow of spangles.

You have not told me whether the vases are of Ginori's or the

* Notwithstanding his increasing infirmities, however, it would appear that his good spirits remained; for Mrs. Hannah More thus speaks of him about this time, April 1786:—"Neither years nor sufferings can abate the entertaining powers of the pleasant Horace, which rather improve than decay; though he himself says he is only fit to be a milkwoman, as the chalk-stones at his fingers' ends qualify him for nothing but *scoring*, but he declares he will not be a *Bristol milkwoman*."—Memoirs of Mrs. Hannah More, vol. ii. p. 15.—

Great-Duke's manufacture; I imagine, of the former: but I shall ask your nephew when he returns to London. I thank you, too, for the volume of poems by the *Quadruple Alliance*, which, in my last, I have begged you to send me; a wish you had anticipated. In the case there were also four copies of the Panegyric on Captain Cook, —did you mean any of the copies for any particular persons?—and the poem on Lord Robert Manners. Once more, thanks for all!

Two days ago appeared Madame Piozzi's Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson. I am lamentably disappointed—in her, I mean; not in him. I had conceived a favourable opinion of her capacity. But this new book is wretched; a high varnished preface to a heap of rubbish, in a very vulgar style, and too void of method even for such a farrago. Her penegyric is loud in praise of her hero; and almost every fact she relates disgraces him. She allows and proves he was arrogant, yet affirms he was not proud; as if arrogance were not the flower of pride. A man may be proud, and may conceal it; if he is arrogant, he declares he is proud. She, and all Johnson's disciples, seem to have taken his brutal contradictions for *bons-mots*. Some of his own works show that he had, at times, strong, excellent sense; and that he had the virtue of charity to a high degree, is indubitable: but his friends (of whom he made woful choice) have taken care to let the world know, that in behaviour he was an ill-natured bear, and in opinions as senseless a bigot as an old washerwoman—a brave composition for a philosopher! Let me turn from such a Hottentot to his reverse—to *you;* to you, the mild, benevolent, beneficent friend of mankind, and the true contented philosopher in every stage. Your last resigned letter is an antidote to all Johnson's coarse, meditated, offensive apophthegms.

As spring must be arrived in Italy, though postponed again here by snow, frosts, and east-winds, I trust your cough will be softened, if not removed. I scarce can bring myself to hope it quite cured. My long observation has persuaded me that a cough, though a vexatious remedy, is a preservative of elderly persons, from exercising and clearing the breast and lungs. I know two or three, who for years have had a constant cough in winter, and who have dangerous illnesses if it does not return in its season.

Thank you for the Leyden Gazette; the theme* is still very rife, but with no new event, though contradictory reports are coined every day: I do not repeat them, for I know not which are true, nor whether any are.

I interest myself much more in the slight shown to your nephew: it surprised me, for I thought that *he* at least was acceptible. Your nephew's delicacy was silent to me; and so must I be by the post.

I have at last been paid my fortune by *my* nephew—just forty years after my father's death! The only surviving son of that *Grand Corrupter*, who plundered England, has, after forty years, re-

* Connexion of the Prince of Wales and Mrs. Fitzherbert.

ceived four thousand pounds; which, with three thousand more, is all I have *ever* had from my father's family!—yet calumny will not blush, but repeat the lie! My nephew, or Lucas, have acted like themselves, and have jockied me out of six hundred pounds by a *finesse* in the bond, by dating it three years later than it should have been, and which my negligence had overlooked; and, therefore, I may blame myself. Lucas, who extorted from Mozzi interest upon interest against my opinion, took care not to offer it to me, though the case is similar, except that mine would have been much less; and you may be sure I would not ask for what I would not have excepted, as I disapprove such extortion, and should be sorry to resemble them. The purport too of the bond was curious. Lucas did not know that my eldest brother had paid me one thousand pounds of my fortune, and drew the bond for five thousand. I would not accept it, but made him draw it for four thousand. I will do him the justice to acknowledge that he said, "Oh, my Lord would pay me the whole." I replied, "I would *not* be paid twice; I knew, if *they* did not, that I had received one thousand:" and so, because I would not accept of what was not due to me, they curtailed the interest that ought to be my due! Well! I have done with them, and so shall you of hearing of them.

29th.

I have effaced two lines that I had written, because upon recollection I can account better for what happened. There is a gentlewoman* in the world who, a very few years ago, tried to captivate your nephew. She has had better success, I believe, lately in another place, though less to her honour. I ascribe to her the coldness; and dare to say, that a third person† did not know any thing of the matter. I imagine you will have this mystery explained, like another.

Signora Piozzi's book is not likely to gratify her expectation of renown. There is a Dr. Woolcot,‡ a burlesque bard, who had ridiculed highly, and most deservedly, another of Johnson's biographic zanies, one Boswell; he has already advertised an eclogue between Bozzi and Piozzi, to be published next week; and, indeed there is ample matter. The Signora talks of her Doctor's *expanded* mind, and has contributed her mite to show that never mind was narrower. In fact, the poor man is to be pitied: he was mad, and his disciples did not find it out, but have unveiled all his defects; nay, have exhibited all his brutalities as wit, and his lowest conundrums as humour. Judge!—The Piozzi relates, that a young man asking him where Palmyra was, he replied, "In Ireland; it was a bog planted

* Lady Almeria Carpenter, Lady of the Bed-chamber to the Duchess of Gloucester, and mistress of the Duke.

† The Duchess, who did not know of Sir H. Mann, jun. being at Genoa, where the Duke would not see him.

‡ The well-known satirist, who wrote under the name of *Peter Pindar*.—Ed.

with palm-trees!" I am now rejoiced, and do not wonder that you was not thought worthy to be mentioned by such a panegyrist! But what will posterity think of us when it reads what an idol we adored.

LETTER CCCCXLVII.

Berkeley Square, April 30, 1786.

THE almanack tells me that I ought to write to you; but then it ought to tell me what to say. I know nothing: people have been out of town for Easter, or rather for Newmarket; for our diversions mark the seasons, instead of their proclaiming themselves. We have had more spring than we had last year. I believe the milk-maids to-morrow will be forced to dress their garlands with Christmas nosegays of holly and ivy, for want of flowers.

The tragedy, or rather, I suppose, the farce, of Mr. Hasting's trial is also to commence to-morrow, when he is to make his defence before the House of Commons; where the majority of his judges are *ready* to be astonished at his eloquence, and the transparency of his innocence, and the lustre of his merit. In the mean time, the charges are enormous, and make numbers, who are not to be his jury, marvel how he will clear himself of half; and, if he does, what he will do with the remainder. I have not yet looked into the charge, which fills a thick octavo. My opinion is formed more summarily: Innocence does not pave its way with diamonds, nor has a quarry of them on its estate. All conversation turns on a trio of culprits—Hastings, Fitzgerald, and the Cardinal of Rohan. I have heard so much of all lately that I confound them, and am not sure whether it was not the first who pretended to buy a brilliant necklace for the *Queen*, or who committed murders in Ireland, not in India; or whether it was not Fitzgerald who did not deal with Cagliostro for the secret of raising the dead, as he may have occasion for it soon. So much for tragedy!—Our comic performers are Boswell and Dame Piozzi.* The cock biographer has fixed a direct lie on the hen, by an advertisement in which he affirms that he communicated his manuscript to Madame Thrale, and that she made no objection to what he says of her low opinion of Mrs. Montagu's book. It is very possible that it might not be her real opinion, but was uttered in compliment to Johnson, or for fear he should spit in her face if she disagreed with him; but how will she

* On this subject, Mrs. Hannah More thus writes to her sister, April 1786:—"The Bozzi, &c., subjects are not exhausted, though every body seems heartily sick of them. Every body, however, conspires not to let them drop. That the 'Cagliostro,' and the 'Cardinal's necklace,' spoil all conversation, and destroyed a very good evening at Mr. Pepy's last night. The party was snug, and of my own bespeaking; consisting only of Mr. Walpole, Mrs. Montagu, the Burneys and Cambridge."—Memoirs of Mrs. Hannah More, vol. ii. p. 16.—ED.

get over her not objecting to the passage remaining? She must have known, by knowing Boswell, and by having a similar intention herself, that his anecdotes would certainly be published;—in short, the ridiculous woman will be strangely disappointed. As she must have heard that the whole first impression of her book was sold the first day, no doubt she expects, on her landing, to be received like the Governor of Gibraltar, and to find the road strewed with branches of palm. She, and Boswell, and their Hero, are the joke of the public. A Dr. Woolcot, *soi-disant* Peter Pindar, has published a burlesque eclogue, in which Boswell and the Signora are the interlocutors, and all the absurdest passages in the works of both are ridiculed. The print-shops teem with satiric prints on them: one, in which Boswell, as a monkey, is riding on Johnson, the bear, has this witty inscription, "My Friend *delineavit*,"—But enough of these mountebanks!

The Duchess of Gloucester tells me that Lord Cowper is at Milan, on his way to England: yet, I shall not wonder if he still turns back. I remember Lady Orford came even to Calais, and returned *sur ses pas*.

May 4th.

I must send my letter to the office to-night, for I go to Strawberry to-morrow for two or three days—not that we have spring or summer yet! I believe both seasons have perceived that nobody goes out of town till July, and that therefore it is not worth while to come over so early as they used to do. The Sun might save himself the same trouble, and has no occasion to rise before ten at night; for all Nature ought, no doubt, to take the *ton* from people of fashion, unless Nature is willing to indulge them in the opportunity of contradicting her! Indeed, at present, our fine ladies seem to copy her, at least the ancient symbols of her; for, though they do not exhibit a profusion of naked bubbies down to their shoe-buckles, yet they protrude a prominence of gauze that would cover all the dugs of Alma Mater. Don't, however, imagine that I am disposed to be a censor of modes, as most old folks are, who seem to think that they came into the world at the critical moment when every thing was in perfection, and ought to suffer no farther innovation. On the contrary, I always maintain that the ordinances of the young are right. Who ought to invent fashions? Surely not the ancient. I tell my veteran contemporaries that, if they will have patience for three months, the reigning evil, whatever it is, will be cured; whereas, if they fret till things are just as they should be, they may vex themselves to the day of doom. I carry this way of thinking still farther, and extend it to almost all reformations. Could one cure the world of being foolish, it were something: but to cure it of any one folly is only making room for some other, which, one is sure, will succeed to the vacant place.

Mr. Hastings used two days in his defence; which was not thought a very modest one, and rested rather on Machiavel's code than on

that of rigid moralists. The House is now hearing evidence; and as his counsel, Mr. Machiavel, will not challenge many of the jury, I suppose Mr. Hastings will be honourably acquitted. In fact, who but Machiavel can pretend that we have a shadow of title to a foot of land in India; unless, as our law deems that what is done extraparochially is deemed to have happened in the parish of St. Martin's in the Fields, India must in course belong to the crown of Great Britain. Alexander distrained the goods and chattels of Popes upon a similar plea; and the Popes thought all the world belonged to them, as heirs-at-law to one who had not an acre upon earth. We condemned and attainted the Popes without trial, which was not in fashion in the reign of Henry the Eighth, and, by the law of forfeiture, confiscated all their injustice to our own use; and thus, till we shall be ejected, have we a right to exercise all the tyranny and rapine that ever was practised by any of our predecessors any where,—as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end.

LETTER CCCCXLVIII.

Berkeley Square, May 29, 1786.

I HAVE been very unhappy at your debility, that expressed itself in your last letter—I do not say, that you complained of; for a murmur cannot possibly escape from one who never feels impatience, and whose temper infuses that philosophy which even your good sense could not alone confer. I was made easier last night by Lord Cowper, who had just received a very comfortable letter from you; and, now that my alarm is dissipated, my reason can recover its tone, and tells me that weakness is not danger—and might not my own experience have told me so? A puff of wind could blow me away; and yet here I am still, and have stood many a rough blast. I depend on the sun of Florence, and on the cool pure air of its nights, for rehabilitating your nerves; and I am impatient for Mrs. Damer's return from Rome, because I flatter myself that she will send a good account of your convalescence.

Well! you find I have seen your principal Earl.* Curiosity carried me to a great concert at Mrs. Conway's t'other night—not to hear Rubinelli, who sung *one* song at the extravagant price of ten guineas, and whom for as many shillings I have heard sing half a dozen at the Opera House: no, but I was curious to see an English Earl who had passed thirty years at Florence, and is more proud of a pinchbeck Principality and a paltry Order from Wirtemberg, than he was of being a Peer of Great Britain, when Great Britain *was* something. Had

* Earl Cowper.

I staid till it is *not*, I would have remained where I was. I merely meant to amuse my eyes; but Mr. Dutens brought the personage to me, and presented us to each other. He answered very well to my idea, for I should have taken his Highness for a Doge of Genoa: he has the awkward dignity of a temporary representative of nominal power. Peace be with him and his leaf-gold!

I believe that, after having often told you that I plead my age and relics of gout to dispense with doing what I don't like, you will conclude I am grown in my dotage as fond of Highnesses as Earl Cowper or Lady Mary Coke. Most certainly it was not the plan of any part of my life to end my career with Princes and Princesses, though I began with them, and was carried to Leicester House in my childhood to play with the late Duke of Cumberland and Princess Mary. Fate has again in my latter days thrown me amongst royalties; and (what is not common,) though I have quitted the world, I seem to have *retired into drawing-rooms*. Ever since the late King's death, I have made Princess Amelie's parties once or twice a week: then, *bien malgré moi*, I was plunged into Gloucester House: and now by Princess Amelie I have been presented to the Prince of Wales at her house; and by my niece Lady Horatia's marriage with Captain Conway, who is a principal favourite of his Royal Highness, I have dined with the Prince at Lord Hertford's, and since at his own palace, where he was pleased to give a dinner to the two families, who in fact were one family* before.

This parenthesis being passed, I am going to my quiet little hill, after having been in public to-day more than I purposed ever to be again. I attended Princess Amelie to the rehearsal of Handel's Jubilee in Westminster Abbey, which I had been far from meditating; but, as she had the Bishop of Rochester's gallery, it was quite easy, and I had no crowd to limp through. The sight was really very fine, and the performance magnificent; but the chorus and kettle-drums for four hours were so thunderful, that they gave me the head-ach, to which I am not at all subject. Rubinelli's voice sounded divinely sweet, and more distinctly than at the Opera. The Mara's not so well, nor is she so much the fashion. I have been but once at the Opera, and twice at the play, this year. When the gout confines me to my room, it is a grievance: I do not complain of it for curtailing my diversions, for which I have no more taste than for courts; nor shall death surprise me in a theatre or in a drawing-room.

There has been no event of any consequence. I expect every day to hear of the marriage of your nephew and niece; and then I conclude the father will make you another visit, as he told me he should as soon as he had settled his daughter. I love to have him with you; not only for your comfort, but to save you the trouble of doing ho-

* Captain Conway's grandmother and Lady Horatia's grandmother were sisters.

nours, which I dread for you since our Peeresses have taken to travelling as much as their eldest sons.

I was pleased to-day by reflecting, that though there were sixteen hundred persons present, who went in and out as they pleased, the extremest order and decency were observed, and not a guard was to be seen? Duchesses were mixed with the crowd, and not a bayonet was necessary—what a satire on Governments, that sow them thick where fifty persons are assembled! How dares a short-lived mortal tell his own fellow-creatures that he is afraid to leave them at liberty at their own diversions?

LETTER CCCCXLIX.

June 22, 1786.

I HAVE not yet received your letter by Mrs. Damer, my dear sir; but I have that of June 3rd, which announces it. I lament the trouble your cough gives you, though I am quite persuaded that it is medicinal, and diverts the gout from critical parts. I have felt so much, and consequently have observed so much, of chronical disorders, that I don't think I deceive myself. Should you tell me your complaint is not gouty, I should reply, that all chronical distempers are or ought to be gout; and, when they do not appear in their proper form, are only deviations. Coughs in old persons clear the lungs; and, as I have told you, I know two elderly persons who are never so well as when they have a cough.

I love Mrs. Damer for her attention to you; but I shall scold her, instead of you, for letting you send me the cameo. To you I will not say a cross word, when you are weak; but why will you not let me love you without being obliged to it by gratitude? You make me appear in my own eyes interested; a dirty quality, of which I flattered myself I was totally free. Gratitude may be a virtue; but what is a man who consents to have fifty obligations to be so virtuous? I have always professed hating presents: must not I appear a hypocrite, when I have accepted so many from you? Well! as I have registered them all in the printed catalogue of my collection, I hope I shall be called a mercenary wretch. I deserve it.

Nothing you tell me of the Episcopal Count surprises me—he is horrible! His nephew Fitzgerald, whom his Holiness, though knowing his infernal character, had destined to put into orders and present with a rich living, had it fallen vacant, is hanged for a most atrocious murder, which has brought out others still blacker; but the story is too shocking for your good-natured feeble nerves. The great culprit Hasting's fate is not decided; but, to his and mankind's surprise, the House of Commons last week voted him on one of the articles deserving to be impeached, and Mr. Pitt declared on that article

against him: so, Burke has proved to have been in the right in his prosecution.

The French prisoners have come off better than I expected. I said early, I was sure I should never understand the story: I am very sure now that I do not. Never did I like capital punishments; but, when they are committed, how comes so prodigious a robbery to escape? The Cardinal, supposing him merely a dupe, is not sufficiently punished. A Prince may be duped by a low wretch; a low man may be bubbled by a Prince: but it is not excusable in a man who has kept both the best and the worst company to be made such a tool. I would at least have sequestered his revenues, till the jewellers were paid; for I do not see why the Cardinal's family should suffer for his roguery or folly: and then I would have deprived him of his employments, as incapable. For that rascal, Cagliostro, he should be punished for joining in the mummery, and shut up for his other impositions. For his legend, it is more preposterous, absurd, and incredible than any thing in the Arabian Nights. He is come hither—and why should one think but he may be popular here too! But enough of criminals and adventurers: though perhaps it is not much changing the theme to tell you that I have received a letter from Constantinople, as I had one from Petersburgh, before that from Venice, after the heroine had left Florence. She is now gone to the Greek Isles, and bids me next direct to Vienna. I have answered none; I had a mind to direct to the Fiancée du Roi de Garbe. I shall at least stay till I hear that she is not a prize to some Corsair.

Your nephew and niece, I hear, are married. The father, I hope, will now soon make you another visit; I love to have him with you.

I talked of gratitude, but recollect that I have not even thanked you for your cameo. I hope this looks like not being delighted with it: —how can I say such a brutal thing? I am charmed with your kindness, though I wished for no more proofs of it. In short, I don't know how to steer between my inclination for expressing my full sense of your friendship, and my pride, that is not fond of being obliged—and so very often obliged—by those I love most. Oh! but I have a much worse vice than pride (which, begging the clergy's pardon, I don't think a very heinous one, as it is a counter-poison to meanness)—I am monstrously ungrateful; I have received a thousand valuable presents from you, and yet never made you one! I shall begin to think I am avaricious too. In short, my dear sir, your cameo is a mirror in which I discover a thousand faults, of which I did not suspect myself, besides all those which I did know: no, no, I will not lecture Mrs. Damer, but myself. I absolve you, and am determined to think myself a prodigy of rapacity! I see there is no merit in not loving money, if one loves playthings. I have often declaimed against collectors, who will do any thing mean to obtain a rarity they want: pray, is that so bad as accepting curiosities, and never making a return? Oh! I am the most ungrateful of all virtu-

osos, as you are the most generous of all friends! Well! the worse I think of myself, the better I think of you, and that is some compensation for the contempt I have for myself; and I will be content to serve as a foil to you. Adieu!

This is the last letter which Horace Walpole addressed to Sir Horace Mann. The illness of the latter now became serious, but he lingered on in great suffering until the 16th of November. His last moments were cheered by the kind attentions of his nephew, who immediately repaired to Florence, on learning of his uncle's illness. According to his wishes, the remains of Sir Horace Mann were brought to England, and deposited in the family vault at Linton in Kent.—Ed.

TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Paris, December 2nd, 1765.

DEAR GEORGE,

In return for your kind line by Mr. Beauclerk I send you a whole letter, but I was in your debt before, for making over Madame Du Deffand to me, who is delicious; that is, as often as I can get her fifty years back; but she is as eager about what happens every day as I am about the last century. I sup there twice a week, and bear all her dull company for the sake of the Regent.* I might go to her much oftener, but my curiosity to see every body and every thing is insatiable, especially having lost so much time by my confinement. I have been very ill a long time, and mending much longer, for every two days undo the ground I get. The fogs and damps, which, with your leave, are greater and more frequent than in England, kill me. However, it is the country in the world to be sick and grow old in. The first step towards being in fashion is to lose an eye or a tooth. Young people I conclude there are, but where they exist I don't guess: not that I complain; it is charming to totter into vogue. If I could but run about all the morning, I should be content to limp into good company in the evening. They humour me and fondle me so, and are so good-natured, and make me keep my armed chair, and rise for nobody, and hand out nobody, and don't stare at one's being a skeleton, that I grow to like them exceedingly, and to be pleased with living here, which was far from the case at first: but then there was no soul in Paris but philosophers, whom I wished in heaven,

* Madame du Deffand had been the Mistress of the famous Regent-Duke of Orleans.—Ed.

though they do not wish themselves so. They are so overbearing and so underbred!

Your old flame, the Queen, was exceedingly kind to me at my presentation. She has been ever since at Fontainbleau, watching her son, whose death is expected every day, though it is as much the fashion not to own it, as if he was of the immortal House of Brunswick.* Madame Geoffrin† is extremely what I had figured her, only with less wit and more sense than I expected. The Duchess d'Aiguillon is delightful, frank, and jolly, and handsome and good-humoured, with dignity too. There is another set in which I live much, and to my taste, but very different from all I have named, Madame de Rochfort, and the set at the Luxembourg. My newest acquaintance is Monsieur de Maurepas, with whom I am much taken, though his countenance and person are so like the late Lord Hardwicke. From the little I have seen of him, we have reason, I believe, to thank Madame de Pompadour for his disgrace.‡ At the Marquis de Brancas' I dined with the Duc de Brissac, in his red stockings: in short, I think my winter will be very well amused, whether Mr. Garrick and Mr. Pitt act or not.

Pray tell Lord Holland, that I have sent him the few new things that I thought would entertain him for a moment, though none of them have much merit. I would have written to him, had I any thing to tell him; which you perceive by what I have said, I had not. The affair of the Parliament of Brétagne, and the intended trial of the famous Mons. de Charolais by *commission*, against which the Parliament of Paris strongly inveighs, is the great subject in agitation; but I know little of the matter, and was too sick of our own Parliaments to interest myself about these. The Hôtel de Carnavalet§ sends its blessings to you. I never pass it without saying an Ave

* The Dauphin Louis died at Fontainbleau, after a long illness, on the 20th of this month, at the age of thirty-six.

† Walpole writes to Gray the poet on the 25th January, 1766, "Madame Geoffrin, of whom you have heard much, is an extraordinary woman, with more common sense than I almost ever met with. Great quickness in discovering characters, penetration in going to the bottom of them, and a pencil that never fails in a likeness—seldom a favourable one. She exacts and preserves, in spite of her birth and their nonsensical prejudices about nobility, great court and attention. This she acquires by a thousand little arts and offices of friendship, and by a freedom and severity which seem to be her sole end of drawing a concourse to her; for she insists on scolding those she inveigles to her. She has little taste and less knowledge, but protects artisans and authors, and courts a few people to have the credit of serving her dependents." Gibbon also writes to his father on the 24th of February, 1763, "Lady Hervey's recommendation to Madame Geoffrin was a most excellent one: her house is a very good one; regular dinners there every Wednesday, and the best company in Paris, in men of letters and people of fashion." Lady Hervey, (the celebrated Mary Lepel) was the means of introducing both Gibbon and Walpole to Madame Geoffrin.—Ed.

‡ Maurepas had been Minister of Marine, and is now known to have been disgraced by means of Madame de Pompadour. On the death of Louis the Fifteenth he was summoned to assist in forming the new Administration.—Ed.

§ The residence of Madame de Sevigné in Paris.

Maria de Rabutin Chantal, gratiâ plena! The Abbé de Malherbe has given orders that I should see Livery whenever I please. Pray tell me which convent was that of *nos Sœurs de Sainte Marie*, where our friend* used to go on the evening that Madame de Grignan set out for Provence?

My best compliments to Mr. Williams: has Lord Rockingham done any thing for him yet? or has the Duke of Newcastle his old power of dispensing with promises? I sent my Lady Townshend, as long ago as by Lady Hertford, two silver knives which she desired, but cannot hear by any way that she received them. I could ask twenty other questions; but some I had better not ask, and the rest I should not care whether they were answered or not. We have swarms of English; but most of them know not Joseph, and Joseph does not desire to know them. I live with none of them but Crawford and Lord Ossory, the latter of whom I am extremely sorry is returning to England. I recommend him to Mr. Williams as one of the properest and most amiable young men I ever knew.

I beg your pardon, my dear sir, for this idle letter; yet don't let it lie in your work-basket. When you have a quarter of an hour awake,† and to spare, I wish you would bestow it on me. There are no such things as *bons-mots* here to send you, and I cannot hope that you will send me your own. Next to them, I should like Charles Townshend's, but I dont desire Betty's.‡

I forgot to tell you that I sometimes go to Baron d'Olbach's; but I have left off his dinners, as there was no bearing the authors, and philosophers, and savants, of which he has a pigeon house full. They soon turned my head with a new system of antediluvian deluges, which they have invented to prove the eternity of matter. The Baron is persuaded that Pall Mall is paved with lava or deluge stones. In short, nonsense for nonsense, I like the Jesuits better than the philosophers. Were ever two men so like in their persons, or so unlike in their dispositions, as Dr. Gem and Brand? Almost the first time I ever saw Gem, he said to me, "Sir, I am serious, I am of a very serious turn!" Yes, truly! Say a great deal for me to Lord March, and to the Rena's dogs *touffe ébourifée*. The old President§ would send his compliments to you, if he remembered you or any thing else.

* Madame de Sevigné. It is almost needless to say that Madame de Grignan was the daughter to whom her charming letters are addressed. Livery, situated in the Fôret de Bondi, about three leagues from Paris, was frequently the residence of Madame de Sevigné, and the place from whence several of her letters were addressed.—Ed.

† Selwyn was in the habit of dozing in company.—Ed.

‡ The mistress of a fruit-shop in St. James's Street, a lounging-place of the men of fashion of the day.—Ed.

§ Charles John Francis, better known as the President Henault, was the author of several dramatic works, but was principally famous for his excellent dinners, and

When we three meet again at Strawberry, I think I shall be able at least to divert Mr. Williams; but till then you must keep my counsel. Madame du Deffand says I have *le fou mocqueur*, and I have not hurt myself a little by laughing at *whisk* and Richardson,* though I have steered clear of the chapter of Mr. Hume;† the only Trinity now in fashion here. *A propos*, I see by the papers that the Bishop of London is suppressing mass-houses. When he was Bishop of Peterborough and Parson of Twickenham, he suffered one under his nose. Did the Duchess of Norfolk get him translated to London? I should conclude so; and that this was the first opportunity he had of being ungrateful. Adieu! my dear sir, yours most sincerely,

HORACE WALPOLE.

TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Arlington Street, October 16, 1767.

THANK you; I am as well as any body can be that has been drowned from above and below, that was sick to death for eight hours,‡ with the additional mortification of finding myself not invulnerable. In short, I had every affliction from my passage, except in not catching cold; so that on that side I am still first-cousin to Hercules.

I find London as empty as possible, and politics quite asleep,—I

his work, the "Abrégé Chronologique de l'Histoire de France." Voltaire addresses him,—

Henault, fameux par vos soupers,
Et votre Chronologie, &c.

Henault was the intimate friend of Madame du Deffand, and his table was the resort of all the men of wit and talent of the French capital. He died in 1770. —ED.

* "High as Richardson's reputation stood in his own country, it was even more exalted in those of France and Germany, whose imaginations are more easily excited, and their passions more easily moved, by tales of fictitious distress, than are the cold-blooded English. Foreigners of distinction have been known to visit Hampstead, and to inquire for the Flask Walk, distinguished as a scene in Clarissa's History, just as travellers visit the rocks of Meillerie to view the localities of Rousseau's tale of passion. Diderot vied with Rousseau in heaping incense upon the shrine of the English author. The former compares him to Homer, and predicts for his memory the same honours which are rendered to the father of epic poetry; and the last, besides his well-known burst of eloquent panegyric, records his opinion in a letter to D'Alembert: 'On n'a jamais fait encore, en quelque langue que ce soit, de roman égal à Clarisse, ni même approchant.'" Sir Walter Scott, Prose Works, vol. iii. p. 48.—ED.

† Hume, as Secretary of the Embassy under the Earl of Hertford, and afterwards as Chargé d'Affaires at Paris, had rendered himself *personally* no less popular in France than Richardson had done by his sentimentalities.—ED.

‡ In his passage from France. Walpole quitted Paris for England on the 6th of this month.—ED.

mean, in town. In the counties they are all mad about elections. The Duke of Portland, they say, carried thirty thousand pounds to Carlisle, and it is all gone already. Lord Clive is going before his money, and not likely to live three months.

Lady Bolingbroke has declared she will come into waiting on Sunday se'nnight; but as the Queen is likely to be brought to bed before that time,* this may only be a bravado. The report is, that she intends to acknowledge all my Lord can desire.

I found Lord Holland most remarkably mended in his health. Lady Holland has set out to-day, and he follows her to-morrow. I beg you will tell the Marquise de Broglie, (whom you will see at the President's,) that Lord Holland carries her a box of pimpernel seed, and will leave it at Mons. Panchaud's, whither she must send for it. I hope you will be so good as not to forget this; nor another little commission, which is, to ask Madame Geoffrin where Mons. Guibert, the King's carver, lives, and then to send him a guinea, for a drawing he made for me, which I will deduct from the lottery tickets which I have bought for you, at twelve pounds seventeen and sixpence a-piece. The numbers are, 17574, on which I have written your name and Mad. de Bentheim's, and 26442, on which I have written Wiart's.

I have twice called on my Lady Townshend, but missed her; I am now going to her by appointment.

Pray tell Lord Carlisle that I delivered his letters and parcels. Say a great deal for me to Madame du Deffand and Lord March, who I need not say are what I left best at Paris. Do not stay for more hurricanes and bad weather, but come away the first fine day. Adieu! Yours ever, H. W.

A Monsieur, Monsieur Selwyn,
à l'Hôtel de Duc de York,
Rue Jacob, Fauxbourg St. Germain, à Paris.

TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 9, 1771.

Who would ever have thought that Raton and Rosette† would be talked of for one another? But neither innocence nor age are secure! People say that there never is a smoke without some fire: here is a striking proof to the contrary. Only think of the poor dear souls having a comic opera made upon their loves.* Rosette is so shocked that she insists upon Raton's posting to Paris and breaking

* The Queen was brought to bed of the late Duke of Kent, father of her present Majesty, on the 2d of November.—Ed.

† The names of two dogs belonging to George Selwyn and Horace Walpole. —Ed.

the poet's bone's *sauf à les ronger après*. If he is a *preux chevalier*, he will vindicate her character *d'une manière éclatante*. Do not tell me that you are lying-in and cannot spare him; I am sure you are so fond of your little girl, that you will not miss him.

Have you heard the last adventure of the *fiancée du Roi de Garbe*? She was seven years and a half at sea; the captain of the packet-boat is tall, comely enough, and a very shark on such an occasion. He snapped her up at once as voraciously as she did John Harding. They passed a week together at Calais, and he then consigned her over to a marching regiment at Ardres. Alfieri† told this story himself to Monsieur Francès, from whom I had it fresh. Alfieri's sentiments, that had resisted so many trials, could not digest this last chapter; he has given her up. I wish, when she has run the gauntlet through all the troops on the road to Paris, she may replace Madame du Barry, and prove *la fiancée du Roi de France*.

Yours ever, H. WALPOLE.

TO GEORGE SELWYN.

York, Aug. 12th, 1772.

DEAR GEORGE.

I LOVE to please you when it is in my power, and how can I please you more than by commending Castle Howard? for though it is not the House that Jack built, yet you love even the cow with the crumpled horn that feeds in the meadow that belongs to the House that Jack's grand-father built. Indeed, I can say with exact truth, that I never was so agreeably astonished in my days as with the first vision of the whole place. I had heard of Vanbrugh, and how Sir Thomas Robinson and he stood spitting and swearing at one another; nay, I have heard

* *Le Journal des Spectacles*, 28 August, 1771, contains the following bill under the head of "La Comédie Italienne."

RATON ET ROSETTE,
Parodie rémise au Théâtre,
Avec ses agrémens;
Précédée DU MARECHAL.
On prendra 6 *liv. et*
Demain la troisième Réprésentation
Des DEUX MILICIENS,
Comédie nouvelle en un Acte.
Suivi d'un Divertissement,
Précédée
Des INTRIGUES D'ARLEQUIN,
Pièce Italienne.
On commencera à cinq heures et un quart.——ED.

† Alfieri had recently visited England, where he had distinguished himself by his numerous gallantries.

of glorious views, and Lord Stafford alone had told me I should see one of the finest places in Yorkshire; but nobody, no, not *votre partialité*, as Louis Quatorze would have called you, had informed me that I should at one view see a palace, a town, a fortified city, temples on high places, woods worthy of being each a metropolis of the Druids, vales connected to hills by other woods, the noblest lawn in the world fenced by half the horizon, and a mausoleum that would tempt one to be buried alive; in short, I have seen gigantic places before, but never a sublime one. For the House, Vanbrugh has even shown taste in its extent and cupolas, and has mercifully omitted ponderosity. Sir Thomas's front is beautiful without, and, except in one or two spots, has not a bad effect, and I think, without much effort of genius, or much expense, might be tolerably harmonized with the rest. The spaces within are noble, and were wanted; even the hall being too small. Now I am got into the hall, I must beg, when you are in it next, to read Lord Carlisle's verses on Gray, and then write somewhere under the story of Phæton these lines, which I ought to have made extempore, but did not till I was half way back thither:

> Carlisle, expunge the form of Phæton;
> Assume the car, and grace it with thy own,
> For Phœbus owns in thee no falling son.

Oh! George, were I such a poet as your friend, and possessed such a Parnassus, I would instantly scratch my name out of the buttery-book of Almack's; be admitted, *ad eundem*, among the muses; and save every doit to lay it out in making a Helicon, and finishing my place.

I found *my* Lord Northampton:* his name is on his picture, though they showed me his nephew Suffolk's portrait, who was much fatter, for his. There is a delicious whole-length of Queen Mary, with all her folly in her face and her hand, and a thousand other things, which I long to talk over with you. When you write to Spa, pray thank Lord Carlisle, for the great civilities I received here. The house-keeper showed me and told me every thing, and even was so kind as to fetch Rosette a basin of water, which completed the conquest of my heart. Wine I was offered, and fruit was heaped on me, and even dinner was tendered; in short I never passed a day more to my content. I only wanted you, and I should have been as happy as I was at Iceaux; you know my ecstacies when I am really pleased. By the end of next week I shall be in town, and hope to find you there, that we may satisfy both ourselves with larger details.

When I mentioned the attentions paid to me, I am ungrateful to

* Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, so celebrated for his share in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, died June 15th, 1614.—Ed.

forget the sun, who was complaisance itself; shone all day, gilt a hundred hay-cocks that were spread over the great lawn, and illuminated the mausoleum during my dinner. And now, will you tell me that Lord Carlisle is not nearer related to him than some folks thought? Let me tell you, this is much better authenticated than his lordship's priority to Howard of Corbie, in which you are mistaken, and so good night,

Your most cordially, HOR. WALPOLE.

TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Strawberry Hill, Wednesday, Aug. 10th, at night. [1774.]

I THINK I shall be with you on Saturday; at least I know that I intend to set out to-morrow and lie at Park Place; but it is so formidable to me to begin a journey, and I have changed my mind so often about this, though I like it so much, that I beg you will not be disappointed if you do not see me. If I were juvenile enough to set off at midnight and travel all night, you would be sure of me; but folks who do any thing eagerly, neither know nor care what they do. Sedate me, who deliberate, at least do not determine but on preference; therefore, if I surmount difficulties, I shall at least have some merit with you; and, if I do not, you must allow that the difficulties were prodigious, when they surmounted so much inclination.

In this wavering situation I wish you good-night, and hope I shall wake to-morrow as resolute as Hercules or Mr. Bruce;* but pray do not give me live beef for supper. Yours ever, H. W.

To George Augustus Selwyn, Esq.,
at Matson, near Gloucester.

* The celebrated Abyssinian traveller. After surviving perils, such as it has been the fate of few men to encounter, he died by an accidental fall down stairs, while taking farewell of some guests, in April, 1794. Notwithstanding the difficulties spoken of by Mr. Walpole, he visited his friend as we find by the following letter to the Rev. Mr. Cole, dated the 15th March:—"Matson, near Gloucester. You will not dislike my date. I am in the very mansion where King Charles and his two eldest sons lay during the siege; and there are marks of the last's hacking with his hanger on a window, as he told Mr. Selwyn's grandfather. The present master has done due honour to the royal residence, and erected a good marble bust of the martyr, in a little gallery. In a window is a shield in painted glass, with that King's and his Queen's arms, which I gave him. So you see I am not a rebel, when *alma mater* antiquity stands godmother."

TO THE COUNTESS OF GLOUCESTER.

MADAM,

THE most proper mark of respect that I can show to the Duke or to your Royal Highness on a subject of such momentous importance, is to use as few words as possible. I am not wise enough to advise, much less to decide upon it; nor do I know a man in England who I think could advise the Duke upon it with good effect. All I can do is to suggest what comes into my mind on the most intense thought and coolest reflection, submitting my sentiments, with the utmost deference, to his Royal Highness's judgment.

No man living has a higher opinion of the Duke of Richmond's unequalled honour and integrity than I have. I respect his spirit and abilities, and am as sure as I can be of any thing that he is incapable of an unworthy action. Still I should not recommend him for the mover, if the question is resolved upon. The D. of K. is particularly unwelcome to his Majesty; and the measure will be thought the more hostile if proposed by his Grace.

The question itself seems to me most unlikely of success. The Ministers will plead that when the King, however necessitous, does not ask for an increase of income, from the present distressed situation of the country, it cannot be reasonable to augment the revenue of his brothers. An increase of the King's own revenue might be supposed to include the charge of his own children; but an addition to that of his brothers, would not lessen the burden of his own issue. And it would infallibly be urged that so numerous a progeny as his Majesty's, makes it imprudent to establish a precedent of such large revenues for each Prince of the Royal Family.

In any case, so great is the power of the Crown, and so infamous the servility of Parliament, that there cannot be the shadow of hope that an increase could be obtained for the two Royal Dukes against the King's inclination.

But a question moved and lost, as undoubtedly this would be, could only make His Royal Highness's case worse, if possible, than it is at present. His Royal Highness's father, though heir-apparent to an old King, could not obtain an increase of income when parties ran high, and were almost equally divided. His Royal Highness, the Duke of Gloucester, can hold out neither hopes nor rewards, and, in the very low ebb of opposition, would obtain scarce any support. When so few pay common respect by waiting on him, though not discountenanced for it, would they vote for him? no, not all that now pay their duty to him.

The question moved and lost would change the state of the case to His Royal Highness's disadvantage. His treatment may now be thought hard. When he should have had recourse to opposition, which a parliamentary application would be called, the courtiers

would term it a hostile measure, and thus claim a sanction for their servility, by affecting to support offended majesty.

The King himself would then too plead that he only acted by the opinion of Parliament, who did not think it reasonable to increase the income of the two Princes. And the most moderate Ministers, if any such there are, who may have wished a reconciliation between the King and his brothers, will then oppose it, as concluding that, by voting against them, they have made the two royal dukes their personal enemies.

Thus every door to a reconciliation in the royal family would be shut, and no advantage gained. On the contrary, His Royal Highness would only let the world know how few friends stand by him. When so few even of the opposition wait on him, I doubt whether they would be heartier friends to his interest.

These seem to me insurmountable difficulties. It is still more arduous for me to chalk out an alternative.

I presumed to tell your Royal Highness, madam, when you first mentioned this great point to me, that I thought the first step in wisdom to be taken, was to engage the favour of mankind to the Duke's cause by showing he had done every thing rather than act in what might be called a hostile manner. His Royal Highness will, I flatter myself, forgive me if I use even an improper term. Will it be too free-spoken in so important a moment to say, that previous to an application to Parliament, which should in prudence be the last resort, I would recommend even that application, if the Duke could show he had tried every method of softening his Majesty's displeasure? Nobody knows so well as His Royal Highness how to mix dignity with propriety. Could not His Royal Highness, madam, blend those two in a representation of his youthful error, of his concern for having afflicted an affectionate brother and king, of tenderness for a wife, and a sweet little innocent princess, calling on His Majesty's piety for forgiveness, and by touching his heart on his own conjugal and parental affections; and above all by stating his own anxious cares on the incertitude of the fate of persons so dear to him as your Royal Highness and the infant Princess, his daughter? These, madam, are noble motives, and would justify a tender and fraternal application to his Majesty's heart, and would distress it far differently from a question in Parliament. They would engage the compassion of the disinterested world, and in the last resort would corroborate in the strongest manner all arguments in Parliament, where it would certainly be asked if his Royal Highness had used any intercession with the King, his brother. When the Duke had tried all other methods in vain, such application could not be condemned; and the preference of all softer methods first would redound to His Royal Highness's honour.

Having said thus much, madam, I think my conscience and duty oblige me to add, that I think it indispensably incumbent on those who have the honour to be related to your Royal Highness, to give you

no advice but such as may tend to repair the breaches which the Duke's tenderness for you has occasioned in the Royal Family. The good of his Royal Highness calls on you and on us to consult his welfare in the first instance. You have always told me how desirous you are of sacrificing yourself for him. I know the uprightness of your heart, madam, and I know you spoke truth. Advise him to whatever is most for his benefit and credit. Do your duty by him, and trust to a just God for your reward. In the presence of that God I have given you the best advice in my power. I am sure I have not disobliged you by my freedom: I hope I have not offended his Royal Highness, but I declare on my conscience and honour, that I know not what better advice to give, and sign it with my name, as the firm opinion of, madam, your Royal Highness's

Most faithful and devoted humble servant,

HORACE WALPOLE.

Jan. 27, 1774.

TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Paris, Sept. 16, 1775.

MR. BRODERICK brought me your letter yesterday, and I told him, as you may be sure, how glad I shall be to be of any use to him. I shall be of little, I believe, as his object is to see things, not persons. Madame Du Deffand would have been more pleased with your message, which I delivered immediately, if she had had greater faith in it: yet, when Crawford and I come so often, how can she doubt her power of attraction? If possible, she is more worth visiting than ever: so far am I from being ashamed of coming hither at my age, that I look on myself as wiser than one of the Magi, when I travel to adore this star in the East. The star and I went to the Opera last night, and when we came from Madame de Valière's, at one in the morning, it wanted to drive about the town, because it was too early to *set*. To be sure, you and I have dedicated our decline to very different occupations. You nurse a little girl of four years old, and I rake with an old woman of fourscore?* *N'importe*; we know many sages that take great pains to pass their time with less satisfaction.

We have both one capital mortification; have not you? That a great-grand-daughter of Madame de Sevigné pretends, for it is not certain, that she has been debauched by ancient Richelieu,† and half the world thinks that she is more guilty of forgery. The memoirs of the two parties are half as voluminous as those of Monsieur du Guines, and more are to appear.

* At this period Madame du Deffand had entered into her 79th year.—ED.

† The Marshal Duc de Richelieu, so celebrated for his wit, his gallantries, and military talents, was at this period in his eightieth year. He died in August, 1788, at the age of ninety-two.

You shall have some royal prints. New fashions in dress, furniture, baubles, I have seen none. Feathers are waning, and almost confined to *filles* and foreigners. I found out an Englishwoman at the Opera last night by her being covered with plumes and no rouge; so well our countrywomen contrive to display their virtue!

I do not tell you about Mons. Turgot's* regulations and reformations, because you care no more about their *patrie* than your own; but you shall hear a *bon-mot* of Madame du Deffand. Mons. Turgot has begun several reforms and retracted them: she said,—*Dans le bon vieux tems on reculoit pour mieux sauter, au lieu que Mons. Turgot saute pour mieux reculer.*

Of the house of Harrington I know as much as you do. Lady Barrymore is here† and my Lord and Lady Harriot‡ are coming: the first is excessively admired. Lady Mary Coke, Henry Grenville§ and his wife, Crawford, Lord Coleraine,‖ and Lord Duncannon, are here: the latter will carry this letter. There are many other English; but I did not come hither to get acquaintance of that sort. Madame du Deffand has filled up her vacancies, and given me enough new French. With one of them you would be delighted, a Madame de Marchais. She is not perfectly young, has a face like a Jew pedlar, her person is about four feet, her head about six, and her *coiffure* about ten. Her forehead, chin, and neck, are whiter than a miller's; and she wears more festoons of natural flowers than all the *figurantes* at the Opera. Her eloquence is still more abundant, her *attentions* exuberant. She talks volumes, writes folios—I mean in *billets*; presides over the *Académie*, inspires passions, and has not time enough to heal a quarter of the wounds she gives. She has a house in a nutshell, that is fuller of invention than a fairy tale; her bed stands in the middle of the room, because there is no other space that would hold it; it is surrounded by such a perspective of looking-glasses, that you may see all that passes in it from the first ante-chamber. But you will see her if you come in spring, which you will not do, unless you bring Mie Mie and Raton, and one or two of Lord Carlisle's children; and that you will be afraid of doing, for Madame du Deffand has got a favourite dog,¶ that will bite all their noses off, and

* The French Minister of Finance.—Ed.

† Emilia, third daughter of William, second Earl of Harrington, and wife of Richard, sixth Earl of Barrymore. She died in 1780. Walpole writes to General Conway on the 6th of this month: "Lady Barrymore has taken a house. She will be glutted with conquests: I never saw any body so much admired. I doubt her poor little head will be quite overset."—Ed.

‡ Lady Henrietta Stanhope, fourth daughter of Lord Harrington, married, in March, 1776, Thomas, fourth Lord Foley. She died in 1781.—Ed.

§ Henry Grenville, brother to Richard, first Earl Temple, had recently been ambassador at Constantinople. He married, October 11, 1757, Margaret, sister of John Hodgkinson Banks, Esq.—Ed.

‖ John Hanger, second Lord Coleraine in Ireland. He died 20 November, 1794.

¶ The well-known Tonton bequeathed by Madame du Deffand to Horace Walpole, and so frequently alluded to in his letters. Walpole writes to General Con-

was very near tearing out one of Lady Barrymore's eyes the other night. Adieu! I shall see you by the middle of October the 21st,

Yours, &c.

P.S. Duncannon is not gone, but I can send my letter to-morrow, and shall.

To George Augustus Selwyn, Esq.,
in Stanhope Street, Berkeley Square, London.

TO THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.

January 17, 1775.

Sir,

Your Royal Highness's commands are so much a law to me that, though deeply conscious of the inequality of my understanding to so arduous a question, and full of fears lest a word should drop from me that should lead your Royal Highness into any step prejudicial to yourself, or to the Princesses, your daughters. I venture to lay my thoughts at your Royal Highness's feet; only entreating, if they appear to have any weight in them, that your Royal Highness would not adopt them till they have been approved by better judgments than mine.

Before I speak, sir, on the question whether your Royal Highness should take any measure in Parliament for procuring a provision for your family, permit me, sir, to state an apprehension that has struck me, from the conversation I had the honour of having with you, the last time I saw you. Your Royal Highness expressed doubts whether there might not be some idea of calling the legitimacy of your children in question. Alas! sir, if it is possible that any human mind should have such an idea, would not a motion in Parliament be the likeliest method of bringing that horrid intention into execution? The Parliament is so infamous, that it could, I firmly believe, be brought to lend its assistance to any thing. As your Royal Highness's hint of carrying any part of your cause thither, has not alarmed—may one not suppose that, not alarming, it pleases? What will either House not do? what has either refused to do? Consider, sir, how many would be glad to colour over their mean desertion or neglect

way, on the eighth of September, 1775: "Tonton grows the greater favourite the more people he devours. As I am the only person who dare correct him, I have already insisted on his being confined in the Bastile every day after five o'clock. The other night he flew at Lady Barrymore's face, and I thought would have torn her eye out; but it ended in biting her finger. She was terrified; she fell into tears. Madame Du Deffand, who has too much parts not to see every thing in its true light, perceiving that she had not beaten Tonton half enough, immediately told us a story of a lady, whose dog, having bitten a piece out of a gentleman's leg, the tender dame, in a great fright, cried out, "Won't it make my dog sick?" Collective Edition of Walpole's Letters, vol. v. p. 428.

of you, by calling into question the validity of your marriage, and, consequently, of the birth of your children. Shame is apt to fly to crimes for a veil. I have no difficulty in speaking on this question: your Royal Highness must authenticate the legitimacy of your children, before you think of a provision for them. I rest it there, sir, not to trouble you with unnecessary words.

In regard to the question your Royal Highness was pleased to put to me, on some motion for a provision, I will consider it in two lights; in the first, whether it would be proper for any lords to take it up. This, sir, I am sorry to say, lies in a very small compass, and extends to a very few lords in the opposition; your Royal Highness knows already my opinion, that a few opposing lords would only do your cause signal mischief, and would give the pretended sanction, that I fear is wished for, to doing nothing for you—and therefore if I am not wrong, not to be attempted. The Duke of R—, with whom I have talked, fears nothing, sir, but hurting your cause. He is so personally obnoxious, that he thinks a motion from your Royal Highness and himself would only be considered, certainly represented, as factious—his Grace's tenderness and delicacy would not suffer him to add, that none of his friends would support him, though he knows they would not. But what could be expected, sir, from a measure so generally abandoned? When could it be revived with success, unless not only times, but men, should be totally altered?

I can then, sir, have but one idea left, the same I suggested on Monday, if your Royal Highness should still think the present season a proper one, though it is probable that nothing will be stirred this year in relation to an increase of the revenue of the Crown. I must throw myself on your Royal Highness's great goodness and generosity before I presume to utter what I have farther to say. You have indeed, sir, commanded me, given me leave to speak what I think, and dare not at such a crisis but speak what I think. Be not offended, sir; my heart burns to serve you, but I will not waste your time on my idle apologies. My sincerity must be proved by my actions.

I have said, sir, how infamous I think Parliaments. I have not so bad an opinion of all mankind in general. Humanity can operate, when interest is silent. It seems essential, in my opinion, to any future service that your Royal Highness may reap from a motion in Parliament, that the cry of mankind should be raised loud in your favour. That can only be excited by stating your sufferings, and by being able to prove that you have done every thing in your power to reconcile his Majesty, and to deprecate his anger. The plan I should humbly offer to your Royal Highness for your conduct will best explain my meaning, laying it before you, sir, with the utmost deference and diffidence; far from presuming to dictate, but obeying from perfect submission.

I should begin, sir, by writing an ostensible letter to the King,

asking pardon for a natural youthful error, regretting his displeasure, intreating a return of his fraternal affections, stating my own ill health, and how much that must be augmented by his resentment, and at least imploring he would give that relief to a sick body and wounded mind of promising he would make a proper provision for persons so dear to me as my wife and children. As heightening the picture a little would not add to your Royal Highness's disorder, I would beg the comfort of taking leave of him in so critical a situation of my health. If this should have no effect, sir, I would just before leaving England, in my place in the House of Lords, acquaint their Lordships that I was grieved that his Majesty was so much offended at a youthful error, which, as it was neither repugnant to religion nor law at that time, had flattered myself had not been irremissible. That I had done but what the heir of the crown, James II., when Duke of York, had done and been forgiven, and what had very frequently been done by ther Princes of the Royal blood, and by Kings of England themselves. That I had never refused any match that had been proposed, and had only chosen for myself when no wife had been sought for me. That I had referred legal matrimony to the dissoluteness of youth; that I had selected a woman of blameless virtue; and that I had done what their Lordships could not disapprove, I had chosen a lady from their own class, into which Princes of the blood used to marry. I would then acquaint them with the steps I had in vain taken for a reconciliation. I would entreat them to be mediators with the King for remission of my fault in marrying without his approbation. I would acquaint them with the precarious state of my health, which obliged me to leave the kingdom and my family unprovided for; and I would beg them, as Christian Peers and his Majesty's great Council, to endeavour to repair the breaches in the Royal Family; and, if anything should happen to me, to intercede with his Majesty's piety and forgiveness, to make a suitable provision for two innocent young Princesses of his own blood, who had never offended him; and I would add, that, to avoid any suspicion of intending disturbing his Majesty's mind, I declined making any present parliamentary application for my children, but would leave to the wisdom of their Lordships to take the most proper time of being intercessors for me and my family with my Royal Brother. This address, sir, to the Lords I would deliver in writing, and would desire it might be entered on the journals. I would then retire and leave them.

But now, sir, after taking such a latitude of liberty, whom shall I interest to be intercessor for me with your Royal Highness—your own excellent heart, sir? No, you cannot be offended at zeal, even if it has passed its due bounds. On my soul, sir, I think that what I have said, is the best method I can devise for obtaining your Royal Highness's object. No high-flown loyalty nor grovelling self-interest has dictated my words. If Parliament is against you, the majority of mankind must be gained over by acting as they would advise. If I advise you, sir, to stoop beyond what your Royal heart would sug-

gest, it is for the sake of your children, who will plead when I fail. If you are in the right, in the world's eye, whatever it costs your feeling, it will be of use to them. The circumstances may change; your health, I trust in God, will be re-established, and the more sacrifices you have made, the higher you will stand in the esteem of mankind. I still flatter myself you will enjoy all the happiness and dignity due to your virtues and birth. I am not likely to see that moment, nor should profit by it if I did; but I have done my duty as your true servant, and if I was now at my last hour, I could not give you any other advice than what I now presume to lay at your feet.

P.S. If your Royal Highness should deem this advice timid, I beg it may be tried by this test, whether your Royal Highness thinks, sir, that any one of your enemies would be glad I had given this advice; undoubtedly, sir, the more you take care to be in the right yourself, the more you put those who hurt you with the King in the wrong.

TO THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.

I DO assure you, madam, your Royal Highness is totally mistaken about Lord Ch——, whom I have not seen this month. I received my account from no relation or friend, but from a gentleman of the strictest honour, who came to me as not knowing else how to convey the information to you. I will upon no account name him, as I gave him my word I would not. I am extremely happy there is no truth in the idea, though it came to me in so serious a manner and from a man so incapable of an ill-meaning, that it was my duty to acquaint you with it; and as I desired to be named to your daughters, they will know how kind my intention was, and that I am, as I have professed to them, as affectionate as if I was their father.

I shall be very glad, madam, of your brother's picture, and will try to find a place for it; but it is far from being the only near relation of whom I have no portrait—I have none of Lord Dysart, of the Bishop, of Lady Malpas, of Mr. and Mrs. Cholmondeley, of Lady Cadogan, &c.—and therefore the remark of the persons' that observed your brother's being wanting, was not very good-natured to him or me. Many of the family pictures I happened to have; others I begged as I wanted them for particular places; and, indeed, furnished my house to please myself, not to please such people as those who have been so obliging as to tell your Royal Highness that my not having your brother's picture was a mark of contempt. I have no desire of pleasing those who were capable of saying such a thing to you. Your affection for his memory is most amiable, and I shall obey you with pleasure; but allow me to say, madam, that I hope you will always judge of me by what you know of me, and not from comments of others. I have been taxed with partiality for *you*, long

before there was a question of your present rank; nor do I believe you suspect me of attachment to you from that motive. I am too old, too independent, and too contented to have hopes or fears from any body. I have the highest respect for his Royal Highness's character and virtues, and always shall have; and am proud of paying my court to him, when it can only flow from personal reverence. Were he in the situation he ought to be, I should be but the less anxious to show it.

Indeed I little expected to be suspected of wanting attachment to any part of my family. I have been laughed at, perhaps deservedly, for family pride, which certainly is not always a proof of family affection. I trust I have given proofs that they are not disunited in me; and yet, except from my father, I never received either benefits or favours; and from him only my places, and a small fortune not paid. Thus, whatever I have except my share of Mr. Shorter's fortune that came to me by his leaving no will, and consequently was no obligation, I neither received from my family nor owe to it. It has been saved by my own prudence, is my own to dispose of as I please, and, however I distribute it, or to whom will be a gift, not a claim.

I should not say thus much, madam, but when one can think it worth while to make invidious remarks to you on a tender point with you, on what is or is not in my house, you will allow me to justify myself, and even open my heart to you, to whom I desire it should be known, though I certainly owe no account to any body on so trifling a subject as the furniture of a house which I am master to do what I please with, living or dead. It was from no disregard for your brother that I had not his picture. I love Lady Cadogan very much, as I do, surely, your daughters and nieces, yet have not happened to have their pictures; and though I have probably said a great deal too much, like an old man, it is always a mark of affection when I submit to justify myself on an unjust accusation; and as tenderness for my family is the duty in which I have in my whole life been the least culpable, though very blameable in a thousand other respects, it is very pardonable to be circumstantial and prolix to her whose reproach was kind and good, and whom I desire to convince that I have neither wanted affection for my family, nor am unjust to it. I have the honour to be, madam, your Royal Highness's

Most faithful, humble servant,

May 10, 1778.

HORACE WALPOLE.

TO LORD ORFORD.

My Dear Lord,

Your Lordship is very good in thanking me for what I could not claim any thanks, as in complying with your request and assisting you to settle your affairs, according to my father's will was not only my duty; but to promote your service and benefit, to re-establish the affairs of my family, and to conform myself to the views of the Excellent Man, the glory of human nature, who made us all what we are, has been constantly one of the principal objects of my whole life. If my labours and wishes have been crowned with small success, it has been owing to my own inability in the first place, and next to tenderness, and to the dirt and roguery of wretches below my notice. For your Lordship, I may presume to say, I have spared no thought, industry, solicitude, application, or even health, when I had the care of your affairs. What I did and could have done, if you had not thought fit to prefer a most conceited and worthless fellow, I can demonstrate by reams of paper, that may one day or other prove what I say,—and which, if I have not yet done, it proceeds from the same tenderness that I have ever had for your Lordship's tranquillity and repose. To acquiesce afterwards in the arrangement you have proposed to me, is small merit indeed. My honour is much dearer to me than fortune; and to contribute to your Lordship's enjoying your fortune with credit and satisfaction, is a point I would have purchased with far greater compliances; for, my Lord, as I flatter myself that I am not thought an interested man, so all who know me know that to see the lustre of my family restored to the consideration to which it was raised by Sir Robert Walpole, shining in you, and transmitted to his and your descendants, was the only ambition that ever actuated me. No personal advantage entered into those views; and if I say thus much of myself with truth, I owe still greater justice to my brother, who has many more virtues than I can pretend to, and is as incapable of forming any mean and selfish wishes as any man upon earth. We are both old men now, and without sons to inspire us with future visions. We wish to leave your Lordship in as happy and respectable a situation as you were born to; and we have both given you all the proof in our power, by acquiescing in your proposal, immediately.

For me, my Lord, I should with pleasure accept the honour of waiting on you at Houghton, at the time you mention, if my lameness and threats of the gout did not forbid my taking so long a journey at this time of the year. At sixty-one it would not become me to talk of another year; perhaps I may never go to Houghton again, till I go thither for ever—but without affectation of philosophy, even the path to that journey will be sweetened to me, if I leave Houghton the flourishing monument of one of the best Ministers that ever blest

this once flourishing country. I am, my dear Lord, Yours most affectionately,

HORACE WALPOLE.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 5, 1778.

TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Strawberry Hill, July 5, 1779.

I TAKE the liberty, which I know you will forgive, my dear sir, of troubling you with the enclosed, begging that you will add any thing that is necessary to the direction,—as *par la Hollande*, or whatever else is requisite,—and to put it into the post as soon as you receive it. Pray tell me too, what is necessary to the direction, and where my maid in town must put in my future letters to Paris, that I may not trouble you any more with them. I fear they will not go so safely and regularly as in the old way, which will vex our good old friend,* who cannot bear to lose any of her stated occupations.

I have just received a present of four beautiful drawings of Grignan, which far exceed my ideas of its magnificence and charming situation. I had concluded that Madame de Sévigné, either from partiality or to please the Seigneur, had exceeded its pomps and command.† I long to show them to you and talk the mover, and am glad to have any thing new that may tempt you hither. Can you tell me if the Duchess of Leinster still goes to Aubigny; and, if she does, when; and if she is in London? I shall be much abliged to you for a true account of Lord Bolingbroke.‡ It is not common curiosity that makes me anxious, though not particularly interested about him, nor is he *the husband* I most wish dead.

Yours most sincerely, H. W.

* Madame du Deffand.

† Walpole writes to the Hon. George Hardinge, on the 4th,—"I have now received the drawings of Grignan, and know not how to express my satisfaction and gratitude but by a silly witticism, that is like the studied quaintness of the last age. In short they are so much more beautiful than I expected, that I am *not* surprised at *your* having surprised me by exceeding even what I expected from your well-known kindness to me; they are charmingly executed, and with great taste. I own, too, that Grignan is grander, and in a much finer situation, than I had imagined; as I concluded that the witchery of Madame de Sévigné's ideas and style had spread the same leaf-gold over *places* with which she gilded her *friends*."—Collective Edit. vol. vi. p. 56.

‡ Frederick, second Viscount Bolingbroke, Selwyn's early friend. He survived till May 5, 1787.

TO LORD HARCOURT.

1780.

My Lord,

Though I think myself so inconsiderable a man that it will be impertinent to give an account of my conduct to the public; yet, as I should be most unhappy to lie under any suspicion, in the eyes of my friends, of acting or being silent, from mercenary views, in the present most serious moment, I declare that my reasons for not appearing in Westminster Hall, and signing a petition to Parliament *for a necessary and effectual reform of the expenditure of public money*, are not from disapprobation of the measure, or from a wish that so salutary a measure should miscarry, or from the least disposition to court favour any where, or with any party; the last of which mean and interested views would be inconsistent with the whole tenor of my life, and shall never stain the small remaining part of it.

But the reason of my not signing such petition is, that possessing nothing but sinecure places, I must consider myself rather as a remote object of the Reformation, than as a proper person to demand it. To petition for the abolition of sinecure places, and to hope not to be included in the reduction, would be unworthy of a man. To say I was ready to resign mine, would be hypocritic ostentation (for no man, I believe, is ready to part with his whole income) and would be a hardship on others in the same predicament, who should be unwilling to offer the same sacrifice, and would be honester men as more sincere.

The line of conduct, therefore, that I think the most decent for me to take, is to be totally silent, and submit myself to the determination of the legislature of my country, and to be content with what in its wisdom it shall decide for the benefit of the nation. I hold nothing from personal merit or services, and must not complain if my ease and comforts are diminished for the public good. But I cannot in conscience sign a request for the abolition of the places of others, who hold them by law, as I do mine, and who are more worthy of them than I am of mine. Neither can I demand the abolition of places not held for life, but the possessors of which are more useful members of society, have smaller incomes than mine, and execute more business than I do, who execute none—for I must speak the truth, and the whole truth. It would a be a great want of feeling and of generosity in me, to desire that any man should be discarded, who is removeable at pleasure, because nothing but a new law can remove me from my place.

Upon the whole, my Lord, it is no selfishness, or change in my principles, that makes me decline signing the petition. I shall die in the principles I have ever invariably professed. My fortune may be decreased, or taken away; but it never shall be augmented by any

employment, pension, or favour, beyond what I now enjoy by the gift of my father alone. I have more than I can pretend to deserve; and beg your Lordship, in whose incorruptible integrity I have the firmest confidence, to produce this testimony, under my own hand, if ever I deviate from what I here profess. And I will flatter myself, that if your Lordship should hear me suspected, from not signing any petition, of having swerved from my principles, you will do me the justice to defend me from that imputation. My character cannot be safer than in your Lordship's hands, and in them I beg leave to deposit it;—for, as next to the imputation of being mercenary, I dread the charge of vanity, I entreat that this letter may not be made public. I am of too little consequence to give myself airs of clearing my conduct before it is censured; and am so obscure a man, that I may never be mentioned; and therefore, I will certainly not thrust myself upon the public from self-conceit and with an unnecessary parade, which I despise.

Allow me the honour of choosing your Lordship for my confessor, and with leaving my conscience in your trust. I am ready, with the utmost submission to the laws of my country, to take my fate with others in whatever shall be decided. I ask no favour or partiality, and am entitled to none; I have no merits to plead;—but I cannot think it would become me to be at once a petitioner and a party petitioned against.

I have the honour to be, with the highest esteem, my Lord, your Lordship's most obedient humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

TO THE REV. W. MASON.

1780.

You must blame yourself, not me, if you are displeased with my letters, which you forced from me. I had done all I could, both by silence, and by more than once or twice declaring I did not choose to write on politics, to avoid any political discussions with you. I could not be ignorant of Lord Harcourt's conversion, which for a moment had so much diverted the town, but I did not take the liberty to mention it to him. On the contrary, when he consulted me on going to Court, which I knew he had determined to do, on being offered the embassy to Spain, I told him I thought civility ought to be returned by respect. Neither was I quite ignorant of your change of sentiments; yet should never have uttered a syllable to you on that occasion, had you not chosen to notify it to me. Then I most certainly had an equal right to declare that my principles were not changed,—especially not by a circumstance, serious indeed in itself, but ludicrous if it had produced such an effect on me as to make me

think the power of the Crown was diminished, was diminishing, and ought to be increased, because its (not secret, but open) influence had been used to force Lords of the Bed-chamber, and even the holy heads of our Church, to sacrifice his conscience, duty and opinion to his gratitude, an example that tells me how much I have been in the right never to involve myself in such terrible obligations! *Ought* did not become you or me.

I am so far from being hurt at your quarrelling with me, that I thank you extremely for it, and still so cordially wish you whatever you may wish for yourself, that I should delight in seeing you Archbishop of York; for as you are excellent at distinctions, you can certainly discern the difference between an Archbishop and a Bishop, as easily as between a King and his crown. I am, sir, with due regard and esteem,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

H. W.

I HAVE for five and forty years acted upon the principles of the constitution, as it was settled at the Revolution, the best form of government that I know of in the world, and which made us a free people, a rich people, and a victorious people, by diffusing liberty, protecting property, and encouraging commerce; and by the combination of all, empowering us to resist the ambition of the House of Bourbon, and to place ourselves on a level with that formidable neighbour. The narrow plan of Royalty, which had so often preferred the aggrandizement of the Crown to the dignity of presiding over a great and puissant free kingdom, threw away one predominant source of our potency by aspiring to enslave America, and would now compensate for the blunder and its consequences by assuming a despotic power at home. It has found a tool in the light and juvenile son of the great Minister who carried our glory to its highest pitch. But it shall never have the insignificant approbation of an old and worn-out son of another Minister, who, though less brilliantly, maintained this country in the enjoyment of the twenty happiest years that England ever enjoyed. Your pert and ignorant Cabal at York, picking up factious slander from party libels, stigmatized that excellent man as the patron of corruption, though all his views and all his notions tended to nothing but to preserve the present family on the throne, and the nation in peace and affluence. Your own blind ambition of being the head of a party, which had no precise system in view, has made you embrace every partial sound which you took for popularity; and being enraged at every man who would not be dictated to by your crude visions, you have floundered into a thousand absurdities; and, though you set out with pretending to reform Parliament, in order to lower the influence of the Crown, you have plunged into the most preprosperous support of prerogative, because Lord North, then

the Crown Minister, declared against your innovations, and has since fallen into disgrace with the King. I am not so little rooted in my principles as to imitate or co-operate with you. I am going out of the world, and am determined to die as I have lived—*consistent*. You are not much younger than I am, and ought to have acted a more temperate and rational part;—but that is no business of mine.

TO THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.

Thursday, March 13th, 1783.

Your Royal Highness may be surprised, madam, that after announcing the fall of Lord Shelburne, I should not have told you who was his successor. I had more reasons than one, like the Mayor of Orleans; though that one were sufficient, viz. his having no successor till yesterday. I know Lord Cholmondeley had written to the Duke; and in truth I did not care to tell foreign post-offices, though no secret, the confusion we were in. I had rather any body should publish our disgraces than I. Nay, I should perhaps have sent false news, for several appointments of Premiers were believed each for a day, and proved false the next. The post was certainly offered to and declined by young Mr. Pitt, to Lord North, Lord Gower, and, it was said, to Lord Thurlow. At last, after a vacancy of seventeen days, Lord North was summoned yesterday, and ordered to make his proposed arrangement; in consequence of which the Duke of Portland was sent for next, and is First Lord of the Treasury. I have not yet heard the other changes or dispositions, but suppose we shall know the principal before this shall set out to-morrow.

There have been cart-loads of abuse, satiric prints, and some little humour on the coalition of Lord North and Mr. Fox; nor has Lord Shelburne been spared before or since his exit. It is remarkable that the counties and towns are addressing thanks for the peace, which their representatives have condemned. George Selwyn has been happiest, as usual, in his bons-mots. He calls Mr. Fox and Mr. Pitt the Idle and Industrious Apprentices. It is a coarser and much poorer piece of wit, I don't know whose, that the Duke of Portland is a fit *block* to hang *Whigs* on. You have seen in the papers, madam, the new peerages and pensions, and therefore I do not mention them. I very likely repeat what you hear from your daughters and others, but what can I tell but what every body knows?

My aunt Lady Walpole is dead, and they say has left but little, and that little to her two daughters. Mr. Skrine has shot himself, it is supposed, from excruciating illnesses. Old Lady Jerningham is recovering from a most violent palsy. General Conway has had as

violent a St. Anthony's fire, but is well again. I will reserve the rest of my paper for new promotions.

I never deal in scandal, madam, but one may make use of it as an antidote to itself. You must have seen in the papers much gross abuse on a pretty ingenious friend of mine for a low amour with one of her own servants, for which I seriously believe there was not the smallest foundation. The charge is now removed to much higher quarters, which at least are more creditable. The town has for these ten days affirmed that the Lord husband was going to cite into the *Spiritual* Court the head of the *Temporal* one—nay, and the third chief of the Common Law—nay, and the second of the Spiritual one too. Such conquests would be very honourable in the records of love, and the first very diverting, as the hero has so much distinguished himself by severity on bills of divorce. I do not warrant any of these stories, but totally discredit that of the domestic. A prude may begin with a footman, and a gallant woman may end with one, but a pretty woman, who has so many slaves in high life, does not think of a livery, especially where vanity is the principal ingredient in her composition.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Berkeley Square, March 13th, 1783.

I do not know whether this letter will not be still shorter than my last; but your nephew sets out next week, and will give you full details of the interlude, for it is now finished. Lord North received command yesterday to form a new Administration according to his own proposal, of which he is *not* to be the chief, but the Duke of Portland. I have not yet heard the other arrangements, for the interministerium, which had lasted seventeen days, ceased but yesterday morning, and was not divulged till the evening.

We shall now, I hope, have a settlement for some time—I mean it is necessary to the country. To me revolutions are but a scene that passes like so many others to which I have been witness, and in which I am concerned but as one of the people. I do not forget how soon I am to leave the theatre even as a spectator. I rejoice in the peace as a happy denouement of one tragedy. What is to follow I trust will only be a comedy (like those of other pacific periods,) as politics are in my eyes when not bloodied by war.

Friday, 14th.

I believe I shall not be able to send you the new litany to night: it had not received the imprimatur yesterday, as there must be two responses to adjust, for those who are to be dismissed, *From our enemies defend us, O Lord!* and for the candidates who are to succeed

them, *We beseech the to hear us.* The town, who never takes so much time to deliberate, disposed the whole arrangement in a moment, though every editor gave different readings. I shall give you neither the one nor the other, as most may be apocryphal, but wait for the genuine edition in usum Delphini.

We have received the dreadful accounts of the devastation of Messina, &c.: I say no more, for I could only detail the common-place reflexions that present themselves on such calamities!

MEMOIR

RELATIVE TO HIS INCOME,

BY HORACE WALPOLE.

In my youth, my father, Sir Robert Walpole, then Prime Minister, gave me the two patent little places I still hold, of Clerk of the Estreats and Controller of the Pipe, which, together, produce about or near 300*l.* per annum. When I was about eighteen or nineteen, he gave me the place of Inspector of the Imports and Exports in the Custom-house, which I resigned in about a year, on his giving me the patent-place of Usher of the Exchequer, then reckoned worth 900*l.* a-year. From that time I lived on my own income, and travelled at my own expense, nor did I during my father's life receive from him but 250*l.* at different times; which I say, not in derogation of his extreme tenderness and goodness to me, but to show that I was content with what he had given to me, and that from the age of twenty I was no charge to my family.

Before my father's quitting his post, he, at the instance of my eldest brother, Lord Walpole, had altered the delivery of Exchequer bills from ten pounds to a hundred pounds. My deputy, after that alteration was made, observed, that as Usher of the Exchequer, who furnishes the materials of Exchequer bills, on which, by the table of rates in the Exchequer, I had a stated profit, I should lose ten per cent., which he represented to my father, who, having altered them to oblige my brother, would not undo what he had done: but, to repair the prejudice I had suffered, Sir Robert, with his wonted equity and tenderness, determined to give me 2000*l.* in lieu of what I lost, and would have added that legacy in a codicil to his will; but this happening only two days before his death, when he was little capable of making that codicil, my brother, Lord Walpole, engaged, at my father's desire, to pay me 400*l.* a-year, which not long after, my brother redeemed for the intended 2000*l.*

King George the First had graciously bestowed on my father the patent-place of Collector of the Customs, for his own life, and for the lives of his two elder sons Robert and Edward; but my father reserved in himself a right of disposing of the income of that place as he should please, during the existence of the grant. Accordingly,

having afterwards obtained for his eldest son Robert the great place of Auditor of the Exchequer, and for his second son Edward that of Clerk of the Pells, he bequeathed, by an instrument under his hand, 1000*l.* a-year to me, out of the patent, for the remainder of the term, and devised the remainder, about 800*l.* a-year, to be divided between my brother Edward and me.

Having provided thus largely for my brother Edward and me, and leaving nothing but an estate in land, of nominally 8000*l.* a-year, and a debt of between forty and fifty thousand pounds, he gave to my brother Edward and me only 5000*l.* a-piece; of which I have never received but 1000*l.*, and none of the interest. He also gave to my brother Edward a freehold house in Pall Mall, and to me the remainder of a house in Arlington-street; which went away from me in 1781, the term being expired.

Though my portion was much inferior to my brother's, still it was a noble fortune for a third son, and much beyond what I expected or deserved. Yet, undoubtedly, so excellent a parent would not have made so slender a provision as 5000*l.* for a son he loved, if he had not had the opportunity and the legal right of giving me a much ampler fortune of what he had obtained by his long and faithful and very essential services to the Kings George the First and Second.

I presume boldly to say that my father had a legal right of making the provision for me he did in the places I hold. Patent-places for life have existed from time immemorial, by law, and under all changes of Government. He who holds an ancient patent-place enjoys it as much by law as any gentleman holds his estate, and by more ancient tenure than most gentlemen hold theirs, and from the same fountain, only of ancienter date, than many of the nobility and gentry hold their estates, who possess them only by grants from the Crown, as I possess my places; which were not wrung from the Church, and in violation of the intention of the donors, as a vast number of estates were: nor can I think myself as a patent-placeman a more useless or a less legal engrosser of part of the wealth of the nation than deans and prebendaries, who fatten on Christianity like any less holy incumbent of a fee. While there are distinctions of ranks, and unequal divisions of property, not acquired by personal merit, but by birth or favours, some will be more fortunate than others. The poor are most entitled to complain; but an archdeacon, or a country gentleman, has very little grace in complaining that any other unprofitable class is indulged by the laws in the enjoyment of more than an equal share of property with the meanest labourer or lowest mechanic.

Having said this with the confidence that does not misbecome a legal possessor, I am far from pretending to any other plea, much less to any merit in myself. A tender parent lavished riches on me greatly beyond my desert, of which I am so little conscious in myself, that, if the distresses of the public require a revocation of gifts bestowed by the Crown in its splendour, I know no man who can

plead fewer services to his country, or less merit in himself than I can. In one light only I can wipe off an aspersion, in which patent-placemen have been confounded with other placemen. No man who holds a place for life is dependent on the Crown, farther than his duty or his gratitude binds him. I, perhaps, by the nature of my office, which I shall explain hereafter, am more dependent than almost any patent-holder; and yet I may presume to say that, having suffered* by that dependence, because I would not violate my principles and conscience, I cannot be deemed a servile placeman.

Endowed so bountifully by a fond parent, as I have allowed myself to be, it would be ridiculous to say that I have been content. Yet, not having unfolded some peculiarities in my situation, I may venture to say that I have shown that I could be content with a considerable diminution. I have never made any merit of that moderation; but when I am held out to the public as one whom the public are called upon to reduce to an humbler lot, which I am ready to admit, if it be but allowed that all my guilt consists in holding what somebody else would have held if I did not, it may be permitted to me to prove, that while I assume no claim of merit, I have declined every offered opportunity of enlarging or securing my fortune, because I would not be bound to serve any Minister contrary to my principles, and because I choose to have no obligations but to one to whom I owed every thing, and to whom it was my duty, and whom it would be my pride, to obey, if he were on earth to exact that obedience.

I have said that my father left me much the larger share in the income of the patent-place in the Custom-house. I have also mentioned that the patent was granted to my father during the lives of him and his two elder sons,—on his death there remained the lives, of my two brothers—and that my share would consequently cease entirely if I survived them. The health of my eldest brother declining, and my brother Edward being eleven years older than me, two or three of my best friends urged me to ask to have my life added to the patent. I refused, but I own I was at last over-persuaded to make application to Mr. Phelham—how unwillingly will appear by my behaviour on that occasion, which did not last two minutes. I went to him and made my request. He replied civilly, he could not ask the King to add my life to the patent; but, if I could get my brother Edward to let my life stand in lieu of his, he would endeavour to serve me. I answered quickly, "Sir, I will never ask my brother to stand in a precarious light instead of me;" and, hurrying out of his house, returned to two of my friends who waited for me, and said to them, "I have done what you desired me to do, but, thank God, I have been refused." This was in the year 1751, and was the first and last favour I ever asked of any Minister for myself.

* My conduct, while I sat in Parliament, is most probably forgotten; but no man can recollect that it looked like servility to Ministers. It is needless to obviate what never was objected to me.

Had I been an ambitious or an interested man, I certainly have had eminent opportunities of indulging either passion. At the beginning of the present reign, an overture presented itself to me, which a more selfish man would have thought flattering to his views.

I may be allowed to say that I have waived more substantial and real offers. Twice I have been offered what I was over-persuaded to ask of Mr. Pelham. Twice I have been offered to have my share of the patent, which I now hold only during my brother's life, conferred on me for my own. Both times I positively refused to accept that offer. Having rejected a certainty of 1400*l.* per annum for own life instead of holding it during the life of one eleven years older, I hope I shall not be thought a very interested man.

I will now explain the nature of my office of Usher of the Exchequer, stated by the Commissioners of Accounts to render to me clear 4200*l.* a-year, and which I said was given to me as producing but 900l. a-year, and which, on an additional tax being laid on places, I gave in as producing 1800*l.* a-year, and which, had it been adverted to, would make me seem to have given in a very fraudulent estimate; but I am so conscious of my innocence and integrity in that respect, that I choose —perhaps out of vanity—to recollect that circumstance myself, as it certainly reflects no dishonour on me. When I was called on to give in the value of my place, I took my book of accounts and receipts for the last twelve years, and gave in the medium of those twelve years, which was 1800*l.* a-year. As mine has been an increasing place by three wars and other circumstances, and as for the first years of my holding that place, it was much less, the medium sum would have been less than 1800*l.* a-year, if I had taken my receipts farther back than twelve years; so that I plainly exaggerated, instead of diminishing, what I had received annually from my first nomination to the office. If I have enjoyed too much, as I confess I have, at least I have not sought to increase my income by any indirect or dirty methods.

The duty of my office is to shut the gates of the Exchequer, and to furnish paper, pens, ink, wax, sand, tape, penknives, scissors, parchment, and a great variety of other articles, to the Exchequer, Treasury, and their offices, and to pay the bills of the workmen and tradesmen who serve those offices. Many of the articles specified are stated in a very ancient table of rates in the Exchequer (I think of the time of Edward the Third, so that my office, is, if a grievance, no very novel one;) and, on those, large profits are allowed to the Usher, whence my profit arises, and whence, if it is largely augmented of late years, a candid examiner will observe that that increase proceeds from the prodigious additional consumption of paper, pens, ink, wax, which the excessive increase of business at the Treasury must occasion; and, therefore, should a much less quantity of those implements be employed, my profits would decrease in proportion. When, therefore, I am charged as receiver of 4200*l.* a-year, it should be remembered, that though I was so in the year 1780, (though

I shall show that even that is an arbitrary statement, not calculated on any medium,) yet I cannot equitably be reckoned *annuitibus annis* to receive so large a sum. I have shown that 1800*l.* a-year was the medium on twelve years, and those not of my last receipts.

It is very difficult to state my case, and not seem to defend it. But I am telling the truth, and not pleading for favour; at least, my object is to attain a favourable opinion of my character. I am far more indifferent about my fortune. But surely any impartial man will reflect how grievous it must be to a disinterested mind to be held up to the public as a blood-sucker, under the invidious name of a placeman; to be one of those pointed at by County Associations as grievances that call for speedy correction and removal; in short, to be confounded with contractors and other leeches, that have grown out of the profusions and abuses of the time; though my office has existed from the oldest times, and has existed under the best Government. Public distress demands economy and correction. Be they exercised; I desire no exception. But being guilty of no servile, of no indirect means in obtaining, augmenting, or retaining my office, I am ready to resign that office; but I will prove (and defy all mankind to detect me in a single falsehood) that I have held my place with honour, and have nothing to palliate or conceal in my execution of it.

The place is held under many disagreeable circumstances. I advance money to the tradesmen and workmen. I contract to pay the principal merchant with whom I deal for paper, though I should never be repaid. There is no specific time appointed for my being paid; it depends on the good pleasure of the First Lord of the Treasury; and yet, though a mere tradesman in that respect, I believe no man will accuse me of having ever paid court, or even attendance, on a First Lord of the Treasury. I was *once*, forty years ago, at the late Duke of Newcastle's levée, the only Minister's levée at which I ever was present except my own father's. Yet with very few have I had cause not to be content in my own particular: if I have been proud, they have been just.* Yet some of my predecessors have met with harder fates. Mr. Naylor, my immediate predecessor but one, lost 20,000*l.* by the death of Queen Anne.

Risks by prudent men are calculated as drawbacks; but where advantage preponderates, even the terrors of calculation are surmounted. More prudent men than I am would have combated those risks, by making the most of their advantages. I have ever disdained that pitiful arithmetic. All the goods I furnish have always been purchased by me at the highest prices; and never came a complaint from the Treasury that was not instantly remedied by my order. In

* From Lord North I always received regular justice and civility, though I never paid any court to him, nor disguised my disinclination to his measures. This compliment, which now cannot be misinterpreted, is due to him, and is an unsuspicious evidence of his good-humour and averseness from all malignity. When I am grateful to the living for civilities, I scorn to recollect the rancour of the dead.

more than forty years I have never received an important complaint, nor given occasion to one.

Having said that there is no certain time settled for my being paid, and as I have sometimes had large arrears due, and, consequently, as one year frequently runs into another, and thence I may in one year receive four or five thousand pounds, because in the preceding I did not receive half so much, the Commissioners of Accounts, having examined my deputy but on a single year, were just in their report of what I received *that year;* but had they gone farther back, would certainly not have given in 4200*l.* as my receipt *communibus annis*. This unintended misrepresentation* I bore in silence; it having been my steadfast purpose not to interfere with the public examination of places, nor take the smallest step to mitigate my own fate, which I submit implicitly to the discretion of the Legislature. What I hold, I hold by law; if the law deprives me, I have too much reverence for the laws of my country to complain. No man ever heard me utter a syllable in my own behalf. My nearest friends know that I have required them not to interpose to save me. This dread of seeming to make interest to save my place, preponderated with me to appear grateful for a time, lest it should look like a selfish compliment. I have never yet thanked Mr. Burke for the overflowing pleasure he gave my heart, when, on moving his bill, he paid that just compliment to the virtues of my honest, excellent father. This acknowledgment I hope he will accept as a proof that, though silent, I was not insensible to the obligation. Just praise out of his mouth is an epitaph of sterling value, and, standing in his printed speech on that occasion, will enjoy an immortality which happens to few epitaphs.

This apology for my conduct will, I hope, be accepted from a man who has nothing to boast but his disinterestedness, and is grievously wounded by standing in a light of one by whom the public suffers. Were my place worth double 4000*l.*, I could resign it cheerfully, at the demand of my country; but having never flattered the Ministers I disapproved, nor profited to the value of a shilling by my dearest friends when in power,—which they have been twice of late years, —(and having so much reason to be proud of their friendship, why should I not name two such virtuous upright men as the Duke of Richmond and General Conway?) I cannot bear to appear in the predicament of one enriched to the detriment of the country. This stab has been given to my peace; and the loss of my place will find, not cause, the wound, nor will the retention of the place heal it. It

* My deputy received my positive orders to give to the Commissioners the most particular detail of my profits, and to offer them in my name my account-books of all my receipts, which they declined accepting, and which would have shown them a very different state of the medium of my place. Had they accepted those books, I intended to send them word that they were welcome to examine my receipts, but that I hoped, as they were gentlemen, they would not look at the foolish manner in which I had flung away most of what I had received.

is this most scrupulous state of facts that alone can rehabilitate me in the eyes of the public, if any thing can; and though nothing would have drawn a vain detail from me, unprovoked, it cannot be thought arrogant to endeavour to wipe off reproach, nor impertinent to aim at negative merit with the public, instead of submitting to undeserved and invidious obloquy.

HORACE WALPOLE.

March 30th, 1782.

SHORT NOTES OF MY LIFE.*

BY HORACE WALPOLE.

I was born in Arlington Street, near St. James's, London, September 24th, 1717, O. S. My godfathers were Charles Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton, and my uncle Horatio Walpole; my godmother, my aunt Dorothy, Lady Viscountess Townshend.

I was inoculated for the small-pox in 1724.

In 1725 I went to Bexley, in Kent, with my cousins, the four younger sons of Lord Townshend, and with a tutor, Edward Weston, one of the sons of Stephen, Bishop of Exeter; and continued there some months. The next summer I had the same education at Twickenham, Middlesex; and the intervening winters I went every day to study under Mr. Weston, at Lord Townshend's. April 26th, 1727, I went to Eton school, where Mr. Henry Bland (since Prebendary of Durham,) eldest son of Dr. Henry Bland, master of the school, and since Dean of Durham and Provost of Eton, was my tutor.

I was entered at Lincoln's Inn, May 27th, 1721, my father intending me for the law; but I never went thither, not caring for the profession.

I left Eton school September 23rd, 1734; and, March 11th, 1735, went to King's College, Cambridge. My public tutor was Mr. John Smith; my private, Mr. Anstey: afterwards Mr. John Whaley was my tutor. I went to lectures in civil law to Dr. Dickins, of Trinity-hall; to mathematical lectures, to blind Professor Saunderson, for a short time; afterwards, Mr. Trevigar read lectures to me in Mathematics and philosophy. I heard Dr. Battie's anatomical lectures. I had learned French at Eton. I learned Italian at Cambridge, of Signor Piazza. At home I learned to dance and fence; and to draw, of Bernard Lens, master to the Duke and Princesses.

In 1736 I wrote a copy of Latin verses, published in the *Gratulatio Acad. Cantab.*, on the marriage of Frederic, Prince of Wales.

My mother died August 20th, 1737.

Soon after, my father gave me the place of Inspector of the Imports

* These memoranda were probably not intended for publication; but as they furnish dates and some other interesting particulars, it has been thought desirable to insert them here.—Ed.

and Exports in the Custom-house, which I resigned on his appointing me Usher of the Exchequer, in the room of Colonel William Townshend, January 29th, 1738—and, as soon as I came of age, I took possession of two other little patent-places in the Exchequer, called Controller of the Pipe, and Clerk of the Estreats. They had been held for me by Mr. Fane.

My father's second wife, Mrs. Maria Skerret, died June, 1738.

I had continued at Cambridge, though with long intervals, till towards the end of 1738, and did not leave it in form till 1739, in which year, March 10th, I set out on my travels with my friend Mr. Thomas Gray, and went to Paris. From thence, after a stay of about two months, we went, with my cousin Henry Conway, to Rheims, in Champagne, staid there three months; and passing by Geneva, where we left Mr. Conway, Mr. Gray and I went by Lyons to Turin, over the Alps, and from thence to Genoa, Parma, Placentia, Modena, Bologna, and Florence. There we staid three months, chiefly for the sake of Mr. Horace Mann, the English Minister. Clement the Twelfth dying while we were in Italy, we went to Rome in the end of March, 1740, to see the election of the new Pope; but the Conclave continuing, and the heats coming on, we (after an excursion to Naples) returned in June to Florence, where we continued in the house of Mr. Horace Mann till May of the following year, 1741, when we went to the fair of Reggio. There Mr. Gray left me, going to Venice with Mr. Francis Whithed and Mr. John Chute, for the festival of the Ascension. I fell ill at Reggio of a kind of quinzy, and was given over for five hours, escaping with great difficulty.

I went to Venice with Henry Clinton, Earl of Lincoln, and Mr. Joseph Spence, Professor of Poetry, and after a month's stay there, returned with them by sea from Genoa, landing at Antibes, and by the way of Toulon, Marseilles, Aix, and through Languedoc to Montpellier, Toulouse, and Orleans, arrived at Paris, where I left the Earl and Mr. Spence, and landed at Dover, September 12th, 1741, O. S., having been chosen Member of Parliament for Kellington, in Cornwall, at the preceding General Election, which Parliament put a period to my father's administration, which had continued above twenty years.

February 9th, 1742, my father resigned, and was created Earl of Orford. He left the House in Downing-street belonging to the Exchequer, and retired to one in Arlington-street, opposite to that in which I was born, and which stood where the additional building to Mr. Pelham's house now stands.

March 23rd, 1742, I spoke in the House of Commons for the first time, against the motion for a Secret Committee on my father. This speech was published in the magazines, but was entirely false, and had not one paragraph of my real speech in it.

July 14th, I wrote *the Lesson for the Day*, in a letter to Mr. Mann; and Mr. Coke, son of Lord Lovell, coming in while I was writing

it, took a copy, and dispersed it till it got into print, but with many additions, and was the original of a great number of things of that sort.

In the summer of 1742 I wrote a *Sermon on Painting*, for the amusement of my father in his retirement. It was preached before him by his chaplain; again, before my eldest brother at Stanno, near Houghton; and was afterwards published in the Ædes Walpolianæ.

June 18th, 1743, was printed, in a weekly paper called Old England, or the Constitutional Journal, my Parody on some Scenes of Macbeth, called The Dear Witches. It was a ridicule of the new Ministry.

The same summer, I wrote Patapan, or the Little White Dog, a tale, imitated from Fontaine; it was never printed.

October 22nd, 1743, was published No. 38 of the Old England Journal, written by me to ridicule Lord Bath. It was reprinted with three other particular numbers.

In the summer of 1744 I wrote a Parody of a Scene in Corneille's Cinna; the interlocutors, Mr. Pelham, Mr. Arundel, and Mr. Selwyn.

My father died March 28th, 1745. He left me the house in Arlington-street in which he died, 5000*l.* in money, and 1000*l.* a-year from the Collector's place in the Custom-House, and the surplus to be divided between my brother Edward and me.

April 12th, 1746, was published, in a magazine called *The Museum, my Scheme for a tax on Message Cards and Notes;* and soon after, *an Advertisement of a pretended new book*, which I had written in Florence in 1741.

In July of the same year, I wrote *The Beauties*, which was handed about till it got into print, very incorrectly.

In August I took a house within the precincts of the Castle at Windsor.

November 4th and 5th, Mrs. Pritchard spoke my Epilogue to Tamerlane, on the suppression of the Rebellion, at the theatre in Covent Garden; it was printed by Dodsley the next day.

About the same time, I paraphrased some lines of the first book of Lucan; but they have not been printed.

In 1747 I printed my account of the collection at Houghton, under the title of Ædes Walpolianæ. It had been drawn up in the year 1743. I printed but two hundred copies, to give away. It was very incorrectly printed; another edition, more accurate, enlarged, was published March 10th, 1752.

In May 1747 I took a small house near Twickenham, for seven years. I afterwards bought it, by Act of Parliament, it belonging to minors; and have made great additions and improvements to it. In one of the deeds I found it was called Strawberry Hill.

In this year (1747), and the next, and in 1749, I wrote thirteen numbers in a weekly paper, called *Old England, or the Broad-bottom Journal*, but being sent to the printer without a name, they were pub-

lished horribly deformed and spoiled. I was re-chosen in the new Parliament for Kellington, in Cornwall. About the same time was published a Letter to the Tories, written as I then believed, by Mr. George Lyttelton, who with his family had come over to Mr. Pelham. As Mr. Lyttelton had been a great enemy of and writer against my father, and as Mr. Pelham had used my father and his friends extremely ill, and neglected the Whigs to court the Tories, I published an answer to that peace, and called it a Letter to the Whigs. It was a careless performance, and written in five days. At the end of the year I wrote two more letters to the Whigs, but did not publish them till April the next year, when they went through three editions immediately. I had intended to suppress them, but some attacks being made by the Grenvilles on Lord Chief Justice Willes, an intimate friend of my father, particularly by obtaining an Act of Parliament to transfer the assizes from Ailesbury to Buckingham, I printed them and other pieces.

On the same occasion I had a remarkable quarrel with the Speaker of the House of Commons, Mr. Onslow. The Bill was returned from the Lords with amendments. The friends of the Chief Justice resolved to oppose it again. Mr. Potter desired me to second him. He rose, but entering on the merits of the Bill, Mr. T. Townsend, and my uncle, Horace Walpole (to prevent me,) insisted that nothing could be spoken to but the amendments. The Speaker supporting this, I said, "I had intended to second Mr. Potter, but should submit to his *oracular* decision, though I would not to the complaisant peevishness of anybody else." The Speaker was in a great rage, and complained to the House. I said "I begged his pardon, but had not thought that submitting to him was the way to offend him." During the course of the same bill, Sir William Stanhope had likewise been interrupted, in a very bitter speech against the Grenvilles. I formed part of the speech I had intended to make, into one for Sir William, and published it in his name. It made great noise. Campbell answered it for a bookseller. I published another called the speech of Richard White-liver, in answer to Campbell's. All these things were only excusable by the lengths to which party had been carried against my father; or rather, were not excusable even then.

In 1748 were published, in Dodsley's Collection of Miscellaneous Poems, three of mine; an Epistle to Mr. Ashton from Florence, written in 1740, the Beauties and the Epilogue to Tamerlane.

I next wrote two papers of the Remembrancer, and two more of the same in the year 1749. In the latter year, too, I wrote a copy of verses on the Fireworks for the Peace; they were not printed. About the same time I wrote a pamphlet, called Delenda est Oxonia. It was to assert the liberties of that University, which the Ministry had a plan of attacking, by vesting in the Crown the nomination of the Chancellor. This piece (which I think one of my best) was seized at the printer's and suppressed.

One night in the beginning of November, 1749, as I was returning

from Holland House by moonlight, about ten at night, I was attacked by two Highwaymen in Hyde Park, and the pistol of one of them going off accidentally, razed the skin under my eye, left some marks of shot on my face, and stunned me. The ball went through the top of the chariot, and if I had sat an inch nearer to the left side, must have gone through my head.

January the 11th, 1751, I moved the Address to the King, on his Speech at the opening of the Session.

March 20th, 1751, died my eldest brother Robert, Earl of Orford.

About this time I began to write my Memoirs. At first, I only intended to write the history of one year.

About the same time happened a great family quarrel. My friend Mr. Chute had engaged Miss Nicholl, a most rich heiress, to run away from her guardians, who had used her very ill; and he proposed to marry her to my nephew Lord Orford, who refused her, though she had above 150,000*l.* I wrote a particular account of the whole transaction. In this year, too, I imitated a fable of Fontaine, called the Funeral of the Lioness.

In 1752, I was appointed by Sir Hans Sloane's will one of his trustees.

Feb. 8th, 1753, was published a paper I had written in a periodical work, called The World, published by E. Moore. I wrote eight more numbers, besides two that were not printed then; and one containing a character of Mr. Fox, which I had written some years before.

This year I published a fine edition of six poems of Mr. Gray, with prints from designs of Mr. R. Bentley.

In November I wrote a burlesque poem, called *The Judgment of Solomon.*

In December died Erasmus Shorter, Esq., the last and youngest of my mother's brothers. He, dying without a will, his fortune of 30,000*l.* came in equal shares between my brother Sir Edward, me, and my cousins, Francis Earl of Hertford, Col. Henry Seymour Conway, and Miss Anne Seymour Conway.

In 1754, I was chosen for Castlerising, in Norfolk, in the new Parliament. In July of that year I wrote *The Entail,* a fable, in verse.

About the same time I erected a cenotaph for my mother in Westminster Abbey, having some years before prepared a statue of her by Valory at Rome. The pedestal was carved by Rysbrach.

In March, 1755, I was very ill-used by my nephew Lord Orford, upon a contested election in the House of Commons, on which I wrote him a long letter, with an account of my own conduct in politics.

In Feb. 1757, I vacated my seat for Castlerising in order to be chosen for Lynn; and about the same time used my best endeavours, but in vain, to save the unfortunate Admiral Byng.

May 12th of that year, I wrote in less than an hour and an half the Letter from Ho Ho; it was published on the 17th, and immediately passed through five editions.

June 10th, was published a catalogue of the collection of pictures of Charles the First, to which I had written a little introduction. I afterwards wrote short prefaces or advertisements in the same manner to the catalogues of the collections of James the Second and the Duke of Buckingham. June 25th, I erected a printing-press at my house at Strawberry Hill.

Aug. 8th, I published two Odes by Mr. Gray, the first production of my press.

In Sept. I erected a tomb in St. Anne's Churchyard, Soho, for Theodore King of Corsica.

In Oct. 1757, was finished at my press an edition of Hentzners, translated by Mr Bentley, to which I wrote an advertisement. I dedicated it to the Society of Antiquaries, of which I am a member, as well as of the Royal Society.

In April, 1758, was finished the first impression of my Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors, which I had written in the preceding year in less than five months. About the same time Mrs. Porter published Lord Hyde's play, to which I had written the advertisement.

In the summer of 1758, I printed some of my own fugitive pieces, and dedicated them to my cousin, General Conway. About Autumn I erected at Linton, in Kent, a tomb for my friend Galfridus Mann; the design was by Mr. Bentley. The beginning of October I published Lord Whitworth's account of Russia, to which I wrote the advertisement.

Nov. 22nd was published a pamphlet, written by Mr. Bentley, called "Reflections on the different Ideas of the French and English with regard to cruelty." It was designed to promote a bill (that I meditated) of perpetual insolvency. I wrote the dedication. It was *not* printed at Strawberry Hill.

Dec. 5th, was published the second edition of my Catalogue of Authors. Two thousand were printed, but *not* at Strawberry Hill. I was much abused for it in the Critical Review, and more gently in the Monthly Review; by the former for disliking the Stuarts; by the latter for liking my father,—opinions I am not likely to change. In the gentleman's Magazine of February following was another railing criticism, but so foolish that some parts of my book were printed in italics, to turn them into puns; and it was called unintelligible for such reasons as my not having specified Francis the First by his title of King of France!

1759. Feb. 2nd, I published Mr. Spence's Parallel of Magliabecchi and Mr. Hill, a tailor of Buckingham; calculated to raise a little sum of money for the latter poor man. Six hundred copies were sold in a fortnight, and it was reprinted in London.

Feb. 10th. Some anonymous author, (I could not discover who it

was—it was said to be Dr. Hill) published a pamphlet, called Observations on the account given of the Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors of England, &c., in the Critical Review, No. 35, for Dec. 1758, where the unwarrantable liberties taken with that work, and the honourable author of it, are examined and exposed. This defence of me was full of gross flattery, and displeased me so much, that I was going to advertise my disapprobation of it, and ignorance of the author; but was dissuaded by my friends.

March 17. I began to distribute some copies of my fugitive pieces, collected and printed together at Strawberry Hill, and dedicated to General Conway.

May 5th was published a pamphlet called "Remarks on Mr. Walpole's Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors, &c., in which many of his censures and arguments are examined and disproved; his false principles are confuted, and true ones established; several material facts are set in a true light; and the characters and conduct of several crowned heads, and others are vindicated. Part the first." And it advertised that in a few days would be published, "Walpolian principles exposed and confuted." It was written by one Carter who had been bred a surgeon, and who had married the daughter of Deacon of Manchester, who was hanged in the last rebellion. This Carter had lost an estate of eight hundred pounds a-year, which had been intended for him, rather than renounce his principles, and was turned a non-juring preacher, and had lately been sent away from an apothecary's where he lodged, for his treasonable conversation, and for sending fifteen or sixteen letters every post-night, which the people of the house suspected were written for purposes not more innocent. Whatever his designs were, he had too little prudence to do much harm, and too little sense. His book was a rhapsody of Jacobitism, made still more foolish by the style and manner, and of the lowest scurrility. I wish I may never have wiser enemies or tyranny abler advocates! It is observable that this Carter distributed hand-bills, and left them at doors, promising this answer, and begging assistance towards it. In May, too, was published in the Critical Review a letter to the authors of it, from some anonymous person, denying the fact mentioned in the life of the Duke of Wharton in the same Catalogue, of Sergeant Wynne borrowing and using Bishop Atterbury's speech: yet it was absolutely true. Mr. Morrice, the bishop's grandson, often told it to Mr. Selwyn; Mr. Fox remembered the fact, when he was at Oxford; Mr. Babtist Leveson Gower says he perfectly remembers it, and that his (then) party affected to cry him up for it; that he got three thousand pounds the first year on the credit of it; but they were forced to drop him, as he had no parts to support his reputation. In truth, when I wrote the passage in question, I did not know Mr. Wynne was still living, am sorry to have shocked a man who had given me no provocation, and therefore, to avoid adding one mortification to another, which I did not mean, I have chosen to make no reply.

In August, I wrote a copy of verses, called the Parish Register of Twickenham. It is a list of all the remarkable persons who have lived there.

Sept. 1st. I began to look over Mr. Vertue's MSS., which I bought last year for one hundred pounds, in order to compose the Lives of English Painters. September 21st. I gave my Lady Townsend an epitaph and design for a tomb for her youngest son, killed at Ticonderoga; neither were used.

Oct. 28th. I finished the eighth book of my Memoirs. Oct. 29th. I began the account of a new discovery of painting upon wax; it was invented at Paris by the Comte de Caylus, and was improved here by Mr. Müntz.

Nov. 12th. I dismissed Mr. Müntz; and, upon his leaving me laid aside the intention of publishing the account of the new encaustic.

1760. Jan. 1st. I began the Lives of English Artists, from Vertue's MSS. (that is, Anecdotes of Painting, &c.) About the same time, there being thoughts of erecting a monument for Sir Charles Hanbury Williams in Westminster Abbey, I wrote an epitaph for it.

March 13th, wrote the Dialogue between Two Great Ladies. It was published April 23rd, being deferred till after the trials of Lord J. Sackville and Lord Ferrers.

April. In this month wrote a poem on the Destruction of the French Navy, as an exercise for Lord Beauchamp at Christchurch, Oxford.

Aug. 14th, finished the first volume of my Anecdotes of Painting in England. Sept. 5th, began the second volume. Oct. 23rd, finished the second volume.

1761. Jan. 4th, began the third volume.

In March I was appointed trustee for Mrs. Day by Richard Lord Edgcumbe, in his will.

May 30th, wrote a mock sermon to dissuade Lady Mary Coke from going to the King's birthday, as she had lately been ill.

June 11th, wrote an epigram on the Duchess of Grafton going abroad.

June 29th, resumed the third volume of my Anecdotes of Painting, which I had laid aside after the first day.

July 16th, wrote the Garland, a poem on the King, and sent it to Lady Bute, but not in my own hand, nor with my name, nor did ever own it.

Aug. 22nd, finished the third volume of my Anecdotes of Painting.

Dec. 20th, wrote a few lines to Lady Mary Coke, on her having St. Anthony's fire in her cheek.

Dec. 23rd, wrote a portrait of Lord Granville, in verse, to serve as an epitaph for him.

March 24th. I was chosen a Member of the Society of Arts and Sciences.

June 12th. I was attacked in a new weekly paper, No. 2, called the North Briton, and accused of having *flattered* the Scotch in my Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors. I made no answer to it. I

could not have been charged with any thing of which I am less guilty than flattery. The passage was written and published five years before this period, and in the reign of the late King, when partiality to Scotland was no merit at court; and so little was it calculated to make a friend of Lord Bute, that, having had occasion to write two or three letters to him, I constantly disclaimed any desire or intention of having a place. I have copies of these letters, and of others to the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Pitt, equally, and as fully disinterested. Before this accusation was made Lord Bute had had two levees; I was at neither, nor ever was at the levee of any Minister, but my father, and once at the Duke of Newcastle's while my father was in power. I believe the author of the North Briton will ask for and have a place before I shall.

Aug. 2nd, began the Catalogue of Engravers. October 10th, finished it.

I had been told that Bishop Warburton resented something in the chapter of architecture, in the second volume of my Anecdotes of Painting, and that he intended to abuse me in the new edition of Mr. Pope's works which he proposed to have printed at Birmingham. As I had not once thought of him in that work, it was not easy to guess at what he was offended. On looking over the chapter, I concluded he had written some nonsense about the Phenicians, but having read very few of his works, it was impossible for me to know where to find it. As I would not disoblige even a coxcomb unprovoked, and know how silly a literary controversy is, in which the world only laughs at both sides, I desired Dr. Charles Lyttelton, Bishop of Carlisle, to ask him if what I had said of the Phenicians was the rock of offence, and to assure him I had read few of his things, and had had no intention of laughing at him. I name Bishop Lyttelton, because, if it had not come from one of his own order, all-arrogant and absurd as Warburton is, one should scarce believe it possible that he could have pushed vanity and folly to such a height as appeared in his answer. He replied, "The Phenicians! no, no. He alluded to my note in the edition of Pope, in which I have spoken of Gothic architecture; I have exhausted the subject." I will only remark on this excess of impertinent self-conceit, that if he can *exhaust* subjects in so few lines, it was very unnecessary for him to write so many thousands. After this, I would as soon have a controversy with a peacock, or with an only daughter that her parents think handsome. The fowl, the miss, and the bishop, are alike incorrigible. The first struts naturally; the second is spoiled; reason itself has been of no use to the last.

1763. Beginning of September wrote the Dedication and Preface to Lord Herbert's Life.

1764. May 29th. Began an answer to a pamphlet against Mr. Conway, called An Address to the Public on the late Dismission of a General Officer. My answer was finished June 12th, but not published till Aug. 2nd, under the title of a Counter-Address to the Public, &c.

June. I began the Castle of Otranto, a gothic story, and finished it Aug. 6th.

Oct. 15th. Wrote the fable of the Magpie and her Brood for Miss Hotham, then near eleven years old, great niece of Henrietta Hobart, Countess Dowager of Suffolk. It was taken from *Les Nouvelles Recreations de Bonaventure des Periers*, Valet-de-Chambre to the Queen of Navarre.

Dec. 24. The Castle of Otranto was published; 500 copies.

1765. April 11th. The 2nd edition of the Castle of Otranto; 500 copies.

Sept. 9th. Set out for Paris.

End of this year wrote the Letter from King of Prussia to Rousseau.

1766. April 22nd. Arrived in London, from Paris.

June 28th, 29th. Wrote an Account of the Giants lately discovered. It was published Aug. 25th following. Aug. 18th. Began Memoirs of the Reign of George the Third.

1767. Feb. 1. Began the Detection of the *Testament Politique* of my Father, at Strawberry Hill; and finished it the next time I went thither, Feb. 17th. Did not print it, as no translation was made into English of that fictitious work.

March. Wrote to the Mayor of Lynn, that I did not intend to come into Parliament again.

A bad translation of the Castle of Otranto into French was published at Paris this month.

May 28th. My letter to the Mayor of Lynn was first published in the St. James's Chronicle.

Aug. 20th. I went to Paris. Wrote there an account of my whole concern in the affair of Rousseau, not with intention to publish it yet.

In Sept. were published, in the public Advertiser, two Letters I had written on Political Abuse in Newspapers. They were signed, *Toby*, and *A Constant Correspondent*.

1768. Feb. 1. Published my Historic Doubts on Richard the Third. I had begun it in the winter of 1767; continued it in the summer, and finished it after my return from Paris. Twelve hundred copies were printed, and sold so very fast that a new edition was undertaken the next day of 1000 more, and published the next week.

March 15. I finished a tragedy called the Mysterious Mother, which I had begun Dec. 25, 1766; but I had laid it aside for several months while I went to Paris; and while I was writing my Historic Doubts on Richard the Third. The two last acts were not now as much finished as I intended.

June 20. Received a letter from Voltaire desiring my Historic Doubts. I sent them, and the Castle of Otranto, that he might see the preface, of which I told him. He did not like it, but returned a very civil answer, defending his opinion. I replied with more civility, but dropping the subject, not caring to enter into a contro-

versy; especially on a matter of opinion, on which whether we were right or wrong, all France would be on his side, and all England on *mine*.

Nov. 18. At the desire of her son George William Hervey, Earl of Bristol, I wrote the elegy for the monument of Mary Lepelle Lady Hervey, to be erected in the Church at Ickworth, in Suffolk.

I should have mentioned that on the Dissolution of the Parliament this year, I refused to serve again, agreeably to a letter I had written to the Mayor of Lynn, and which was published in the newspapers.

1769. April 24. Mrs. Clive spoke an epilogue I had written for *her* on her quitting the stage. It alluded to Robertson's History of Charles the Fifth, then lately published.

May. Mr. David Hume had introduced to me one Diverdun, a Swiss in the Secretary's office. This man wrote *Mémoires Littéraires de la Grand Bretagne*; and Mr. Hume desired I would give him a copy of Lord Herbert's Life, that he might insert an extract in his journal. I did. In April this Diverdun went to travel with a young English gentleman, and a few days afterwards a Swiss clergyman delivered to me from him his Memoirs for the year 1768; he had published but one before, for 1767. In this new journal I found a criticism on my Historic Doubts with notes by Mr. Hume, to which the critic declared he gave the preference. Mr. Hume had shown me the notes last year in manuscript, but this conduct appeared so paltry, added to Mr. Hume's total silence, that I immediately wrote an answer, not only to these notes, but to other things that had been written against my Doubts. However, as I treated Mr. Hume with the severity he deserved, I resolved not to print this answer, only to show it to him in manuscript, and to leave it behind as an appendix to, and confirmation of, my Historic Doubts.

About the same time Voltaire published in the *Mercure* the letter he had written to me, but I made no answer, because he had treated me more dirtily than Mr. Hume had. Though Voltaire, with whom I had never had the least acquaintance or correspondence, had voluntarily written to me first, and asked for my book, he wrote a letter to the Duchess of Choiseul, in which, without saying a syllable of his having written to me first, he told her I had officiously sent him my Works, and declared war with him in defence *de ce bouffon* Shakspeare, whom in his reply to me he pretended so much to admire. The Duchess sent me Voltaire's letter, which gave me such contempt for his disingenuity that I dropped all correspondence with him.

In July and August finished two more books of my Memoirs for the years 1765, 1766.

1770. In the summer of this year wrote an Answer to Dr. Milles' Remarks on my Richard the Third.

1771. End of September, wrote the Advertisement to the Letters of King Edward the Sixth.

1772. Finished my Memoirs which conclude with the year 1771; intending for the future only to carry on a Journal. This year, the last, and sometime before, wrote some Hieroglyphic Tales. There are only five. I had long left off going to the Antiquarian Society. This summer I heard that they intended printing some more foolish notes against my Richard the Third; and though I had taken no notice of their first publication, I thought they might at last provoke me to expose them. I determined, therefore, to be at liberty by breaking with them first; and Foote having brought them on the stage for sitting in council, as they had done, on Whittington and his Cat, I was not sorry to find them so ridiculous, or to mark their being so, and upon that nonsense, and the laughter that accompanied it, I struck my name out of their book. This was at the end of July.

In July wrote the Life of Sir Thomas Wyat, No. 11. of my edition of Miscellaneous Antiquities.

Sept. 16. The Duke of Gloucester notified to the King his marriage with my niece Lady Waldegrave.

Sept. Wrote some lines to Lady Anne Fitzpatrick with a present of shells.

1773. Wrote Nature will Prevail, a moral entertainment in one act, which I sent anonymously to Mr. Colman, manager of Covent Garden. He was much pleased with it, but thinking it too short for a farce, pressed to have it enlarged, which I would not take the trouble to do for so slight and extempore a performance.

1774. Wrote an Introduction to, and a Parody of, Lord Chesterfield's three first Letters.

At the beginning of this year wrote my answer to Mr. Master's Remarks in the Archæologia. In July wrote the verses on the Three Vernons.

1775. In February wrote the Epilogue to Braganza; and three Letters to the Author, Mr. Jephson, on tragedy.

1777. In April my nephew Lord Orford went mad again, and was under my care, but as he had employed a lawyer, of whom I had a bad opinion, in his affairs, I refused to take care of them.

1778. Lord Orford recovering in March, I gave up the care of him.

1778. In June was acted "Nature will prevail," at the little Theatre in the Haymarket, with success. At the end of July wrote my answer to the Editor of Chatterton's works.

1779. In the preceding autumn had written a defence of myself against the unjust aspersions in the Preface to the Miscellanies of Chatterton. Printed 200 copies at Strawberry Hill this January, and gave them away. It was much enlarged from what I had written in July. At the end of May wrote a Commentary and Notes to Mr. Mason's later poems.

[Here the Manuscript terminates.]

A

DESCRIPTION OF THE VILLA*

OF

MR. HORACE WALPOLE,

AT

STRAWBERRY HILL, NEAR TWICKENHAM, MIDDLESEX.

WITH AN INVENTORY OF

The Furniture, Pictures, Curiosities,

ETC.

* It has been thought desirable to append here Walpole's own account of Strawberry Hill, as it is so frequently mentioned in the course of these Letters, and the treasures it contained are now dispersed. This Collection, it will be recollected, was sold by public auction at Strawberry Hill, in April, 1842.

PREFACE.

It will look, I fear, a little like arrogance in a private man to give a printed description of his villa and collection, in which almost every thing is diminutive. It is not, however, intended for public sale; and originally was meant only to assist those who should visit the place. A farther view succeeded; that of exhibiting specimens of Gothic architecture, as collected from standards in cathedrals and chapel-tombs, and showing how they may be applied to chimney-pieces, ceilings, windows, balustrades, loggias, &c. The general disuse of Gothic architecture, and the decay and alterations so frequently made in churches, give prints a chance of being the sole preservatives of that style.

Catalogues raisonnés of collections are very frequent in France and Holland; and it is no high degree of vanity to assume for an existing collection an illustration that is allowed to many a temporary auction: an existing collection,—even that phrase is void of vanity. Having lived, unhappily, to see the noblest school of painting, that this kingdom beheld, transported almost out of the sight of Europe, it would be strange fascination, nay, a total insensibility to the pride of family, and to the moral reflections that wounded pride commonly feels, to expect that a paper fabric and an assemblage of curious trifles, made by an insignificant man, should last or be treated with more veneration and respect than the trophies of a palace deposited in it by one of the best and wisest ministers that this country has enjoyed.

Far from such visions of self-love, the following account of pictures and rarities is given with a view to their future dispersion. The several purchasers will find a history of their purchases; nor do virtuosos dislike to refer to such a catalogue for an authentic certificate of their curiosities. The following collection was made out of the spoils of many renowned cabinets; as Dr. Meade's, Lady Elizabeth Germaine's, Lord Oxford's, the Duchess of Portland's, and of about forty more of celebrity. Such well-attested descent is the genealogy of the objects of virtù,—not so noble as those of the peerage, but on a par with those of race-horses. In all three, especially the pedigrees of

peers and rarities, the line is often continued by many insignificant names.

The most considerable part of the following catalogue consists of miniatures, enamels, and portraits of remarkable persons. The collection of miniatures and enamels is, I believe, the largest and finest in any country. His Majesty has some very fine, the Duke of Portland more: in no other is to be seen, in any good preservation, any number of the works of Isaac and Peter Oliver. The largest pieces by the latter, in the royal collection, faded long ago by being exposed to the sun and air. Mons. Henery, at Paris, and others, have many fine pieces of Petitot. In the following list are some most capital works of that master, and of his only rival Zincke. Raphael's missal is an unique work, in miniature, of that monarch of painting; and the book of psalms, by Julio Clovio, the finest specimen extant of illumination. The drawings and bas-reliefs, in wax, by Lady Diana Beauclerc, are as invaluable as rare.

To an English antiquary must be dear so many historic pictures of our ancient monarchs and royal family: no fewer than four family-pieces of Henry V., VI., VII., and VIII.; of Queen Mary Tudor and Charles Brandon; of the Duchess of Suffolk and her second husband; and that curious and well-painted picture of Charles II. and his gardener. Nor will so many works of Holbein be less precious to him, especially Zucchero's drawing from his Triumphs of Riches and Poverty.

To virtuosos of more classic taste, the small busts of Jupiter Serapis in basaltes, and of Caligula in bronze, and the silver bell of Benvenuto Cellini, will display the art of ancient and modern sculpture—how high it was carried by Greek statuaries, appears in the eagle.

To those who have still more taste than consists in mere sight, the catalogue itself will convey satisfaction, by containing a copy of Madame du Deffand's letter in the name of Madame de Sevigné; not written in imitation of that model of letter-writers, but composed of more delicacy of thought, and more elegance of expression, than perhaps Madame de Sevigné herself could have attained. The two ladies ought not to be compared; one was all natural ease and tenderness, the other charms by the graces of the most polished style, which, however, are less beautiful than the graces of the wit they clothe.

Upon the whole, some transient pleasure may even hereafter arise to the peruser of this catalogue. To others it may afford another kind of satisfaction, that of criticism. In a house affecting not only obsolete architecture, but pretending to an observance of the *costume* even in the furniture, the mixture of modern portraits, and French porcelaine, and Greek and Rome sculpture, may seem heterogeneous. In truth, I did not mean to make my house so Gothic as to exclude convenience, and modern refinements in luxury. The designs of the inside and outside are strictly ancient, but the decorations are modern.*

* And the mixture may be denominated, in some words of Pope,

"A Gothic Vatican of Greece and Rome."

Would our ancestors, before the reformation of architecture, not have deposited in their gloomy castles antique statues and fine pictures, beautiful vases and ornamental China, if they had possessed them?—But I do not mean to defend by argument a small capricious house. It was built to please my own taste, and in some degree to realize my own visions. I have specified what it contains; could I describe the gay but tranquil scene where it stands, and add the beauty of the landscape to the romantic cast of the mansion, it would raise more pleasing sensations than a dry list of curiosties can excite: at least the prospect would recall the good humour of those who might be disposed to condemn the fantastic fabric, and to think it a very proper habitation of, as it was the scene that inspired, the author of the *Castle of Otranto*.

A

DESCRIPTION OF THE VILLA

OF

MR. HORACE WALPOLE,

AT

STRAWBERRY-HILL NEAR TWICKENHAM.

WHERE the Gothic castle now stands, was originally a small tenement,* built in 1698, and let as a lodging-house: Cibber once took it, and wrote one of his plays here, *The Refusal or the Lady's Philosophy*. After him, Talbot bishop of Durham had it for eight years:† then, Henry Bridges marquis of Carnarvon, son of James duke of Chandos, and since duke himself. It was next hired by Mrs. Chenevix,‡ the noted toy-woman, who, on the death of her husband, let it to Lord John Philip Sackville, second son of Lionel duke of Dorset: he kept it about two years, and then Mr. Walpole took the remainder of Mrs. Chenevix's lease in May 1747, and the next year bought it by act of parliament, it being the property of three minors of the name of Mortimer. Along with this house and some other tenements was another small one,§ then occupied by Richard Francklin, printer of The Craftsman, who had been taken up for printing that paper during the

* It was built by the Earl of Bradford's coachman, and was called by the common people, *Chopp'd-Straw-Hall*, they supposing, that by feeding his lord's horses with chopped straw, he had saved money enough to build his house; but the piece of ground on which it stands is called in all the old leases, *Strawberry-Hill-Shot*, from whence it takes its name.

† The bishop kept a large table here; which is scarce conceivable, as he had no kitchen but that little place which is now the china-room.

‡ Pere Courayer lodged here with her for some time.

§ It has since been pulled down, and a cottage built on the same spot. The garden too has been newly laid out by Mr. Walpole since it came into his hands by Francklin's death.

administration of Sir Robert Walpole.* When Mr. Walpole bought Strawberry-hill, there were but five acres belonging to the house: the rest have been purchased since. The castle now existing was not entirely built from the ground, but formed at different times, by alterations of and additions to the old and small house. The library, and refectory or great parlour, were entirely new built in 1753; the gallery, round tower, great cloister, and cabinet in 1760 and 1761; the great north bed-chamber in 1770; and the Beauclerc tower with the hexagon closet in 1776.

The embattled wall to the road is taken from a print of Aston-house in Warwickshire, in Dugdale's history of that county.

Entering by the great north gate, the first object that presents itself is a small oratory enclosed with iron rails; in front, an altar, on which stands a saint in bronze; open niches, and stone basins for holy water; designed by John Chute, Esq., of the Vine in Hampshire. On the right hand is a small garden called the abbot's garden, parted off by an open screen, taken from the tomb of Roger Niger bishop of London in old St. Paul's. Passing on the left, by a small cloister,† is the entrance to the house, the narrow front of which was designed by Richard Bentley, only son of Dr. Bentley, the learned master of Trinity college, Cambridge. Over the door are three shields of Walpole, Shorter, and Robsart.

You first enter a small gloomy hall paved with hexagon tiles, and lighted by two narrow windows of painted glass, representing St. John and St. Francis. This hall is united with the staircase, and both are hung with Gothic paper, painted by one Tudor, from the screen of prince Arthur's tomb in the cathedral of Worcester. The balustrade was designed by Mr. Bentley; at every corner is an antelope (one of Lord Orford's supporters) holding a shield. In the well of the staircase, by a cord of black and yellow, hangs a gothic lanthorn of tin japanned,

* It is remarkable, that the printer of the "Craftsman" was Mr. Walpole's tenant; and that the writer of "The Craftsman," W. Pulteney earl of Bath, wrote a ballad in praise of Strawberry-hill.

† In this cloister are two blue and white Delft flower-pots; and a bas-relief head in marble, inscribed Dia Helianora: it is the portrait of the Princess Eleanora d'Este, with whom Tasso was in love, and who was the cause of his misfortunes; it was sent to Mr. Walpole from Italy, by Sir William Hamilton, minister at Naples. On a pedestal stands the large blue and white china tub in which Mr. Walpole's cat was drowned; on a label of the pedestal is written the first stanza of Mr. Gray's beautiful ode on that occasion.

'Twas on *this* lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art has dy'd
The azure flow'rs that blow;
Demurest of the tabby kind,
The pensive Selima reclin'd,
Gaz'd on the lake below.

In the winding cloisters on the right hand are some ancient bas-reliefs; and a brass plate with the effigies of Ralph Walpole bishop of Norwich and Ely, engraven by Muntz (a Swiss painter who lived some time with Mr. Walpole,) and a Chinese lanthorn with scraped oyster-shells.

designed by Mr. Bentley, and filled with painted glass; the door of it has an old pain with the arms of Vere earl of Oxford.

Turning to the left, through a small passage, over the entrance of which is an ancient carving in wood of the arms of Queen Elizabeth, 1567, and in it a window of painted glass, you enter

THE REFECTORY, OR GREAT PARLOUR.

It is thirty feet long, twenty wide, and twelve high; hung with paper in imitation of stucco. The chimney-piece was designed by Mr. Bentley: upon it stands a fine Etruscan vase, between two bottles of black and gold porcelain.

Over the chimney, a conversation, by Reynolds, small life: Richard, second lord Edgecumbe, is drawing at a table in the library at Strawberry-hill; George James Williams is looking over him; George Augustus Selwyn stands on the other side with a book in his hand. Lord Edgecumbe, Mr. Selwyn, and Mr. Williams used to be with Mr. Walpole at Christmas and Easter at Strawberry-hill.

On one side of this picture, a head of Sir Horace Mann, resident at Florence; painted there by Astley, and highly coloured; he is dressed in red velvet.

Opposite to it, his brother, Galfridus Mann, in brown; by the same.

Over against the chimney, a bureau of black japan; on it a clock, supported by a bronze figure of a woman reading: beneath, an Etruscan vase, between two white old china beakers.

The chairs are black, of a gothic pattern, designed by Mr. Bentley and Mr. Walpole. The table of Sicilian jasper on a black frame designed by Mr. Bentley: upon it, a large punch-bowl and pail of Seve china; two beakers of old gray porcelaine, veined; two ice-pails of Chelsea china. Under it, two Etruscan vases, and a jar of Roman fayence. Over the table hangs a hunting-horn, finely enamelled on one side in colours, on the other in chiaro scuro, with the history of St. Hubert. By the table an old white china bottle, ornamented with or moulu, on a mahogany pedestal, for water, bought at Mr. Bateman's sale, 1775.

On each side of the window, the top of which has some fine painted glass, and one ridiculous* Dutch piece representing the triumph of Fame, who is accompanied by Cato, Cicero, and other great men, in square caps and gowns of masters of arts, are card-tables of rosewood, carved in China; and over each a looking-glass in a gothic frame of black and gold, designed by Mr. Walpole. Inclosed in the tops of the frames, with their arms and coronets, are the portraits of George Walpole third earl of Orford, and of George Cholmondeley viscount Mal-

* There is another Dutch emblematic pane, on which is Charles II. riding uppermost on the wheel of fortune, and Rebellion thrown down. Another pane is painted with a cobbler whistling to a bird in a cage, by Pearson, scholar of Price. This window was altered and enlarged in 1774.

pas, eldest son of George earl of Cholmondeley and of Mary second daughter of Sir Robert Walpole. The former is copied by Eckardt, from a miniature by Liotard, in the cabinet above stairs: the latter is original by Eckardt. On one side of the window,

An old woman letting a boy light his candle, by Schalken; very fine.

Opposite, Two boys, a dog and a goat, by Bassan; from Mr. Jennings's collection.

At the end of the room, over against the window, Sir Robert Walpole, knight of the garter, afterwards earl of Orford. On one side of him,

Catherine, eldest daughter of John Shorter, of Bybrook in Kent, first wife of Sir Robert Walpole; in white: a copy from Sir Godfrey Kneller, by Jarvis. On the other side,

Maria Skerret (in the dress of a shepherdess,) second wife of Sir Robert: by Jarvis.

On one side of the chimney, Robert Walpole second earl of Orford, auditor of the exchequer, master of the fox-hounds, and knight of the bath, eldest son of Sir Robert Walpole by his first wife; in red velvet, with a globe by him: by Richardson.

Margaret, only child of Samuel Rolle, of Heynton in Devonshire, first married to Robert second earl of Orford, and mother of George the third earl; and secondly to Sewallis shirley, a younger son of earl Ferrers; in a white riding-habit with a stick: by Jarvis.

On the other side, Sir Edward Walpole, second son of Sir Robert Walpole and Catherine Shorter, knight of the bath, and clerk of the bells; in the robes of the bath: by Slaughter.

Horace Walpole, third son of Sir Robert and Catherine Shorter; in blue velvet: by Richardson.

Over against the chimney, a large piece of the ladies Laura, Maria, and Horatio Waldegrave, daughters of James second earl of Waldegrave and Maria Walpole, afterwards duchess of Gloucester: by Sir Joshua Reynolds, 1781.

Lady Ann Osborn,* daughter of the first duke of Leeds: by Sir Godfrey Kneller. She was first married to Thomas Coke of Holkham, by whom she was grandmother of Thomas Coke, Lord Lovel and earl of Leicester; and secondly to Horatio Walpole, second son of Sir Edward Walpole, and uncle of Sir Robert Walpole. On the other side,

Dorothy, sister of Sir Robert, and second wife of Charles lord viscount Townshend, knight of the garter and secretary of state; in a Turkish habit: by Jarvis.

Over one of the doors, Mary lady Malpas, second daughter of Sir Robert Walpole and Catherine Shorter; married to George lord Malpas, afterwards Earl of Cholmondeley; by Eckardt, after Jarvis. Over the other door,

Lady Maria Walpole, only child of Sir Robert Walpole and Maria

* This is a whole length picture, but is turned in.

Skerret, and wife of Charles Churchill, only son of General Churchill; in a veil, with a music-book before her: by Eckardt.

A fire-screen of admirable needle-work, representing a vase of flowers, by Lady Caroline Campbell, daughter of John duke of Argyll, countess of Ailesbury; married secondly to General Henry Seymour Conway, only brother of Francis first earl of Hertford of that line, knight of the garter, embassador in France, and lord Chamberlain; it is mounted in mahogany, carved, and inlaid with ivory.

A Turkey carpet, and a fire-screen embroidered with knotting.

A two-leafed screen, containing part of a map of Surrey and Middlesex. It is a piece of the first tapestry woven in England, and came from Weston in Warwickshire, the seat of the Sheldons, who introduced the manufacture. The complete suite of hangings were purchased by Mr. Walpole, and presented by him to the earl of Harcourt. This specimen had never been hung up.

IN THE WAITING-ROOM.

A head, in artificial stone, of John Dryden the poet, great uncle of Catherine Shorter lady Walpole: a large altar candlestick of metal, inlaid with gothic inscriptions, very ancient; and a pair of ancient bellows.

Inside of King's college chapel: by Canaletti.

A curious emblematic picture of a man standing, small whole length, with a bust of Charles II., seemingly before his restoration, for a cupid is weighing the broken arms of England (as a commonwealth) against crowns and sceptres, (but the sceptre is a French one, and therefore probably painted abroad) fragments of architecture, and the man holds a plan like St. Paul's; thence it has been supposed a portrait of Sir Christopher Wren, but does not resemble him, nor are the arms his.

A print of Lady Mary Coke.

Bust of Colley Cibber, poet-laureat, in a cap, when old, coloured from the life, and extremely like. He gave it to Mrs. Clive, the celebrated actress; and her brother Mr. Raftor gave it, after her death, to Mr. Walpole.

Tradescant, junior, with a skull covered with moss for the powder of sympathy.

A small whole length of Dryden, in oil, by Maubert.

THE CHINA ROOM.

Painted glass in the windows, and crests of Shorter and Gestinthorpe; the ceiling painted with convolvuluses on poles, by Müntz, from a ceiling in the little Borghese villa at Frescati: the sides, white Dutch tiles, with borders of blue and white.

In the floor some very ancient tiles with arms, from the cathedral at Gloucester. The upper part of the chimney-piece is taken from a

window of an ancient farm-house, formerly Bradfield-hall, belonging to Lord Grimston in Essex; the lower part from a chimney at Hurst Monceaux in Sussex: it is adorned with the arms of Talbot, Bridges, Sackville, and Walpole, the principal persons who have inhabited Strawberry-hill.

In a niche supported by two columns of oriental alabaster, over the chimney, is a fine ewer of fayence, designed by Julio Romano; and two green glass tumblers, with golden edges; and two round saltcellars of old blue and gold Venetian glass, with flowers.

Over the niche, four chocolate cups of fayence, by Pietro Cortona; and a bronze medallion of Pandulfo Malatesta.

On the sides, George II. and Frederic Prince of Wales, in Battersea enamel.

In the chimney, a large jar of old blue and white china; and two tiles from Bysham-abbey.

On the shelves and floor is a collection of porcelaine, earthenware, glass, and enamel on copper, of various ages and countries, as follow:

Two dozen plates of Venetian glass; each plate has a different view of Venice, drawn in red.

A japanned tray with a vase for cream, and eight chocolate-cups and saucers with landscapes in brown, of the same ware.

Two bowls of Worcester porcelaine, the pattern from old china.

Two mustard-pots and plates, of Seve china; given by Lord Hertford.

Five trays, in shapes of fans, of old Japan china.

An old blue and white plate with a rib in the middle.

A coloured handle cup, saucer and square plate, à la Grecque, of Seve china.

Two old blue and white plates, artichoke pattern.

Thirteen ditto, with peacock feathers.

Sixteen coloured old Japan plates.

Four ditto, blue and white, with figures.

Three ditto, with figures.

Twelve ditto, of coloured Japan china.

Four ditto, with birds.

Four water-plates with figures, of new china.

Twelve plates of Chelsea china, with small coloured birds.

Three dishes scolloped and ribbed, with coloured flowers.

Two large coloured dishes of the fine old thick Japan china.

A large deep dish of Roman earth, with stories from Ovid's Metamorphosis.

An earthenware dish, with the heads of Charles II. and Queen Catherine in blue and white; a present from Mr. Ibbot.

An old blue and white dish, with landscapes.

Ditto, larger, with figures.

Two dishes of very old French earthenware, with the arms of France.

Two small dishes of fayence, with grotesques, and the arms of a bishop Contarini.

An octagon coloured plate of Saxon china, old pattern.
An octagon square plate, with a cock and hen.
A dish and twelve plates enamelled on copper.
Two round plates of Japan.
Thirteen old white chocolate cups and tea-cups, with embossed flowers.
A tea-pot, milk-pot, five coffee-cups, five tea-cups, and ten saucers, of white quilted china of St. Cloud.
A tea-pot and milk-pot, six cups and saucers, of modern china, with gray landscapes.
Five white cups and saucers with gold borders.
Two coloured caudle-cups.
An earthenware tea-pot, with the head of Lord Chatham.
A small tea-canister of Seve china, blue and gold, with figures on white.
A pot pourri of Saxon china, with coloured flowers embossed.
An old white china cup, with cupids, painted in Europe.
A cup with a bullfinch, of modern china.
Thirteen small baskets of Saxon china for sugar-plums, different patterns.
An urn and stand of kennel coal, a present from Sir William Meredith.
Six coloured water-cups and plates of Chelsea china.
A blue and white caudle-cup.
Two ditto, coloured.
An old blue and white honeycomb tea-pot.
Two Roman lacrymatories of glass, two of earth, and two water-glasses. M.
An ewer enamelled with bacchanals on copper.
Two coffee-cups and saucers of white and gold Bohemian glass.
A cup of Mr. Place's china. *Vide Walpole's Catalogue of English Engravers.*
A blue and white saucer, with a landscape, of fine Nankin china.
A jar, with red and white landscapes, and blue and gold borders, of Chelsea china.
Two coloured Saxon trays, with squirrels.
A scolloped saucer of Saxon china, the second sort, very rare; in it lies a medal of Louis quinze in Seve china.
A hand candlestick of coloured Seve china.
A blue and gold sugar-dish of old Venetian glass, cover and plate, with a silver gilt spoon.
An old blue and white saucer in the shape of a star.
Two trays, ditto.
An ivory drinking-horn, with the arms of the earls of Exeter; ancient.
An old earthen mug of Arabian ware.
Two vases with handles, of red Portuguese earth.
Two plates like shaving-basins, of the same.

An earthen bottle; painted on it, *Sack*, 1647; it was thus sold by apothecaries. From the collection of Mrs. Kennon, the virtuosa midwife.

A blue and white eggshell cup.

Michael Angelo's Bacchus, made in the china of the comte de Lauragais; from the collection of the comte de Caylus.

Two Roman glasses, like water-glasses; two lacrymatories, ditto; and two of earth. M.

Bust of Voltaire, in biscuit of Nancy.

Two blue and gold cups for eggs, of Seve china.

Seven old-coloured octagon cups and saucers.

A tea-pot and basin, six handle cups and saucers, with battles in black, of Vienna China; a present to Catherine lady Walpole from Count Dehn, envoy from the Duke of Wolfenbuttle.

A square brown china cup to measure tea.

An old white china tea-pot with birds and flowers, finely painted in Europe.

A bagpiping boy and a dancing girl, of Seve biscuit.

Six fine old cups, white within; without, japanned black and mother of pearl: very rare.

An ewer enamelled on copper, with naked horsemen fighting.

A blue and gold coffee-cup and saucer, with birds on white cartouches, of Seve china.

A cup and saucer, all blue and gold, of ditto.

An old glass tankard, with a battle of Turks and Christians in black, finely drawn.

Ditto of old Venetian glass striped with white, mounted in silver gilt: on the lid, arms of Parr enamelled.

Six handle cups and saucers with green landscapes on white, of Chelsea china.

An urn and cover of red Portuguese earth.

Two large coloured saucers with figures.

Two small ditto basins with flowers.

Two large coloured basins.

Two white saltcellars with crawfish in relief, of Chelsea china.

A fine square plate, à la Grecque, of Seve china.

Two old blue and white trays.

Two Saxon-coloured saucers, cinquefoil.

Two green and gold salts, with flowers on white, of Seve china.

Two white Chelsea salts on feet.

Two small blue and white basins.

A boy supporting a shell, finely modelled in red earth; the first sort of Saxon China before it was glazed or painted, and which was only given as presents by the elector; extremely rare.

Three pieces of rocks, made of rice; given by Mr. Raftor, Mrs. Clive's brother.

Two Chinese basins enamelled with coloured flowers on copper.

A red cup and saucer, glazed; the second sort of Saxon china: rare.

Two blue and gold handle cups and saucers, with birds on white cartoucher, of Seve china.

One ditto, green.

One ditto, blue and gold in zigzags, and garlands on white; very beautiful.

Two white barrels with vines and grapes, of Chelsea china.

Two small basins with coloured flowers, of the best modern china.

A very fine standing cup and cover, enamelled on copper with the story of Sampson, from the designs of Parmegiano.

A small dejeune of blue and gold Seve china; very pretty.

A handle cup, saucer, and square plate of blue and gold Seve china, with sea-pieces admirably copied from Vernet's pictures.

Ditto of blue, green, and gold, with flowers on white.

Two porringers of Portuguese earth.

An octagon saltcellar enamelled on copper, droll figures on the sides with old French verses; at top, a head, *Je suis Paris;* at bottom, another, *La Belle Helene.*

A copper tray, scolloped and enamelled with Saint John and flowers; a present from Mr. G. Montagu.

A very large glass urn, damaged, found near London; a present from Dr. Ch. Lyttelton, bishop of Carlisle.

Six coloured handle cups and saucers, a tea-pot and sugar-dish, in shapes of leaves, of Chantilli china.

Four small blue and white eggshell cups.

The present Queen of France, a large medallion of Seve biscuit; a present from the Duchess Dowager d'Aiguilion in 1771.

Two handle cups and saucers, different patterns à la Grecque, of Seve china.

Two butter-pots and plates of blue and white Delft ware; presents from Lady Ailesbury.

A red cup and saucer, clouded.

A small square brown tea-pot.

A jug of old clouded glass, and a bottle of the same.

Two Saxon tankards, one with Chinese figures, and the other with European. The tankards are extremely remarkable. Sir Robert Walpole drank ale; the Duchess of Kendal, mistress of King George the First, gave him the former. A dozen or more years afterwards, the Countess of Yarmouth, mistress of King George the Second, without having seen the other, gave him the second; and they match exactly in form and size.

Two dessert-dishes of coloured Japan china.

A scolloped sugar-dish of old china, white without, striped with colours within: rare.

A basin and plate of scolloped Saxon china.

A plate with small flowers, ditto.

A monteith of coloured Seve china: beautiful.

Two old white china candlesticks, mounted in silver.

A Large scolloped and coloured bowl of Japan china.

A pale green and white flat basin; very old.
Two green jars.
A mug of earthen-ware, with Arabic characters.
A sugar-dish, cover and plate, of Japan china.
A green ewer with a purple handle.
An Etruscan cup with two handles, and an owl on it.
Two very small brown tea-pots.
Medallion of Henry Quatre, in Seve biscuit.
Four blue and white chocolate cups, and four saucers.
A triangular saltcellar of fayence, with fine figures on terms.
An old Venitian glass cup and saucer, with gold flowers.
A cup of Matlock spar, on a foot.
An urn, ditto.
Four dessert-plates of fayence, with figures and boys round the borders; by Pietro Cortona: very fine. A fifth ditto, with goats; a present from Lady Diana Beauclerc.
Two light purple handle cups and saucers with landscapes, of Seve china.
A large cup and saucer, à la Grecque, ditto.
A scolloped japan tray.
A fine glass urn with golden boys; Roman: described in Doctor Middleton's Antiquities.
A tall blue and white tea-pot with flat sides.
A round brown tea-pot, quite flat.
A fine old blue and white box and cover, a present from Lady Ailesbury.
A vase with two handles, of Portuguese earth.
A cup, with two handles, with fantastic forms within it: given by Lady Mary Churchill.
A green and white mug and saucer, with figures on white, of Seve china.
Ditto, with rustic implements; very genteel.
A white old triangular piece of china and cover, for eggs.
An old white beaker.
Two large blue and white tea-pots.
Twelve old blue and white dessert-plates with figures.
A small dish of Chelsea china in a dessert pattern.
A blue and white beaker with a Chinese procession.
Two blue and white soup-dishes with figures.
Ten dishes of old Japan ware.
An ancient tall drinking-glass, with arms and devices; a present from Sir John Hawkins.
Two large blue and white beakers.
Two ditto, of different patterns: a companion to one of them is in the great bed-chamber.
A blue and white dish of Chelsea china.
A Turkish earthen bottle, with leaves cast in relief on it.
Two blue and white jars.

Two green, blue, and white beakers.
Two blue and white beakers.
A large fayence dish.
A fine Turkish jar and cover, with cast leaves: curious.
A large blue and white dish.
A blue and white basket of Chantilli china.
A white Seve saucepan that bears the fire: 1771.
Two blue and white beakers.
Two small coloured ditto.
Two square blue and white bottles.
An odd green and white tea-pot.
A tile from the kitchen of William the Conqueror at Caen in Normandy.
Two basins of most ancient Gombroon china; a present from Lord Vere, out of the collection of Lady Elizabeth Germaine.
A beautiful green basin.
Ten coloured pattypans of different sizes.
An old white dish.
A dish and four dessert-plates, brown, blue, and white.
A large blue and white dish, and a small ditto.
Four green leaves of Staffordshire-ware for a dessert.
A tea-kettle of brown china.
A white jar.
Two white-handled cups and saucers, finely painted with natural flowers, of Seve porcelaine.
A Mercury, ditto.
A group of the graces supporting a basket, of Seve biscuit.
A large old white china tea-pot, that was the Duke of Monmouth's; a present from Simon second Earl of Harcourt.
A sauce-boat of Roman fayence, with Cupid riding on a dolphin.
Twelve plates of Wedgwood's ware, with cameos of blue and white, and blue festoons; from a design of Lady Diana Beauclerc.
A basin and ewer of Roman fayence, painted with landscapes; a present from the Earl of Exeter.
A large round vase and cover, and a dish to it, of Roman fayence.
Two dishes of the same.
A cup and saucer, white, with green festoons, of Bristol porcelaine.
A round picture of white flowers in alto relievo, of the same manufacture.
A square compotier with blue and gold flowers, of Salopian porcelaine.
A blue, gold, and coloured sugar-dish and plate, of Worchester porcelaine.
Two white glass cups, with gold festoons and rams' heads, of English manufacture.
Two dessert plates of old china, in form of herons.

A group of two figures and five single cupids, of Hesse and Brunswick porcelaine; presents from Lord Beauchamp.

Sir William Hamilton, envoy at Naples, and Catharine Lady Walpole; medallions of Wedgwood's ware.

Louiz quinze, and Dr. Franklin, medallions in biscuit.

Two tall chocolate cups and saucers, beautifully painted with holy-oaks, of Seve china; presents from Lady Ailesbury.

A white and gold mug and saucer, with Chinese pheasants, of ditto.

A cup and saucer of ditto, all over Strawberries, a present from Madame du Dessand.

A cup and saucer of ditto, lilac and gold, with the story of Pan and Syrinx, in crimson.

A cup and saucer of Wedgwood's ware, finely painted with English views.

A white and gold handle cup and saucer with Chinese figures, of the porcelaine of Clignancour, a new manufacture established by the Comte de Provence, called porcelaine de Monsieur.

A cup to hold an egg, imitating lapis lazuli; porcelaine de Seve.

A very small cup and saucer, white and gold, with imitations of rubies; ditto.

A large caudle cup, striped with gold, and flowers; porcelaine of Berlin.

Four ditto, with sprigs of flowers on white ground; ditto.

A tea-pot and plate, basin, sugar-dish, milk-pot, two chocolate-cups, two pomatum-pots, and a cann; of the Staffordshire bamboo ware, 1782.

A Turkish earthenware plate, brown and gold, a present from Mrs. Griffith, the authoress.

A white-glass sugar-dish, painted with natural flowers.

A red Portuguese bowl, with a grate at the bottom, for cooling water.

Three black and red earthen vases, with handles, highly polished.

Two more copper enamelled plates, given by Lady Ailesbury.

A tumbler of cracked china within; japanned without; very rare: a present from Mrs. French.

A basin of Turkish earthenware, gilt within; a present from Mrs. Fitzwilliam.

A glass saucer, gilt and silvered; given by Lord Ossory.

Portrait of George Simon Earl of Harcourt, in Wedgwood's ware; the only one executed in that manner.

A Tuscan vase of Wedgwood's ware.

A white cup and saucer with coloured flowers, made for the Comte d'Artois, and called porcelaine d'Angouleme; a present from the Viscountess Mount-Edgcumbe.

Two custard-cups of old cracked china, with flowers of plated silver.

A small jar, white within and japanned without; a present from Mr. Barret, of Lee.

A Delft beaker, and two blue and white bottles, ditto.

A large flattish drinking glass, one of the first manufacture at Venice, with the initials of an English Lady's name for whom it was made, and the date 1580; a present from Lady Georgiana Smythe.

Three pieces of Moorish mosaic; on one a shield, with the name or title of a Moorish king; bought at the auction of Mr. Carter, who published an account of Spain.

Two vaces of white porcelaine, striped with blue and gold, and ornamented with red festoons; from the manufacture of Marquis Ginori, at Florence; sent by Sir Horace Mann.

CHINA IN THE WAITING ROOM.

Two ice-pails with vines, of Saxon china.

A white butter-pot and plate of Chantilli, and two blue and white saltcellars, ditto.

Two monteiths of Tolle, a new French metal japanned.

Four oblong dessert-dishes, four leaves, and twelve plates, with coloured fruits and flowers, of Chelsea china.

Twelve blue and white coffee-cups and saucers of Chantilli.

Twelve black and white tea-cups and saucers of Bow china.

Two red and white handle cups and saucers with boys, of Seve.

A fine coloured ice-pail and cover, ditto.

A blue and white Delft butter-pot and plate.

Two white and gold salts of Seve,

Twenty-four white plates with knurled borders and gold edges, four deep leaves, two square plates, and a cream bowl, of Seve.

A large white plate, and a white glass beaker.

A blue and white basket, two round cheese-pots and plate, and a sceau for liquors, of Chantilli.

Twelve fine plates coloured, with rich blue edges, of Seve.

Two ditto, larger.

Six ditto, blue and white.

Two green Staffordshire flower-pots with masks, and two plates.

THE LITTLE PARLOUR.

Over the door is a shield of Mr. Walpole's arms and quarterings on painted glass, by Price. The room is lighted by a bow window, in which, among other pieces of painted glass, are the arms of Ayliffe, impaling Clifford of Frampton: given by Mr. George Selwyn.

The chimney is taken from the tomb of Thomas Ruthau bishop of Durham, in Westminster Abbey. The room is hung with gothic paper of stone colour in mosiac, on which are wooden prints by Jackson of Venice; and furnished with a table and eight chairs of ebony, bought at the Lady Conyer's at Great Stoughton in Huntingdonshire, as were others in other chambers. On the table is an ice-pail of Wedgwood's ware.

Two sleeping dogs, the original model in terra-cota, by the Ho-

nourable Mrs. Damer, which she afterwards executed in marble for the Duke of Richmond.

IN THE YELLOW BED-CHAMBER, OR BEAUTY ROOM.

The chimney-piece was designed by Mr. Bentley. The room is hung with gray spotted paper, the bed and chairs of yellow silk and stuff damask. On the ebony table, two large old blue and white china candlesticks and a writing box of sandal-wood inlaid with ivory. On the commode with a slab of white marble, bought at Mr. Bateman's Sale, a bronze cast of the Hermaphrodite. A fire-screen worked by Lady Ossory, 1781.

Over the chimney, Charles II., James duke of York and Mary princess of Orange, when children, copied from Vandyck, by Charles Beale.

A fine portrait of Sir Peter Lely, after himself, by ditto.

Elizabeth Wriothesly countess of Southampton, and afterwards first wife of Ralph the first duke of Montagu, by ditto, after ditto. These three are in water-colours.

Nineteen small heads, in oil, of the court of Charles II. (except Sacharissa,) copied by Jarvis for himself, and bought with his house at Hampton, by Mr. Lovibonde, at whose sale these and the three foregoing were purchased.

Charles the Second.

Queen Catharine.

King William, when Prince of Orange.

Queen Mary, when princess.

Catharine Sedley, countess of Dorchester, mistress of James II.

Frances Stuart (of Grammont's Memoires) duchess of Richmond.

Louis de Querouaille, duchess of Portsmouth.

Lady Dorothy Sidney, countess of Sutherland, Waller's Sacharissa.

Barbara Villiers, duchess of Cleveland.

Arabella Churchill, wife of Mr. Godfrey, mistress of James II.

Mrs. Philadelphia Saunders.

Mrs. Trevor, maid of honour: having seen the Duke of Monmouth in bed with another Lady, and divulging it, the duke engaged Mr. Thynne to debauch her. Mr. Thynne being killed before he bedded Lady Ogle, this epigram was made on him:—

"Here lies Tom Tynne of Longleat-hall,
Who never would have miscarried,
Had he married the woman he lay withal,
Or lain with the woman he married."

Lady Anne Cavendish, daughter of William earl of Devonshire, and wife of John earl of Exeter.

Lady Gertrude Pierpoint, daughter of William earl of Kingston, and wife of George Saville marquis of Hallifax.

Lady Mary Rich, daughter of Robert earl of Warwick, wife of Henry Viscount St. John, and mother of the famous Lord Bolingbroke.

Henry earl of Ogle, only son of Henry Cavendish duke of Newcastle.

Lady Elizabeth Percy, only daughter and heiress of Joceline last earl of Northumberland, married first to Henry lord Ogle, secondly to Thomas Thynne, Esq. and lastly to Charles Seymour duke of Somerset.

Two other ladies, unknown.

Over the door, Mary queen of Scots, by Vertue.

Lady Anne Hamilton, daughter of W. duke of Hamilton, and wife, of Robert Carnegie earl of Southesk.

Lady Elizabeth Butler, daughter of James duke of Ormond, and wife of Philip Stanhope earl of Chesterfield. These two heads are copied in chalks, by Mr. Farringdon, from the originals by Sir Peter Lely, at Mr. Fountaine's at Narford. *See an account of the two ladies in the Memoires de Grammont.*

Bust of the Lady Viscountess Melbourne: a cast from the original by Mrs. Damer.

Prince Arthur and Catharine of Arragon, on board, in the original frame; a present from Colonel Myddelton of Denbigshire, in which country it had remained from the death of the prince at Ludlow.

ON THE STAIR-CASE.

View of Richmond-hill, the original drawing by Mr. Henry Bunbury; a present from himself.

THE BREAKFAST-ROOM, ONE PAIR OF STAIRS.

Furnished with blue paper, and blue and white linen. Black and yellow painted glass set in plain blue glass in the bow window. On the writing table, an inlaid writing-box made by Langlois. The chimney-piece and windows are not truly gothic, but were designed by Mr. W. Robinson, of the Board of Works, before there was any design of farther improvements to the house.

Over the chimney, a glass in an ebony frame, a present from the Reverend Mr. Hemmings of Twickenham; two blue and white flower-pots of Seve china; and two candlesticks with Chinese figures, by Martin, and china flowers. On one side of the glass—

Mary Lepelle lady Hervey; a print.

A moonlight; by Bernard Lens.

A frame with nine miniatures, viz.—

A young bride, by Isaac Oliver.

A lady; behind her a red curtain. Both of the family of Digby, but not known.

Venitia Stanley lady Digby, aged nineteen, very beautiful; by Peter Oliver.

Sir Kenelm Digby and Lady Digby, after Vandyck; by ditto: set in the form of a book with covers of gold enamelled.

The same Lady Digby, as she was found dead in her bed; by ditto, after ditto; set in gold enamelled black; on which behind is a sphere: it seems to mean that the world was in mourning for her. Sir Kenelm was passionately fond of this lady, who, Lord Clarendom says, was of *extraordinary beauty and as extraordinary fame.* At windsor is a whole length of her, by Vandyck, treading on serpents, to imply that the stories told of her were the produce of malice. At Goathurst, where they lived, are two busts of her in bronze; on the pedestal of one are inscribed these tender words, *Uxorem vivam amare voluptas, defunctam religio.*

Sir Kenelm Digby, when young; by Peter Oliver: very fine.

Lady Digby, again, most beautiful; by ditto.

Lady Lucy Percy, daughter, and coheiress of Thomas earl of Northumberland who was beheaded, wife of Sir Edward Stanley, younger son of the Earl of Derby, mother of Venetia lady Digby; by Isaac Oliver. She is still more beautiful than her daughter, though drest very unbecomingly in a great black hat and large ruff; only set off by a lilac ground. This is perhaps the finest and most perfect miniature in the world. All the seven last are wonderfully preserved, though found in a garret in an old house in Wales, belonging to a Mr. Watkin Williams, probably descended from Sir Kenelm, one of whose sons left only two daughters, that were married into Welch families. This set of pictures, with a few more less fine, cost Mr. Walpole 300 guineaus.

On the other side of the glass, another frame, with fifteen miniatures, viz.

Robert earl of Essex, favourite of Queen Elizabeth; set in a case enamelled with flowers.

Henry Carey lord Hunsdon, knight of the Garter 1585; by Hilliard set in black enamel. These two from the collection of Lady Elizabeth Germaine.

A Lady of the family of Digby; belonging to the set above named; in a white enamelled case.

The Duc de Vendome, with a red knot; by Petitot.

Madame la princesse Palatine; by ditto.

Madame la duchesse de Montpensier, grandmother of Mademoiselle; by ditto. These three from the collection of the Comte de Caylus.

La Duchess de Montzabon, called La Belle des Belles; by ditto.

Holbein, in a round, original by himself.

An exceedingly fine watch, given to General Fairfax by the Parliament, after the battle of Naseby; by P. Bordier, brother-in-law of Petitot. On one side is Fairfax on horseback, after Vandyck's King Charles; on the other, the House of Commons; behind, the battle. It

was bought at the sale of Thoresby's museum, who has described it in his Ducatus Leodiensis.

Two boys, sons of Sir Kenelm Digby. Note, these and some after mentioned pictures of the Digbys were the other division of that collection, and were purchased by Mr. W. of the lady who shared them with the other heir.

John Duke of Lauderdale, copied by Lady Lucan from the original by Cooper, in the possession of Lady Greenwich.

William Henry Duke of Gloucester, by Lady Lucan after Meyer.

Charlotte de la Tremouille countess of Derby, in a frame of silver filigrane.

A lady's head, supposed to be the Countess of Pembroke, wife of Earl William, by Hoskins; finely preserved: a present from the duchess dowager of Portland.

Fontenelle, a drawing; bequeathed to Mr. Walpole by Lady Hervey.

A landscape, a drawing in water-colours, by Vanderneer.

Inside of Walpole church in Lincolnshire; by Vertue.

View of Mad. du Deffand's room and cats, a print; with verses by the President Henault.

A print of Count Antoine Hamilton.

A most curious picture of Rose the royal gardener, presenting the first pine-apple raised in England to Charles II. who is standing in a garden: the House seems to be Dawney court near Windsor, the villa of the Duchess of Cleveland. The whole piece is well painted, probably by Danckers. It was a present to Mr. W. from the Rev. Mr. Pennicot of Ditton, to whom it was bequeathed by Mr. London, grandson of him who was partner with Wise.

Two prints of Ruben's own house.

Two beautiful bas-reliefs of boys, in wax, by Lady Diana Beauclerc; set in frames with her arms, and cameos by Wedgwood and Tassie.

Vandervaart the painter, by himself, in water-colours, finely done; in an old ebony frame set with lapis lazuli and agates: a present from Richard Bull, Esq.

Cowley, by Sir Peter Lely; the fine original of Zincke's Cowley in enamel in the cabinet; bought at the sale of Mr. Lovibonde in 1776.*

* Description of a young shepherd, from Britain's Ida, that almost exactly delineates this portrait.

"Amongst the rest, that all the rest excell'd
A daintie boy there wonn'd whose harmless yeares
Now in their freshest budding gentlie swell'd;
His nymph-like face ne'er felt the nimble sheers;
Youth's downie blossome thro' his cheeke appeares;
His lovelie limbs but love he quite discarded,
Were made for play, but he no play regarded,
And fitt love to reward, and be by love rewarded.

Two views of Paris, by Raguenet; given by Henry Fox Lord Holland.

Four washed views of the chateau de Grignan in Provence; a present from George Harding, Esq.

Miss Temple, maid of honour to Ann Hyde duchess of York, and second wife of Sir Charles Lyttelton; by Spencer, after the unfinished picture by Cooper, in the possession of Lord Lyttelton.

Head of the Comte de Grammont; copied from the original at the convent of the Grands Augustins at Paris.

A secretaire of inlaid woods.

Cupid, in Seve china.

Two blue and white square tubs, of ditto.

Anne Liddel countess of Ossory: in crayons, by Hamilton.

An urn of granite, brought from one of the Greek islands, and given to Sir Robert Walpole by Sir Charles Wager.

Ditto of oriental alabastar, given to Sir Robert Walpole by General Charles Churchill.

Margaret Smith, wife of Sir Charles Bingham Lord Lucan; by Hamilton. This lady arrived in five months, by copying in water-colours the enamels and miniatures in this collection, at great perfection, and in that short time copied forty pieces, imitating most exactly the manners of the several masters. Mr. W. wrote the following lines on that subject:

> "Without a rival, long on painting's throne
> Urbino's modest artist sat alone.
> At last a British fair's unerring eyes
> In five short moons contest the glorious prize.
> Raphael by genius, nurs'd by labour, gained it—
> Bingham but saw perfection, and attained it."

Lady Elizabeth Berkeley, wife of Lord Craven: by Romney.

Richard III. and his queen; a drawing from painted glass, by Vertue.

A sea-piece: by Backhuysen: very good.

Madame la Marquise du Deffand, and the Duchesse de Choiseul giving her a doll, which the former, who was blind, holds out her hands to receive; alluding to her calling the duchesse *Grand Maman*. Every part of the room is exactly represented, and Madame du Deffand most exactly like, which the duchesse is not; by M. Carmontel,

> High was his forehead, arch'd with silver mould,
> Where never anger churlish wrinkle dighted;
> His auburn locks hung like dark threads of gold,
> That wanton airs (with their fair length incited)
> To play among their wanton curls delighted.
> His smiling eyes with simple truth were stored——
> Ah! how should truth in those thief eyes be stor'd!
> Which thousand Loves had stol'n and never once restor'd!
>
> *Vide Warton's Observations on the Fairy Queen*, vol. i. p. 123.

a gentleman belonging to the Duke of Orleans, who has done in the same manner most of the court of France: a washed drawing.

A print by Bartolozzi of Georgiana Spencer, duchess of Devonshire, from the drawing of Lady Diana Beauclerc; in a frame with Wedgwood's cameos, and two flies engraved and painted by Hill.

A view of the church of Stokepogeys in Buckinhamshire; the moon shining on Mr. Gray's tomb in the church-yard; by Baron: a present from Sir Edward Walpole.

Virgin and child, a highly finished illumination: it belonged to Gaston, duke of Orleans.

Francis I. receiving the homage of the clergy, law, and army; an illumination: Cardinal du Prat as chancellor is at the head of the law.

Two of the officers on the fore ground are engraved in Montfaucon's Antiquities of France.

An allegoric washed drawing of Christiana of Pisa writing her Cité des Dames, from an illumination in the library of the King of France.

View of the Hotel de Carnavalet, where Madame de Sevigné lived, in la Rue Coulture St. Catherine, at Paris; built by Du Cerceau: painted by Raguenet.

A woman reading; small whole figure; great nature: by Le Duc.

A flower, in paper Mosaic, executed by Mrs. Delany, the inventress, who between the seventieth and eightieth years of her age executed 500 plants in this manner. She was daughter of Mr. Granville, by the daughter of Sir John Stanley, and was first married to Mr. Pendarvis, and then to Dr. Delany.

Its companion, by Mrs. Delany's scholar, Miss Jennings of Shiplake.

Lady D. Beauclerc's two daughters, engraved from her drawing, by Bartolozzi; in a blue and gold frame painted in mosaic, with lions and flower-de-luces, in allusion to the arms of Beauclerc.

Sir Kenelm Digby, his wife and two sons: by Peter Oliver, after Vandyck; a large miniature in the highest preservation; in an ebony case set with Wedgwood's cameos. On the insides of the doors, two other ladies of the same set.

Two other ebony cases, ditto. In one, a lady of the Digby family, half-length, after Vandyck, with a beautiful landscape: by Peter Oliver.

In the other case, Lady Digby enamelled, in a frame of the same, with her arms, and Latin mottoes, supported by two goddesses by G. Toulin, 1637.

Lady Catherine Howard, daughter of H. Fred. earl of Arundel, and first wife of John Digby, son of Sir Kenelm.

On the reverse, in the same enamelled frame, another lady of the family, exquisitely painted by Peter Oliver; probably the second wife of John Digby.

Lady Frances Howard, countess of Essex and then of Somerset; copied by Lady Bingham, now Lady Lucan, from the original at Woburn.

Catherine, duchess of Buckingham, daughter of James II. in enamel: by Zincke; a present from her niece Madame de Bouzols.

A holy family in wax, from Carlo Maratti, by Mrs. Mary Slaughter, sister of Stephen Slaughter, painter: a present from Miss Anne Clement.

The virgin and child, and two angels holding tapers; an ancient carving in ivory: a present from Mr. Watson, the chirurgeon.

A lady's head, by Hilliard, unfinished; bought at Mr. Lovibonde's.

The girl's head, in oil; very lively: by A. Cuyp.

George Hamilton, brother of Count Anthony Hamilton; small copy in oil, by E. Edwards; from the original in the possession of Lord Kingsland.

Print of Mr. W. Mason, the poet.

A man's head in a black bonnet, æt. 30, 1539, by Holbein, unfinished; bought at Mr. Lovibonde's.

A masquerade at Vauxhall, in bister; by Lady Diana Beauclerc. There is wonderful expression in the faces, and attitudes, though some of the figures are quite masked, and others have half masks.

A washed drawing of Les Rochers, the country house of Madame de Sevigné in Bretagne, done on the spot by Mr. Hinchcliffe, son of the Bishop of Peterborough, 1786.

Miss Hannah More the poetess; in water-colours, by Roberts, after Opie.

Miss Farren the comedian; in water-colours.

Two washed drawings, by Miss Agnes Berry.

View of Lee, the seat of T. Barret, Esq. in Kent, by Pether; in an ebony frame.

A young Paris, cast in terra-cotta, from a marble bust, by Mrs. Damer, of the son of Mademoiselle Rossi, a dancer.

Two old blue and white china jars; a candlestick of Seve china; tea-things of old china; a small tripod of or-moulu to burn incense; and a red velvet purse embroidered with gold and old French arms, to hold counters.

THE GREEN CLOSET.

In the windows are some very curious pieces of painted glass. One round pane (one of the best in the house) represents the story of the law-giver, who having enacted a law for punishing adultery with blindness, and his own son being convicted of it, he gave up one of his own eyes to save one of his son's. The drawing is fine, and the figures of the legislator and of the young soldier who contemplates him, are evidently taken from some picture or design which gave the hint to Vandyck for his Belisarius, now at Chiswick. There are other curious panes: one with a rose impaling a pomegranate, the device of Henry VIII. and Catharine of Arragon; others with a crown in a thornbush between the letters H and E, the device of Henry VII., which he assumed after the battle of Bosworth, where Richard's crown was found in that manner. Over the door.

A view of Mr. Pope's house at Twickenham, painted since the alterations made by Sir William Stanhope; by Scott, in his very best manner. On the same side of the room are the following pictures, most of them small:—

A portrait of Sarah Malcolm, who was hanged for murdering her mistress and two other women in the Temple. She is sitting at a table in Newgate, with popish beads before her. This was drawn by Hogarth the day before her execution, and she had put on red to look the better.

Four landscapes in water-colours, by Baudin.

A landscape in needle-work, by Lady Ailesbury; after Van Uden.

Eight views of ruins at Rome and other places, by Lucatelli.

A landscape in Indian ink, with Italian, Chinese, and Gothic buildings; by Mr. Bentley, in his best style.

The head of old Dahl the painter, in water-colours, by himself; oval.

Cibber the statuary, with a pair of compasses in his hand, in water-colours; by Christian Richter.

George Granville, Lord Lansdown, in red; ditto, by Vertue, after Kneller.

Two small pictures in oil, the stories of Susanna and the Elders, and of David and Bathsheba; Italian.

A beggar-boy with a bird's-nest, water-colours, on ivory; by Mr. Horace Walpole; from Murillo.

Queen Henrietta Maria; by Dixon.

Mary princess of Orange, mother of King William by Hoskins.

Sir Robert Walpole and Catharine lady Walpole; heads carved in ivory.

An old head, in a laced night-cap and ruff; by Cornelius Janson, or Porbus.

Lady Arabella Stuart, when a child; by Isaac Oliver.

Zachary Kneller, brother of Sir Godfrey; by Vertue, after Kneller.

St. Catharine reading; after Correggio, by Catharine lady Walpole.

At the end fronting the window:

A Pot of carnations, drawn at Chelsea from the life by Van Huysum, who lived there two years with Sir Robert Walpole: he was brother to the famous flower-painter: in oil.

Robert Walpole, father of Sir Robert Walpole; a head in crayons.

Mary Burwell, his wife; ditto.

An herb-market and a fish-market; after Teniers, in oil, by Angelis.

Sir Jeffery Burwell, grandfather of Sir Robert Walpole; he is an old man sitting; a death's head by him; in crayons.

Mary, his wife, daughter and coheiress of Thomas Derehaugh of Colton-hall, Suffolk: in crayons.

A stable-yard, with a cart, and a woman paring turnips; by J. H. Müntz; in oil.

Six curious pictures in water-colours of Mary de Medici and Louis XIII. and five great duchesses of Tuscany; copied from a chamber at Poggio Imperiale, near Florence, where the originals are dressed in the very clothes they wore, pasted on the hangings, with the faces painted on satin.

Six more drawings of ruins, by Lucatelli.

Anna Chamber countess Temple; by Hamilton.

Henry Carey earl of Monmouth, knight of the bath, translator of many works;* by Theadore Russel.

Pope Benedict XIII. in wax; behind it is his eulogium, written by Mr. Walpole and printed in his Fugitive Pieces.

Lady Newburgh, Lord Lansdown's Myra, in widow's weeds; copied by young Lens from the original of Sir Godfrey Kneller, in the collection of the Earl of Cardigan; in water-colours.

The Countess of Buckingham, mother of Duke George Villiers, in mourning; by ditto: from the same collection.

Anna Maria Brudenel countess of Shrewsbury, famous for her amours with the second George Villiers duke of Buckingham; by ditto, from ditto.

James Stuart duke of Richmond and earl of Litchfield, husband of the beautiful Mrs. Stuart whom Charles II. was in love with; in armour; by Cooper.

Susan Airmine lady Bellasis, mistress of James II.; by Cooper, unfinished.

Lady Anne Watson, daughter of Thomas earl of Strafford by ditto.

Spencer Compton earl of Northampton, killed in the civil war.

A lady's head, temp. James I.

Two ladies of the court of Queen Elizabeth; by Hilliard. These five belonged to Spencer Compton earl of Wilmington.

An infant's head, sleeping, by Vischer; very natural: in black lead.

A boy's head, in red and black chalks; by Peter Oliver: very lively.

Mrs. Catharine Clive, the excellent comedian, in the character of the Fine Lady in Lethe; in water-colours by Worlidge.

A lady's head; in a black hood; by Cooper.

Boncourt, a French comedian; given by the Comte du Chatelet.

A gentleman's head, in oil; oval, in a metal case.

Thomas earl of Arundel; small head, in oil.

Chares II. in robes of the garter; in water-colours, after Lely; done by Richard second lord Edgcumbe at the age of sixteen.

Two pieces of fruit and flowers, in water-colours; by old Lens.

Mrs. Scott, the painter's wife; by Deacon. A gentleman of great genius for drawing, who, having misfortunes, took to painting portraits in miniature, and hired the house late Zincke's in Covent Garden, where Mr. Meyer, the enameller, now lives; but Mr. Deacon died in

* See his article in the Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors.

a year by the jail-distemper which was brought to the Old Bailey, where he happened to attend.

Mr. Pope, by young Lens, in water-colours; round.

Pomona; by Clinksted.

Mr. Thomas Gray; etched from his shade; by Mr. W. Mason.

A landscape on copper; by Roland Savery.

Lord Herbert of Cherbury; a print coloured by Wale, from the original of Isaac Oliver, in the collection of Lord Powis.

William lord Mansfield; in oil, by Wootton.

Zeeman, junior, painter, in blue by his father.

Profile of an angel, after Guido; done in hair by Mary Lane, 1778.

Impression of Oliver Cromwell's privy seal.

The two sons of the old Pretender; painted at Rome in 1740.

The Viscount Stafford, beheaded in the reign of Charles II., in water-colours; a present from Mr. E. Jerningham the poet, nearly related to the Staffords.

On the window-side fronting the door, beginning on the left hand;

A view of the Thames from Mrs. Clive's house at Twickenham; in blue and white, by Müntz.

A sprig of orange flowers, and another of apple-blossoms; by Catherine lady Walpole, in water-colours.

A bunch of white roses; by ditto.

Inside of a church, by Steenwick.

Four more views of ruins; by Lucatelli.

A Chinese building, designed and drawn by Mr. Bentley for the corner of the wood at Strawberry-hill, where the chapel now stands; in Indian ink.

The Farnese Hercules, in wax; by Gosset.

Cleopatra, in water-colours; Italian.

Mrs. Beale, and her son Charles; heads in water-colours by her.

Profile head of a Magdalen, a coloured print by Le Blon.

A red and white rose, executed in feathers, by Werman Cany.

Bishop Burnet, in robes of prelate of the garter; by Mrs. Rose.

Prince Charles of Lorrain, in a frame of tortoise-shell.

Then pass to the right hand.

Over the window, B. Hoadley bishop of Winchester, in wax; by Gosset: and

Charles Townsend, chancellor of the exchequer: ditto.

Boors reading; Flemish. It was in Sir Robert Walpole's collection.

A landscape: by Teniers.

Two more views of ruins: by Lucatelli.

The arms of Sir Robert Walpole and Catharine Shorter, cut in paper on looking-glass, by Bermingham.

A conversation, after Watteau, in water-colours; by Mr. Horace Walpole.

Design for the arms of the two clubs at White's; drawn by the se-

cond Lord Edgecumbe, and invented by him, Mr. G. A. Selwyn, Mr. Geo. J. Williams, and Mr. Hor. Walpole, at Strawberry-hill. The arms are as follows: Vert (for the card-table) on a chevron sable (for the hazard-table) two rouleaus of guineas in saltire between two dice proper, the chevron between three parolis at Pharaoh, proper; on a canton sable, a white ballotting-ball. Crest, an arm and hand holding a dice-box, issuant from an earl's coronet. Supporters, an old and a young knave of clubs (for the two clubs.) Motto, *cog-it amor nummi.* The arms surrounded by a bottle-ticket inscribed *claret*, in the manner of an order.

A king fisher and ducks, of the Battersea enamel: it was a manufacture stamped with a copper-plate, supported by Alderman Jansen, but failed.

Charles II., young, in armour, with the garter; oval miniature.

Mary duchess of Beaufort; oval miniature.

Mr. Congreve, in armour; oil.

A lady, with Italian mottoes; in a round.

A friar and lady at her toilette: by Clinksted.

A woman hiding her lover from her blind husband: by ditto.

A woman fainting in a man's arms; after some great master: D. Rawdon fe. 1703.

Mr. Deacon's son, by him; unfinished.

Drawing by Müntz, in water-colours, from an illumination to a book of Earl Rivers in the library at Lambeth, and from which the frontispiece was taken to Mr. Walpole's Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors.

At the end of the closet towards the Thames.

Over the window, impression of the great seal of Queen Henrietta Maria; and

Frederic Prince of Wales, in wax: by Gosset.

Two prints of old Stocks-market, and Essex-court in the Temple, coloured by Baudin.

Head of James first of Stanhope, in crayons.

Ditto of Mrs. Sclater, in a black gauze hood.

Four more views, by Lucatelli. There are 24 in all.

Sir John Shorter, grandfather of Catherine lady Walpole; in crayons. He was lord mayor in 1688, when receiving the pope's nuncio; in the city, James II. gave him an additional quarter to his arms; two years before he had been one of the most distinguished aldermen on the whig side. He died in his mayoralty.

Isabella Birkhead, his widow, in weeds. They are buried in the church of St. Saviour, Southwark. Vide Maitland's History of London.

Mary Bruce duchess of Richmond: by Hamilton.

Anne Conway, daughter of General Conway and Lady Ailesbury,

and wife of John Damer, eldest son of Joseph lord Milton; by Hamilton.

Octagon of Thomas earl of Southampton, in his robes; but quære whether it is not the last duke of Ormond but one?

Henry Howard earl of Northampton; copied in water-colours by Hardinge; from the original in the earl's college at Greenwich.

A small half-length of a young man, octagon, on copper, by Fr. Hals; from Mr. Jennings' collection.

Two landscapes in soot-water; by Mr. Bentley.

A writing-box, richly carved in ivory.

Two blue and white jars.

A red velvet coffer, ornamented with silver, and containing six dram-bottles of the old Venetian glass flowered with gold and enamelled tops; from Mrs. Kennon's collection.

A temple of old japan.

Two cups and saucers of Seve china.

A small table of ditto.

Three ebony chairs.

Small bronze bust of Caracalla.*

Profile of Lady Ailesbury, in wax: by her daughter Mrs. Damer.

Thomas Seymour lord Sudley, brother of the protector Somerset, copied by Lady Lucan from the original in the possession of the Marquis of Buckingham.

Mary Churchill, second wife of Charles lord Cadogan; small life in oil, by W. Stavely.

A washed drawing of the walnut-tree covered with ivy on the terrace at Strawberry-hill, in winter; by Lady Diana Beauclerc.

Two kittens in marble, by Mrs. Damer.

THE BLUE BED-CHAMBER.

Hung with plain blue paper; a linen bed; eight chintz chairs; a toilette worked by Mrs. Clive; a looking-glass in a tortoiseshell frame, ornamented with silver; two blue and white square candlesticks of old Delft ware: an ancient lock to the door, richly wrought of brass and steel; and a cabinet japanned by Lady Walpole: on it an ewer and basin of blue and white Seve china; under it a blue and gold china bottle.

A chimney-piece was designed by Mr. Bentley. Over it,

In a frame of black and gold carved by Gibbons, Sir Robert Walpole and Catherine Shorter; small whole lengths; by Eckardt, after Zincke: the hounds and view of Houghton, by Wootton. Sir Robert is sitting; by him on a table, is the purse of chancellor of the exchequer, leaning against busts of George I. and II. to denote his being

* In the cupboards in this closet are many MSS. particularly all those of Vertue, which Mr. Walpole bought of his widow.

first minister to those kings: by Lady Walpole are flowers, shells, a pallet and pencils, to mark her love of the arts. On the chimney,

A boy and girl in Seve biscuit.

Three small flower-pots, ditto.

Two cups and saucers, ditto.

Four blue and white cream-cups.

In the bow window, some very beautiful painted glass.

George Henry Seymour Conway, and Caroline countess dowager of Ailesbury, his wife; their daughter Anne sitting on the ground playing with a dog. The attitudes and dresses taken from Watteau. This, and all the other pictures in this room, were painted by Eckardt.

Charles Churchill, and Lady Maria Walpole, his wife, with their eldest son Charles; taken from the picture at Blenheim, of Rubens, his wife and child.

Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, knight of the bath.

Mr. Thomas Gray;* taken from the portrait of a musician by Vandyck, at the Duke of Grafton's.

Mr. Richard Bentley; from Vandyck. He holds in one hand his own design of the figure of Melancholy, drawn by him for the edition of Mr. Gray's Odes.

Mr. Horace Walpole; from Vandyck, leaning on the Ædes Walpolianæ: behind him, a view of Strawberry-hill. The frames are of black and gold, carved after those to Lombard's prints from Vandyck, but with emblems peculiar to each person.

THE RED BED-CHAMBER.

Hung with crimson paper; by the bed, a crucifix of ivory: an ewer and basin of Chantilli porcelaine; a red and white flower-pot, cup, saucer, and sugar-dish, of Seve porcelaine; crimson Norwich damask chairs, and an arm-chair of patch-work.

Pictures on the chimney-side:

Gypsies telling a country maiden her fortune at the entrance of a beech-wood a most beautiful drawing in water-colours, designed and executed by Lady Diana Beauclerc in 1781; the chef-d'œuvre of her works.

A drawing in Indian-ink of a forest, by Mary Danby, first married to Mr. Lockhart, and afterwards to General Harcourt, only brother of George Simon second earl of Harcourt.

An old beggar; by Teniers.

Heads of goats, a fine sketch by Berghem; from the collection of Wootton the painter.

View of Elizabeth-Castle in Jersey by Müntz; in oil.

* With this motto, alluding to an Ode on Eton, which, though one of his best productions, was his first published, "Nec licuit populis parvum te, Nile, videre."

A coloured drawing, by the Reverend Mr. Gilpin.

Maria Walpole, countess of Waldegrave and duchess of Gloucester, with her eldest daughter, Lady Elizabeth Laura; a mezzotinto.

A moonlight on copper, by Bonus, jun.

Side opposite the window.

A landscape, by Mullins.

Falconet, the painter's wife, by him; highly finished.

Mary Kirk, wife of Sir Richard Vernon, known by the name of Warmetre, in the Memoires de Grammont.

Two views of Richmond-hill, and Twickenham, from Strawberry-hill, by Müntz; in oil.

Le Comte de Grignan; a print.

Madame de Caylus, niece of Madame de Maintenon; a print.

Two old men; an Italian sketch.

The original drawing of Titus Oates, in black lead, by Robert White; a present from Richard Bull, Esq.

A head of the duke d'Epernon, favourite of Henry III., painted on oriental alabaster; a present from Colonel St. Paul, chargé d'affaires at Paris.

A print of the Princess Sophia, eldest daughter of their royal highnesses William Henry and Maria, duke and duchess of Gloucester.

The father of Pope as he lay dead; drawn by his father-in-law, Samuel Cooper: bought by Richardson, junior, at the sale of Mrs. Martha Blount, to whom Pope had bequeathed this and the three following.

Mrs. Editha Cooper, mother of Pope; by John Richardson, senior.

Mr. Pope himself; ditto.

Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke; ditto.

Sketch by Kent, for a niche in Mr. Fairfax's house in Saville-row.

On the sides of the window:

Madame de Prie, mistress of the duc de Bourbon, prime minister in the minority of Louis XV. in crayons; she died of vexation at the disgrace of the duke: a present from Madame du Deffand, who was intimate with her.

The four seasons, heads of boys in rounds; Italian: a present from the duc de Nivernois.

Macbeth in the witches' cave; a print.

Four drawings of humour, washed, by Elias Martin.

An ancient illuminated drawing.

A landscape, view in Jersey, by Mr. Bentley; in oil.*

A young lady reading the Castle of Otranto to her companion; a graceful and expressive drawing, done for a present to Mr. W., by

* In this piece Mr. Bentley has represented himself and his second wife on the sea shore.

Lavinia Bingham, eldest daughter of Lady Lucan, the celebrated copyist, and since married to Lord Althorp.

A fine drawing in water-colours, by the Reverend Mr. Gilpin.

Sophia Dorothea, wife of George the First; copied by Hardinge from the original which Princess Amelie bequeathed to her nephew, the Landgrave of Hesse, and which George the second hung up in Leicester-house as soon as he heard of his father's death.

A small head of Oldham, the poet, in oil; as clear and fine as Vandyck. It had been in the collection of Mr. Dinely.

A view of Lady Di Beauclerc's villa at Twickenham, by Sam. Lyons, Esq.

ON THE STAIRCASE.

In a niche, the armour of Francis I. king of France, of steel gilt, and covered with bas-reliefs in a fine taste: his lance is of ebony inlaid with silver; his sword steel, beautifully inlaid with gold, probably the work of Benvenuto Cellini: there is also the armour for the horse's head. This very valuable suit of armour was purchased from the Crozat collection in 1772, on the death of the Baron de Thiers, when the Czarina bought the fine collection of pictures and bronzes. Over against it,

Henry V. and his family; bought in 1773, at the sale of James West, president of the Royal Society. See a description and print of this picture in the first volume of the Anecdotes of Painting in England. This picture came out of Stafford-house, or Tart-hall, Westminster: and I imagine that this, and the two others of Henry VI. and VII. were done by order of Henry VII. in honour of the house of Lancaster. I have heard that that of Henry VI. came out of the palace of Shene.

Henry VIII. aged 29, and Charles V. aged 20, in one picture, from Mr. West's collection. Behind Charles V. are two figures, probably designed for his grandfather and father, the Emperor Maximilian, and Philip.

Two shields of leather, for tournaments, painted by Polidore; one has the head of Medusa, the other of Perseus: on the insides are battles in gold. They came out of the collection of Commendatore Vittoria at Naples, and were sent to Mr. W. by Sir W. Hamilton, with a third of iron, representing the story of Curtius, but certainly not antique, as there is a cannon and an embattled tower at a distance.

Over the middle arcade is a curious ancient head of Henry III. carved in alto-relievo on oak, from the church of Barnwell, near Oundle, in Northamptonshire, which he endowed. This head is very like to the effigies on his tomb, and to that in painted glass in the chapel here at Strawberry-hill.

Monamy the painter showing a sea-piece to Mr. Thomas Walker, a collector of pictures; small life; the figures by Hogarth, the sea-piece by Monamy. A present from Richard Bull, Esq.

A Persian shield, over the door into the blue room.

An ancient dish of fayence, over the door of the red room.

Top of a warming-pan that belonged to Charles II. with his arms and this motto, "Sarve God and live for ever." As the date on it is 1660, with C. R., it probably was used for his majesty and the Duchess of Cleveland.

Wootton the painter, his wife and children; small life, painted by Gav. Hamilton.

THE ARMOURY

Is an open vestibule of three gothic arches, lighted by a window entirely of painted glass, and ornamented over the doors and niches with quarterings of the family of Walpole, painted by Grant.

Two suits of armour, on one of which is the mark of a bullet; two helmets; a gauntlet; a round leathern quiver; and two pair of stirrups; from Coombe, near Kingston, in Surrey, which seat formerly belonged to the great Richard Neville earl of Warwick. These arms therefore probably were part of those which served his troops when he marched to Westminster to awe the parliament in the reign of Henry the Sixth.

A beautiful Persian shield, made of a rhinoceros's hide tanned, enamelled, and almost transparent.

An Indian scimitar, the handles and ornaments of silver, in a green velvet case, and a dagger of the same; given by a nabob to George Morton Pitt, governor of Fort St. George, and by his widow to Mr. Walpole.

An Indian sword, the blade waiving and damasked, the scabbard of wood twisted with cane, the hilt an owl carved in wood.

Two Indian quivers, full of arrows.

An Indian lance, the head of wood double-barbed and delicately wrought, that it might break into splinters in a wound.

Several other lances, spears, and Indian bows.

An Indian bow, painted.

An Indian scimitar in a japan scabbard.

Four broad swords.

A collar set with spikes, for a wild beast.

Five pieces of a coat of mail.

An Indian pouch made of beads and hair; a girdle, ditto; a collar, ditto; and two leather shoes, ornamented, ditto.

An eastern powder horn of steel and bronze, richly graved, and hung to a chain with a tablet of bronze, characters in the middle on a red ground.

An Indian mace, inlaid with brass.

A hatchet, ditto. These three from the collection of Mons. Julienne at Paris.

Two halberds from the old house at Houghton.

An American calmut; a warrior's wreath; and a neck ornament: presents from Governor Pownall.

An ancient musket, richly carved; a present from Moses Franks, Esq.

Another ancient musket and pistol inlaid with ivory; from the collection of Mr. Scott.

A tall ossuarium with bas-reliefs, a sacrifice and tripods.

Another, curious for being a double one; the inscriptions,

VIBIA. P. L.	P. VIBIVS.
ASIATICE.	P. O. L.
VIXIT.	MODESTVS.
ANN. XXII.	

Head of Isis, small model in terra-cotta by Mrs. Damer, which she executed in large in stone for the bridge at Henley.

An ancient battle-axe and a bandelier.

A curious Royal lock, made as early as in the reign of Henry VII., from one of the palaces; a present from Thomas Astle, Esq.

THE LIBRARY.

The books are ranged within Gothic arches of pierced work, taken from a side-door case to the choir in Dugdale's St. Paul's. The doors themselves were designed by Mr. Chute. The chimney-piece is imitated from the tomb of John of Eltham earl of Cornwall, in Westminster Abbey: the stone-work from that of Thomas duke of Clarence, at Canterbury. An ancient curfeu, or couvre-feu, from Mr. Gostling's collection. The ceiling was painted by Clermont, from Mr. Walpole's design drawn out by Mr. Bentley. In the middle is the shield of Walpole surrounded with the quarters borne by the family. At each end in a round is a knight on horseback, in the manner of ancient seals; that next to the window bears the arms of Fitz Osbert, the other of Robsart. At the four corners are shields, helmets, and mantles: on one shield is a large H, on another a W, semée of cross crosslets, in imitation of an ancient bearing of the Howards in Blomfield's Norfolk. On another shield is the Saracen's head, the crest of the family, but here the Catherine-wheel is above the cap, not on it; having been so borne by the Robsarts, as appears from the tomb of Lodowic Robsart lord Bourchier, in Westminster Abbey. On the fourth shield is an antelope, one of Lord Orford's supporters, with the arms about his neck, resting under a tree, as in old devices. On either side is the motto of the family, *Fari quæ sentiat;* and at the ends, M.DCC.LIV. the year in which this room was finished, expressed in Gothic letters; the whole on a mosiac ground.

The large window and the two rose windows have a great deal of fine painted glass, particularly, Faith, Hope, and Charity, whole figures in colours; a large shield with the arms of England, and heads of Charles I. and Charles II.

On one side of the window, a landscape by Polemberg. Opposite to it,

Christina queen of Sweden, in her usual dress, partly male, partly female; a curious drawing with a pen by Steph. de la Bella.

Over the chimney, an ancient and valuable piece, representing the marriage of Henry VI. of which see a description in the Anecdotes of Painting. Above it are that king's arms, the red rose crowned, and Queen Margaret's arms in a lozenge. On each side, two bronze medallions of the Malatestas, sovereigns of Rimini.

A girl and cat, in water-colours, copied by Mr. Walpole from Rosalba.

A boy with a flute, by ditto, from a picture of Cavalier Luti, at Houghton.

Sir Robert Walpole, when a boy, in crayons.

Sir Edward Walpole, knight of the bath, grandfather of Sir Robert; in oil.

Henry Duke of Richmond, natural son of Henry VIII. in his shirt and night-cap, which is embroidered with black; a miniature.

Mary, sole daughter and heiress of Thomas lord Fairfax, wife of George Villiers second duke of Buckingham: a miniature by Cooper.

The Queen of Bohemia, daughter of James I.: ditto, by Isaac Oliver.

Sir Francis Drake: ditto, by Hilliard.

Charles Howard, earl of Nottingham, the great admiral, æt. 37; by Isaac Oliver.

Lady Penelope Compton, daughter of Spencer earl of Northampton, and wife of Sir Edward Nicholas, secretary of state, by Cooper.

Count Gondomar, a fine head in oil; small.

A print of King Stanislaus in his old age, coloured and dressed with silks after the clothes he wore: a present from Mrs. Damer.

A Roman simpulum in bronze.

Two bronze antique lamps and chains.

One ditto, modern, with a triton.

A cow, ditto.

An ancient brass padlock in the shape of a hand.

A greyhound in bronze to keep down papers.

A silver standish that was Sir Robert Walpole's, with his arms.

Pictures over the Book-cases:

Lady Fairborne, daughter of Sir —— Rookesby, and wife of Sir Stafford Fairborne; in red: niece of

Catherine, daughter of Edward Darcy, Esq. and wife of Sir Erasmus Philips, of Picton Castle in Pembrokeshire, grandmother of Catherine lady Walpole, whom she educated.

Sir John Shorter, lord Mayor of London in 1688; in black.

Isabella Birkhead, his wife.

Francis Seymour Conway, earl of Hertford, and knight of the garter; by Astley, after Liotard.

Lady Isabella Fitzroy, youngest daughter of Charles second duke of Grafton, and wife of Francis earl of Hertford; by Eckardt, after Vanloo.

Henry Seymour Conway, only brother of Lord Hertford, in armour; by Eckardt.

Charlotte, second daughter of John Shorter of Bybrook in Kent, and third wife of Francis lord Conway; in yellow.

Thomas Shorter, second son of Sir John Shorter; in brown.

John Shorter, Esq., of Bybrook in Kent, eldest son of Sir John Shorter; in red.

John Shorter, in armour, eldest son of the foregoing, and brother of

Catherine Shorter, eldest daughter of John Shorter of Bybrook, and first wife of Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards earl of Orford: a copy after old Dahl.

A clock of silver gilt, richly chased, engraved and ornamented with fleurs de lys, little heads, &c.: on the top sits a lion holding the arms of England, which are also on the sides. This was a present from Henry VIII. to Anne Boleyn; and since, from Lady Elizabeth Germaine to Mr. Walpole. On the weights are the initial letters of Henry and Anne, within true lovers' knots; at top, *Dieu et mon droit.*

A semicircular ossuarium, an uncommon form: in the pediment, a tripod supported by grifons: at each corner, a horned head of a man and a bird; a festoon hangs from the horns of the men, on which are two more birds: the inscription,

P. LENILIO
MARTIALI
POSVIT FORTVNATVS
PATRONO SVO B. M.

A square ossuarium; heads of rams, a festoon and birds; the inscription,

D. Q. I. C. L. M.
FECIT MCEEI
CAEIIAPRI
MIGENIAPD.

These two urns were in the collection of Doctor Meade.

An ossuarium, adorned on the front and sides with ivy and birds drinking out of a vase; the inscription,

D. TI. CL. M. SVCCESSO. FILIO. PIENTISSIMO QVI.
ANN. VIX. XIIX. PARENTES FEC.

Three more, square; and one round with a bird on the cover.

The fishing eagle, modelled in terra-cotta, the size of life. This bird was taken in Lord Melbourn's park at Brocket Hall, and in taking it one of the wings was almost cut off, and Mrs. Damer saw it in that momentary rage, which she remembered and has executed exactly. She has written her own name in Greek on the base, and Mr. W. added this line,

Non me Praxiteles finxit. at Anna Damer, 1787.

Rare Books of Prints and Drawings in the Library:

Thuanus, the large edition in 14 volumes, enriched with beautiful prints of the best impressions, containing portraits of the principal personages. This set was collected by Sir Clement Cotterel Dormer.

Ædes Walpolianæ, the original drawings, with every print that has been engraved from the pictures and with other prints and drawings of houses and buildings that belonged to Sir Robert Walpole and the family of Walpole.

A collection of initial letters from the beginning of printing, with some drawings of heads of the first printers; collected by Mr. Ames, author of the Typographical Antiquities.

Sir Julius Cæsar's travelling library, containing 44 small volumes in Latin inclosed in a case the size of a folio.

Faithorne's works, most beautiful impressions; folio.

Hogarth's ditto; the most complete set of his works that is known, with some of his original drawings.

Mr. Henry Bunbury's ditto, in two volumes.

Vertue's ditto, in two large folios.

Tenier's ditto.

Twenty-one large volumes of prints after different great masters.

A volume of drawings by Mr. Sam. Scott and Mr. Müntz.

Three volumes of Hollar's prints.

Drawings of the Florentine gallery.

Prints from pictures, antiquities, and curiosities, at Strawberry-hill.

Drawings by Italian masters, bound in red morocco, 3 vols.

Drawings and prints of heads of English painters and artists, in two volumes folio: very curious.

Twelve large folios of English heads, bound in vellum, and ranged according to the reign of each king.

Five larger of the reign of George III., and an additional volume of heads of different reigns, collected since.

A volume of heads, antiquities, monuments, views, &c. by Vertue and others.

Designs by Mr. Richard Bentley, bound in marble and gilt.

Ditto by Rembrandt, Van Huysum, &c.

Procession of knights of the garter, temp. Queen Elizabeth, copied by Vertue from the originals by Mark Garrard.

Sevigniana, or a collection of portraits of several persons mentioned in the Letters of Madame de Sevigné.

A book of French portraits in the time of Francis I. It belonged to Brantome, who has inscribed the names of several of the persons. From the collection of Monsieur Mariette at Paris.

A large volume bound in red morocco and gold, containing etchings by various persons of quality.

A large book of miscellaneous drawings by various masters, ancient and modern.

Curious Books in the Glass Closet in the Library.

Mr. Bentley's original designs for Mr. Gray's Poems, bound in red morocco and gilt.

Six views after nature in Indian-ink, by Bernard Lens.

A book of patterns for old point lace; exceedingly rare.

Baker on Learning, with MS. notes.

Holbein's prints for the Bible, with French verses by Nicholas Borbonius.

Drawings of all the Spintrian medals; from Sir Clem. Cotterel's library.

Apologie de Jehan Chastel: very rare.

Milton's Paradise Lost, given by the duke of Wharton to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who has written verses in the first leaf.

A missal, engraved on copper-plates at Venice.

D'Eon's Letters, with prints of the principal persons: quarto.

Callot's pocket-book, with a great number of exquisite original drawings by himself: a present to Mr. Walpole from his brother Robert, earl of Orford: very valuable.

Bizarie di varie figure di Giovan Batista Bracelli, pittore Fiorentino al Ill^mo^. S. Don Pietro Medici: 1624. This most rare and singular book contains prints of human figures, formed by the strangest materials, as diamonds, hoops, bladders, pieces of carpentry, battle-doors, kitchen-stuff, &c., &c. It seems to be the composition of a mad-man, but the drawings are masterly, and the attitudes most noble.

Le tombeau de Marguerite de Valois, with verses by three daughters of the protector duke of Somerset: very scarce.

The pocket-book, with his expenses, of Robert Walpole, father of Sir Robert Walpole.

Accounts of Blenheim, Stowe, Wilton, and other places, with MS. notes by Mr. Horace Walpole: tied in one parcel.

A German book with prints, coloured, of Charles V. and the German princes of his time.

The arms of the knights of the garter made by Richard III. in their proper colours, and bound in red velvet: a present from Walter Robertson, mayor of Lynn.

Description of Wilton, with drawings and notes by Vertue.

A book of heads and sketches, by Vertue.

A complete set of the books printed at Strawberry-hill.

A book of drawings of vases, bas-reliefs, and other antiquities.

Catalogue of the Harleian collection, with the prices, and drawings of some of the curiosities by Vertue.

Dr. Percy's book of the earl of Northumberland's house-hold.

Two books of swan-marks, on vellum: extremely rare.

A book of designs of buildings, by John Chute, Esq., of the Vine.

Drawings of churches, monuments, &c., by Sir Charles Frederick and Smart Lethullier, Esq., in 3 vols., folio.

A thin folio, containing 35 prints, after grotesque paintings.

The Iliad and Odyssy, the very books from which Pope made his translations: in one of the volumes is a view of Twickenham, drawn by Pope.

Three illuminated missals.

Whiston's Life, with MS. index of the principal passages.

Sir T. More's Life, with marginal writing by Philip, earl of Pembroke.

The Charter of Forests, one of the original copies, finely preserved, with the great seal of Edward I. appendant; found at Hackney 1743, among writings of the ancient family of Shoreditch, by Robert Bygrave; presented by him to Sir Edward Walpole, and by him to his brother Horace.

Bathoe's catalogues of the collections of Charles I., James II., and the duke of Buckingham, and their portraits, and large additions and notes by Mr. Walpole.

Catalogue of the pictures belonging to the crown, temp. Annæ, MS. A present from Mr. Topham Beauclerc.

Two large volumes of catalogues of all the exhibitions, from the first to the end of the year 1780, with MS. notes.

Catalogue of the Twenty-Five most precious Coins and Medals in the rose-wood case.

1. A unique crown of King Edward VI. bought at Lord Oxford's sale in 1742.

2. Medal of Pope Julius III. in silver, struck on the restoration of the Roman Catholic religion in England by Queen Mary.

3. A satirical silver medal struck in Holland. On the observe, the head of Oliver Cromwell laureated in armour. On the reverse he is kneeling in the lap of Britannia, with his breeches down; the French and Spanish ambassadors are contending which shall kiss first; the former says to the latter, "Retire toy, l'honneur appartient au roi mon maître, Louis le Grand." Very scarce: from Lord Oxford's collection.

4. A silver medal; on one side the head of Queen Mary of England, on the other of Philip II., both in alto-relievo, and of the most exquisite workmanship. It was a trial-piece, and is certainly the finest modern metal known. It was bought by Mr. Walpole in Italy.

5. A large gold medal of Henry VIII. On the reverse, his titles in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin. It is the first medal of the English series. From Lord Oxford's collection.

6. A silver medal on the destruction of the Spanish armada. See an account of this medal, and the preceding, in Evelyn. From the same collection.

7. Coin of young King Henry, son of Henry II. From ditto.

8. Fine gilt coin of Pope Paul III. Reverse, a Ganemede, admirably drawn: this beautiful coin was the work of Michael Angelo Buonaroti. From the collection of Baron Stosch.

9. Silver medal of Lord Treasurer Southampton; by Abraham Simon.

10. Gold fragment of Queen Elizabeth's last broad piece, described in the Royal and Noble Authors. Unique: from the Oxford collection.

11. Gold medal of Nero Claudius Drusus: reverse, trophies, *De Germanis.*

12. Gold medal of Trajan: reverse, his forum. These two are very rare.

13. Gold medal of Marc Antony: reverse, the head of Octavia, the only one of her known, which makes this medal of the highest value.

14. Gold medal of Otho: very scarce, and finely preserved.

15. Ditto of Pertinax: not only very rare, but in the most exquisite preservation.

16. Copper coin of King Ferdinand of Naples; a pun on the reverse; his arms, a *horse;* the motto, *Equitas regni.*

17. Silver coin of Eustace, son of King Stephen: very rare; from Lord Oxford's collection.

18. A silver half-crown of Pope Clement XI. Reverse, the pantheon.

19. Copper medal of Pope Gregory XIII., on the correction of the calendar: the reverse, which is in beautiful taste, was designed by Parmegiano.

20. Silver medal of the same pope, on the massacre of St. Barthelemi: on the reverse, the destroying angel murdering the protestants; the legend *Hugonotorum Strages.* This scandalous medal was called in, and the die broken; which has made it very uncommon.

21. A silver coin struck by the Republic of Florence when they declared Jesus Christ their king, to keep off the pope: from Baron Stosch's collection: extremely rare.

22. Copper medal of Lorenzo of Medici, who stabbed Duke Alexander: the reverse copied from Brutus's medal, with the cap of liberty between two daggers; the legend, VIII. *Id. Jan.* Very rare.

23. Copper medal of Clement VII. Reverse, Joseph and his brethren: designed by Raphael.

24. Coin of Theodore, king of Corsica: rare.

25. Brass satirical medal of Queen Anne: reverse, the queen and Lady Masham embracing; motto, *All for Love.*

MR. WALPOLE'S BED-CHAMBER—TWO PAIR OF STAIRS.

The chimney-piece was designed by Mr. Chute, and has great grace. In the window, composed of seven lights, are several curious pieces of painted glass: as, the arms of Anne Boleyn, with the quarterings, which the king allowed her to bear, of the families from which she was descended, though with no right of quartering; a large lion coloured; four large angels in black and white; cypher and portcullis of King Edward; arms of Clinton and Ratcliffe; fine heads, in black and white, of Charlemagne, Prince William, and Prince Maurice of Orange, &c.

Over the chimney, View of the Vine in Hampshire, the seat of John Chute, Esq., by Müntz.

A small print of Mr. Andrew's Gothic house, near Donnington-castle and Spine-hill, Berkshire; designed by John Chute, Esq.

Fifteen small drawings of English and French comedians: by Fesch.

View of the gate of St. Edmund, at Bury.

A fable, in cut paper, on looking-glass: by Bermingham.

Over the door, Head of John Chute, Esq.: by Müntz, after Pompeio Battoni.

La Signora Elisabetta Capponi Grifoni, a Florentine beauty: by Ferd. Richter, 1741.

Patapan, a Roman dog, belonging to Mr. Walpole; by Wootton.

Doctor Conyers Middleton; by Eckardt.

Doctor Thomas Ashton, fellow of Eton-college; by ditto. He died in 1775.

A man and woman, in water-colours, after Watteau; by Mr. Walpole.

A rural ball, after Watteau; by ditto.

Catherine Walpole, eldest daughter of Sir Robert Walpole; small head, in oil.

Horace Walpole, when a child, in a white frock; in crayons.

A sprig of orange, in water-colours; by Lady Walpole.

A bunch of flowers, ditto; by Lady Anne Conway, eldest daughter of Lord Hertford, and wife of the Earl of Drogheda.

Drawing of Rembrandt's mother, from the picture at Windsor, called the Countess of Desmond; by Müntz.

Prints, of the House of Commons and warrant for beheading Charles I., inscribed with a pen, *Major charta;* of Ethelreda Lady Townshend; of Lord Chatham; Lord Holland; Lord and Lady Strafford; Mr. H. Walpole; and le Compte de Guerchy.

A cat, in an ebony frame.

A landscape by Mr. Taverner, exactly in the manner of Gaspar Poussin.

In the PLAID BED-CHAMBER, in the South Tower, is the portrait of Henry Walpole, the Jesuit, who was executed for attempting to poison Queen Elizabeth. He is crowned with glory, and holds a palm-branch, the emblem of martyrdom; the arms of the family in one cor-

ner. This picture came from Mr. Walpole's, of Lincolnshire, the last of the Roman Catholic branch of the family, who died about the year 1748.

THE STAR-CHAMBER

Is a small anti-room, painted green, with golden stars in mosaic. It has a large window entirely of painted glass; two triangular chairs taken from a piece of glass in Mr. Walpole's bed-chamber; two small Welch armed chairs, painted blue and white, with cushions of point-lace, and on one the arms of Mr. Richard Bateman, at whose sale they were purchased: a Japan tea-table with white porcelaine; and a card-table of the same.

A mahogany cabinet, containing a collection of English and foreign coins and medals. On it, a bust of Henry VII. in stone, a model in great taste for his tomb, by Torreggiano.* Under it a vase of false porphyry; from the collection of the Comte de Caylus.

Another like cabinet, with gold, silver, and brass Greek and Roman coins, and a complete set of Roman weights from Dr. Middleton's collection. On it, a bust of Gibbs, the architect in marble, by Rysbrack. Beneath, a vase, companion to the former.

A porringer, cover and plate, white, with different golds, of Seve china; a present from Mrs. Damer.

Catherine Hastings, first countess of Chesterfield.

Hence you go into a trunk-ceiled passage, lighted by a window of painted glass, in which are many quarterings of Latton, a family formerly seated at Esher in Surrey: in the window, a candlestick enamelled on copper. This passage leads to

THE HOLBEIN CHAMBER.

The ceiling is taken from the queen's dressing-room at Windsor. The chimney-piece, designed by Mr. Bentley, is chiefly taken from the tomb of archbishop Warham at Canterbury. Over it, a glass in a black and gold frame; and a piece of Roman fayence in the shape of a boat, Bacchus and Ceres in relief in the middle.

A fire-screen embroidered by Miss Hotham, to whom Mr. W. addressed the fable of The Magpie and her young.

Two blue china beakers.

The pierced arches of the screen from the gates of the choir of Rouen; the rest of the screen was designed by Mr. Bentley.

In the bow windows some fine painted glass, and the arms of England, and those of George, Prince of Denmark; the ground is a beautiful mosaic of crimson, blue, and pearls, designed and painted by Price, of Hatton-garden.

* *Vide* Anecdotes of Painting.

A table and six chairs of ebony. On the table a tray with four ancient combs: one of ivory is extremely ancient, carved with figures; on one side representing persons bathing and going to bed; on the other, two men and a woman with musical instruments: another comb, said to have belonged to the queen of Scots, is of tortoiseshell studded with silver hearts and roses; the two others of tortoiseshell likewise, of which the one with very long teeth belonged to the father of the first Lord Edgcumbe, and was used when the large flowing wigs were in fashion: two bottles of Roman fayence, and a basin and ewer of purple and white Seve china.

A very ancient chair of oak, which came out of Glastonbury Abbey; on it are carved these sentences, *Joannas Arthurus Monacus Glastonie, salvet eum Deus: Da pacem, Domine: Sit Laus Deo.* Lord Bathurst had several chairs copied from this.

Another chair covered with purple cloth, made from one in a pane of painted glass in the breakfast-room.

The bed is of purple cloth lined with white satin, a plume of white and purple feathers on the centre of the tester; the room is hung with purple paper. By the bed,

The red hat of Cardinal Wolsey, found in the great wardrobe by Bishop Burnet when clerk of the closet. From his son, the judge, it came to the Countess Dowager of Albemarle, who gave it to Mr. Walpole.

Christ crowned with thorns, by Mabeuse; bought at Monsieur Hareng's sale, 1764.

Over the chimney, an ancient painting of the emperor Maximilian and his son Philip the Fair: from the collection of Mr. Bryan Fairfax.

Lady Arabella Stuart, in white, whole length in water-colours; copied by Vertue from the original at Welbeck.

A man's head with a book; by Quintin Matsis: it was in Sir Robert Walpole's collection.

Anne Stanhope, duchess of Somerset, second wife of the Protector, whose portrait she holds in one hand: a present to Mr. Walpole from Mr. Bateman.

Catherine of Arrogan,† first wife of Henry VIII., by Holbein: it was in the collection of Sir Robert Walpole, and has been engraved among the Illustrious Heads.

* Sir Thomas More. This and all the following heads marked with an asterism, were taken off on oil-paper by Vertue, from the original drawings of Holbein in queen Caroline's closet at Kensington, now removed to Buckingham-house.

Lord Vaux. This is done in the same manner by Muntz, from the same collection.

A man's head, in old enamel.

Margaret, queen of Navarre, who wrote the Tales: ditto.

† Vertue thought it to be Catherine, duchess of Bar, sister of Henry IV., of France, and so it probably is.

Between the bow-windows:

Queen Elizabeth, when a girl.
* Lady Henningham.
* William Parr, marquis of Northampton, brother of queen Catherine Parr.
* A lady unknown.
* Ditto.
* Sir Nicholas Poines.
* Catherine Willoughby, fourth wife of Charles Brandon, duke of Suffolk.
Queen Mary, when a child: from Mr. Fairfax's collection.
* Henry Howard, earl of Surrey, the poet.
* Nicholas Cratzer, astronomer to Henry VIII.
* Edward Clinton, earl of Lincoln, lord high admiral of England.
* Dr. Colet, dean of St. Paul's.
* Sir Thomas Elyot, the author.
* Henry Howard, earl of Surrey; younger than the preceding.
Edmund Montacute, a judge; by Holbein: from Sir R. Walpole's collection.
* A gentleman, unknown.
* William Fitzwilliam, earl of Southampton.
* Edward Stanley, earl of Derby.
* Borbonius, a French poet.
* Fisher, bishop of Rochester. Richardson the painter had another of these, which was engraved among the Illustrious Heads.
* Thomas Boleyn, earl of Ormond, father of Queen Anne Boleyn.

On the side opposite to the chimney:

A fine and very valuable picture by Lucas de Heere, representing Frances, duchess of Suffolk, mother of the lady Jane Grey, and Adrian Stoke, her second husband. This picture was in the collection of the earl of Oxford, and was engraved by Vertue. *Vide Anecdotes of Painting.*
Philip and Mary, copied in water-colours by Vertue, from the original, by Antonio More, at the duke of Bedford's at Wooburn-abbey.
A single combat before the emperor Maximilian, in terra-cotta, by Albert Durer.
Anthony, king of Navarre, father of Henry IV., by Janet.
The Marechal de Montluc, who wrote the commentaries by Janet.
A very small head of a man, in a round; by Holbein.
* Lord Wentworth.
* Lord Chancellor Rich.
* Lady Rich, his wife.
* Sir Thomas Wyat, the poet.
* George Brook lord Cobham.

* Edward VI. when a child; very like Henry VIII.
* Jane Seymour.

Frobenius, the printer, in a round. Melancthon, ditto; by Holbein; very fine. Bought at Sir W. Hamilton's sale, 1761.

A man's head with a black beard; ditto.

Margaret queen of Scots, daughter of Henry VII. copied by Vertue from the picture at Hampton Court.

Jane Gray; by ditto, from the original that was the duke of Somerset's.

Head of Henry VIII. with a watch at his neck, carved in box by Holbein.

* John Russel, first earl of Bedford.
* Anne Savage lady Berkeley. She held up the train of Anne Boleyn at her coronation. *Vide Stowe's Chron.* p. 543.
* Sir W. Sherrington, master of the mint, whence he furnished admiral Seymour with money.
* Sir John Gage.
* Sir Richard Southwell, one of the accusers of the earl of Surrey.
* Queen Mary, when princess.
* Thomas duke of Norfolk; beheaded in the reign of Elizabeth: young.

Holbein; in a round. Anne Boleyn; ditto. Copies by Eckardt.

Charlotte, daughter of Francis I. died at five years of age; by Janet: fine. From Sir Luke Schaub's collection.

Lord Darnley, by Vertue, from the original at Hampton Court.

A young man's head; by Holbein.

Leonora, queen of Portugal, sister of Charles V. and afterwards second wife of Francis I.; by Vertue.

Henry VIII. fine whole figure in terra-cota, by Holbein; from Lady Elizabeth Germaine's collection.

Pictures in the alcove:

The triumph of Riches; by Frederic Zucchero, from the original of Holbein that was in the steel-yard. Henry VIII. in the character of Crœsus, and one of his queens, I believe, Anne Boleyn, follow the car. *Vide a description of this and the next in The Anecdotes of Painting.*

The triumph of Poverty; by Frederic Zacchero. These drawings, invaluable by the originals being lost, were purchased from Buckingham-house when Sir Charles Sheffield sold it to the king.

Arthur prince of Wales, a washed drawing, by E. Edwards, from the only original of that prince when grown up, which belonged to Mr. Sheldon of Weston in Warwickshire, and was purchased by Mr. Child of Osterley-park, Middlesex, 1781.

A man's head with a red beard, in the manner of Holbein.

Richard III. by Vertue.

James V. and Mary of Lorraine his queen; in water-colours; by Wale; from an ancient original in the possession of the duke of Devonshire at Hardwicke.

Claude de Clermont sieur de Dampier; by Janet.

Henry V. by Vertue.

Lord Keeper Bacon; by Vertue.

John Howard, first duke of Norfolk, and his first wife Catherine, daughter of William lord Molins; two heads in rounds in one frame; copied by E. Edwards in 1783 from the ancient originals, in oil on board, of the same size, in the possession of the dowager Lady Jerningham, to whom they came by descent, having been in the Arundelian collection. There is no other portrait of the duke, who was slain at Bosworth.

Mrs. Margaret Roper, daughter of Sir Thomas More; copied out of the great picture of the family, by Vertue.

Thomas lord Cromwell, in a round, after Holbein.

Head of Sir Thomas Wyat the younger, beheaded in the reign of Queen Mary, in a round on board; copied by Milbourn, from the original in the possession of Lord Romney, who was related to the Wyats, and to whom the last bequeathed their portraits.

A man in black, by Holbein, in a rich gold frame; from the collection of H. Constantine Jennings, Esq. of Shiplake.

Over the door, Mary queen of Scots, a head; on her ruff, the arms of France and England.

A large drawing of a magnificent chimney-piece; a design by Holbein for one of the palaces of Henry VIII.

A man in black, holding a ring; small half-length, by Holbein.

On the back is written *H. II. data excel. Pnpis Vallistari avunculi munere.*

A young lady, its companion; seems to be painted by Lionardo da Vinci. On the back, *Costanza Fregosa, moglie del Co. Manfredo Lando, madre d'Agostino Landi Prine. di Val di Taro. Tableau du palais di Monaco. Pnpis Vallistari munus.* These two pictures were presents to Mr. W. from his great nephew George earl of Cholmondeley.

Between the door and the screen:

Henry VIII. three quarters; a present from the Rev. Mr. Pennicott.

Henry duc de Longueville; in crayons.

Sir John Godsalve, knight of the carpet; after Holbein.

A drawing of architecture; by ditto.

Sir Thomas Wyat: by Vertue.

A man's head; an original drawing: by Holbein.

A man in a masquerade habit: ditto.

Louis IX., an original; his prayer-book open in the shape of a heart.

A drawing of a clock, by Holbein; designed for St. Antony Denny as a new year's gift to Henry VIII. Bought at the sale of Mons Mariette.

A drawing of a Romish episcopal saint; whole length, by Holbein.

A carpet worked by Mrs. Catherine Clive, the celebrated comedian.

THE GALLERY.

Fifty-six feet long, seventeen high, and thirteen wide without the five recesses. The ceiling is taken from one of the side aisles of Henry VIIth's chapel. In the windows, by Peckitt, are all the quarterings of the family. The great door is copied from the north door of St. Alban's, and the two smaller are parts of the same design. The side with recesses, which are finished with a gold net-work over looking-glass, is taken from the tomb of Archbishop Bourchier at Canterbury. The chimney-piece was designed by Mr. John Chute, and Mr. Thomas Pitt of Boconnoch. The room is hung with crimson Norwich damask: the chairs, settees, and long stools are of the same, mounted on black and gold frames. The carpet made at Moorfields.

East end:

Laura and Charlotte Walpole, eldest and youngest daughters of Sir Edward Walpole, and wives of Frederic Keppel bishop of Exeter, and of Lionel Talmach earl of Dysart; Mrs. Keppel in white, Lady Dysart in pink; by Ramsay.

Marriage of Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York; by Mabeuse. *Vide Anecdotes of Painting.*

Sir Francis Walsingham, with a view of his house at Scadbury in Kent: by Frederic Zucchero; from Sir Robert Walpole's collection. This picture has been engraved by Houbraken amongst the Illustrious Heads.

Sir George Villiers, leaning his hand on the head of a greyhound. He was father of George duke of Buckingham, and Lord Clarendon relates a story of his ghost. This is a very fine picture; by Cornelius Jansen.

George duke of Buckingham, his son: a very fine head, by Rubens; the garter is put on the wrong way.

Admiral Montagu earl of Sandwich: by Sir Peter Lely: a very good head. Lord Sandwich gave this to Mr. Blackwood, from whom Mr. Walpole bought it.

Holy Family, with boy angels, in a landscape: by Van Artois, scholar of Rubens: from Sir Robert Walpole's collection.

Inside of an ancient Flemish house: by old Frank.

A chest* of old japan inlaid with mother of pearl.
Two coins of old japan with marble slabs. On one,
A bronze of the Hercules Farnese.
A light blue pot pourri of Seve, mounted in or-moulu.
Two octagon basins, Saxon, old china pattern.
On the other, a bust of Tiberius; bought at Mr. Jennings's sale: another pot pourri; and two Saxon basins.

Chimney-side, left hand:

On the hearth, two tubs of old blue and white porcelaine; a present from Mrs. Gostling.

Virgin and child, after the picture of Dominichino, at Houghton; by John Davis, Esq. of Watlington.

Mr. Leneve, master of the company of merchant taylors: a most bright and pure picture: by Cornelius Jansen.

Marguerite de Valois, duchesse de Savoie, sister of Henry II. of France; he was killed at the tournament for her wedding: by Sir Antonio More. This picture belonged to king Charles I. In one niche,

Maria, second daughter of Sir Edward Walpole, widow of James earl of Waldegrave, and wife of William Henry, duke of Gloucester, brother of king George III., by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

John Law, inventor of the Mississippi-scheme, and prime minister to the regent Philip duke of Orleans: one of the best of Rosalba's works.

Francis Seymour Conway, earl of Hertford; by ditto.

Death of Admiral Sandwich: by Scott.

Views, of Kirkstall Abbey, and of a church near Boulogne in France: by ditto.

The eagle found in the gardens of Boccapadugti within the precinct of Caracalla's baths at Rome, in the year 1742. One of the finest pieces of Greek sculpture in the world, and reckoned superior to the eagle in the villa Mattei. There are extremely few fine statues of animals; the chief are these two eagles, the Tuscan boar, the Barberini goat, and the dog belonging to Mr. Jennings of Shiplake.† The boldness, and yet great finishing of this statue, are incomparable; the eyes inimitable. Mr. Gray has drawn *the flagging wing*.‡ It stands on a handsome antique sepulchral altar, adorned with eagles too.

Frances Bridges, daughter of the Lord Chandos, and second wife of Thomas Cecil, earl of exeter, on whose left hand she refused to lie on his tomb in Westminster-abbey. This picture, which is an excel-

* In this chest are three flashed doublets, a cloak ditto, and a pair of black embroidered breeches, which belonged to Robert Walpole, great grandfather of Sir Robert Walpole first Earl of Orford, and had been preserved in the old House at Houghton: given by George Lord Orford.

† Since bought by Mr. Duncombe.

‡ Ode on the Power of Poetry.

lent of Vandyck, belonging to Richardson the painter, who has written a dissertation of eight pages on it in one of his books.* It was purchased of Hudson the painter, son-in-law of Richardson.

A young man: by Sir Godfrey Kneller: quære, if not his own portrait? From the collection of Sclater Bacon of Cambridgeshire.

Over a door, Catherine Sedley countess of Dorchester, mistress of James II. and mother of the duchess of Buckingham: by Dahl.

Madame de Sevigné; a head: a present from Lady Hervey.

A girl scouring pots; curious picture, being painted by Watteau in the style of Rembrandt. It was in the collection of Mr. Cooke, member for Middlesex.

A landscape by Müntz, painted in encaustic, which he improved from Count Caylu's rules.

Thomas earl of Arundel, and his grandson Cardinal Howard, in water-colours: by Vertue, after Vandyck.

Right hand of the chimney:

—— Leneve, alderman of Norwich; son of the foregoing Leneve. The best picture Sir Peter Lely ever painted, and as fine as Vandyck's Countess of Exeter, before mentioned.

His wife in blue; ditto.

John lord Sheffield, husband of Lady Douglas Sheffield, on whose account it was surmised that he was poisoned by R. earl of Leicester; by Ant. More; from Buckingham-house.

Henry Jermyn, earl of Saint Alban's, favourite, and, as Sir John Reresby says, second husband of Queen Henrietta Maria: probably by Old Stone.

James II. earl of Waldegrave: by Reynolds.

Bacha Bonneval: by Liotard; bought at the sale of Everard Falkner, knt. embassador to the Porte.

Henry Fox lord Holland; by ditto.

Sea-piece; views, of Bristol-cross, and of a Gothic farm near Marble-hill, belonging to the Countess of Suffolk, and designed by Richard Bentley: all by Sam. Scott.

Vespasian, in basaltes; a noble bust, bought out of the collection of Cardinal Ottoboni. It stands on a Roman sepulchral altar, on which, in bas-relief, is a man sacrificing, with this inscription,

TI. CLAVDIVS AVG. L.
DOCILIS
AEDITVS AEDIS
FORTVNAE TVLLIANAE.

* This lady was most falsely accused of many crimes, of which she was entirely innocent, and acquitted; of which see an account in Granger's Biographical History of English Portraits, vol. i. p. 548.

Over a door, Anne Hyde duchess of York; by Mrs. Beale, after Sir Peter Lely.

Lady Sophia Farmor, eldest daughter of Thomas earl of Pomfret, and second wife of John earl Granville, prime minister to George II.; by Rosalba. She is drawn as Juno.

Two men cheating another at cards; by John Miel: very good.

A landscape in encaustic; by Müntz.

West end:

A large piece of Catherine de' Medici and her children, Charles IX., Henry III., the Duke d'Alençon, and Margaret queen of Navarre; whole lengths, by Janet: bought from Mr. Byde's, in Hertfordshire.

Griffiere, the painter; by Zoust: the satin on the arm remarkably well painted.

A young man's head, æt. 18, admirable nature: by Giorgione. This was in the collection of Charles I. *Vide Topham's Catalogue.*

A pot of flowers, highly finished, yet very free; by old Baptist. From Sir Robert Walpole's collection.

Sevonyans the painter, by himself; a very fine head.

Charles Brandon duke of Suffolk, and Mary queen of France. This picture was Lord Granville's. Kent designed the frame. The picture had before been at the Earl of Westmoreland's at Apthorpe.

Tobit burying the dead. *And when Tobit found any dead, he buried them without the walls of Jerusalem:* by Benedetto Castiglione.

A coin of old Japan; on it, busts of Julia Domna, Julia Titi, and Cicero; the latter a present from Lady Hervey; a flat vase of white, blue and gold Seve china, with cover and handles.

Another coin, ditto; statue of Harpocrates and Telesphorus; Antinous, Greek work; and Zenocrates, a present from General Conway; a flat vase, like the former.

Window side:

Thomas lord Howard of Bindon, father of Frances duchess of Richmond and Lenox; whole length, in robes of the garter.

Lodowic Stuart duke of Richmond and Lenox; ditto: these two last came out of Luton-house in Bedfordshire, where the latter lived.

Frances duchess of Richmond and Lenox. *See a curious account of this great lady in Wilson's Reign of King James the First.* This picture came from Easton-Neston, the seat of Thomas earl of Pomfret. By Mard Garrard.

Henry Carey lord Falkland, deputy of Ireland, and father of the famous Lucius lord Falkland; in white,* by Vansomer.

* The idea of the picture walking out of its frame in the Castle of Otranto was suggested by this portrait.

Mrs. Catherine Philips, the poetess; a head: it belonged to Charles earl of Halifax.

Philip Villiers de Lisle Adam, the last grand-master of Rhodes, which he defended two years against Soloman the Magnificent and a prodigious army: a head.

A view of mount Orgueil, in Jersey; by Richard Bentley, Esq.

Heads in the upper line, begin from the left:

Vandyck. Richard Rigby, paymaster of the forces and master of the rolls in Ireland; by Eckardt. Prior the poet. Cooke, the painter; by himself. General Edward Cornwallis, governor of Gibraltar, and groom of the bedchamber to George II. by Eckardt. Pearce senior, statuary, Waller the poet. Horatio lord Walpole, younger brother of Sir Robert Walpole; by Vanloo. Mr. Chiffinch, privy-purse to Charles II. by Riley. Dobson, the painter. George Keppel, third earl of Albemarle; by Eckardt. Sir Nicholas Dorigny, the engraver. Van Wyck the younger, painter. George Montagu, Esq. by Eckardt, after Vanloo. Dahl, the painter.

Anne Clifford,* countess of Dorset, Pembroke and Montgomery. There is a medal of her taken exactly from this picture.

Thomas Howard duke of Norfolk, beheaded for the cause of the Queen of Scots. In this picture he is young, and it was probably painted in the reign of Edward VI. Before he was restored in blood; for there are his arms without a coronet, and yet on his handkerchief are an N and a †, to mark his title and his religion: by Antonio More.

A sea-piece, by Scott.

A fine small landscape with sheep, by Gasper Poussin; a legacy from Sir Horace Mann, envoy to Florence.

Bronzes in the windows; an‡ Ibis: a Ceres with silver eyes, and a cow in her lap: the Laocoon: Antinous‡ on a tripod: an ostrich, very spirited.

Two tables of solid granite, from the Farnese gardens at Rome; the frames black and gold, from a tomb in Westminster-abbey.

On the first table, busts of Marcus Aurelius: Domitilla, wife of Vespasian, exceedingly rare: a Camillus or sacrificing priest. Beneath, a bronze from John of Boulogne's Rape of the Sabines: two antique urns of marble; that with a cover heavily designed by Kent belonging to Brian Fairfax.

On the other table, busts of Julia Mœsa: Faustina senior: and Antonia Claudii Mater: very rare. Beneath, the listening slave in bronze: and two antique urns of marble: on one this inscription, BAILIOVI RITO FILIO SVO QVI BISIT ANNIS XX FECIT SIBI.

* See an account of her in the Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors.

† From Dr. Middleton's collection.

Two commodes of old Japan with marble slabs; on one, a triangular cistern of Roman fayence, finely painted with figures, probably from designs of Julio Romano; two large vases, ditto, finely painted, and inscribed, FATTE IN BOTEGA DE ORATIO FONTANA, and mounted in ormoulu.

On the other commode, another cistern* like the former; and two bottles of blue and white and gold Seve china, most beautifully designed and ornamented.

A mother of pearl box, with fishes and counters of the same; a present from Mrs. Clive.

In a CLOSET, with glass doors, between the gallery and round chamber, is a large collection of ancient porcelaine of china, which belonged to Catherine lady Walpole. Under the window, a small altar, part of the shrine in the chapel, and on it a silver ladle with an ivory handle carved and gilt, used by Indian ladies for incense; a present from Charles duke of Richmond.

Three blue baskets made like rushes, of old blue china; bought at the sale of the Duchess dowager of Portland.

THE ROUND DRAWING-ROOM.

Hung with crimson Norwich damask: the chairs of Aubusson tapestry, flowers on a white ground, the frames green and gold; and a carpet of the manufacture of Moorfields; the design taken from the Seve china table in the Green Closet.

The design of the chimney-piece is taken from the tomb of Edward the Confessor, improved by Mr. Adam, and beautifully executed in white marble inlaid with scagliuola, by Richter. The dogs are silver: on the chimney are three large jars and two beakers, of silver also, bought at the auction of Lady Eliz. Germaine; on the middle one is the Rape of the Sabines embossed. Two silver sconces, with histories, on the sides.

A screen worked in chenille, to suit with the chimney, by the Countess of Ailesbury.

The ceiling is taken from a round window in old Saint Paul's; the frieze was designed by Mr. Adam.

In the great bow window is a large shield of the arms of Robert Dudley earl of Leicester, given by Mr. H. Reade; under it a thornbush with H R, the device of Henry VII.; the arms of Queen Elizabeth, on the left hand, from Essex-house, in the Strand; roses; other arms of nobility; and six fine pieces, by a scholar of Price, from Raphael's bible. The surbase of the window is taken from the tomb of Queen Eleanor in Westminster-abbey.

Over the chimney, Lady Dorothy Percy countess of Leicester, in

* Presents from the Earl of Exeter; and had belonged to Jervas the painter, who had a fine collection of that fayence.

red, and her sister Lady Lucy, the famous Countess of Carlisle; a very capital picture of Vandyck, sold out of Penshurst by Lady Yonge, when she inherited half of that ancient seat by the will of Lady Brownlow. Mr. Hoare of Stourhead offered the last Earl of Leicester of the Sidney family a hundred pounds for this picture.

Over the door, Mrs. Lemon, mistress of Vandyck, with a sword, as Judith; by Vandyck; bought out of Buckingham-house: very boldly and freely painted.

Bianca Capello; by Vasari; bought out of the Vitelli palace at Florence, by Sir Horace Mann, and sent to Mr. Walpole: the hands never finished. Her story is thus written in a cartouche on the frame: —"Bianca Capello, a Venetian lady, who having disobliged her family by marrying a Florentine banker, was reduced to maintain him by washing linen; Francis the great-duke saw, fell in love with, and made her his mistress, and her husband his minister: but the latter, after numberless tyrannies, for which she obtained his pardon, and after repeated ill-usage of her, for which she pardoned him, having murdered a man, and being again protected by her, the great-duke told her, that, though he would remit her husband's punishment, he would pardon whoever should kill him. The relations of the deceased murdered the assassin, and Francis married his widow Bianca, who was poisoned with him at a banquet by Cardinal Ferdinand, afterwards called the Great, brother and successor of Duke Francis."[a]

Jacob travelling from Laban; very fine; by Salvator Rosa. A present from Sir Horace Mann.

The education of Jupiter; by Nicolo Poussin. This picture cost Sir Robert Walpole a hundred and fourteen pounds.

A most beautiful landscape by Paul Brill.

A piece of rocks, with the temple of Tivoli; by Gobbo Caracci.

A trunk of tortoiseshell and bronze; by Boul, on a frame of the same. A small jar of Seve china under it.

A japan cabinet. On it, two double-branched silver candlesticks with figures of women, bought at Lady Vere's sale in 1783; and a bronze figure of Moses, after Michael Angelo. Under it, a large vase of Florentine fayence, with the arms of the great-duke.

Two old japan coffers on gilt frames. Under them, two large bottles of Florentine fayence, with the arms of Duke Ferdinand of Medici and his wife Christina of Lorraine.

In the window, a green and gold table and two high stands, with the cyphers of Sir Robert Walpole and Catherine Shorter his first wife. On the table, two vases, boat-shaped, of deep blue Seve china, mounted in or-moulu, with snake handles. Beneath, a large round vase and cover, and a dish to it, of Roman fayence.

[a] Montaigne, in his Travels, vol. i. p. 251, gives a description of Bianca, which corresponds much with this portrait. "Cette duchesse est belle à l'opinion Italienne, un visage agreable et imperieux, le corsage gros, et de tetins à leur souhait." The small portrait of her in the cabinet of enamels here, p. 427, is younger and much handsomer.

THE TRIBUNE.

It is a square with a simicircular recess in the middle of each side, painted stone-colour with gilt ornaments, and with windows and niches, the latter taken from those on the sides of the north door of the great church at Saint Alban's: the roof, which is taken from the chapter-house at York, is terminated by a star of yellow glass that throws a golden gloom all over the room, and with the painted windows gives it the solemn air of a rich chapel. The windows contain a head of Christ and two apostles, one in the middle of each, set round with four histories, all old, but finely re-coloured by Price, and surrounded with most beautiful mosaics of the purest taste. In five of the niches, on pedestals, are,

1. A cast in plaister bronzed of Catherine lady Walpole, the model of her statue in Westminster-abbey, executed at Rome by Valory, and taken from the Livia or Pudicitia in the villa Mattei. 2. The Venus* of Medici. 3. Antinous. 4. The Apollo Belvedere. 5. The Farnese Flora in bronze. In the windows, six smaller bronzes from ancient statues; a Chinese incense-box of bronze; and two pots-pourris of red japan set in or-moulu and surmounted with Indian figures by Martin. The carpet is taken from the mosaic of the windows, and in the middle has the reflection from the star in the ceiling. The grated door was designed by Mr. Thomas Pitt.

On the right hand stands an altar of black and gold, with a marble slab of the same colours, taken from the tomb of two children of Edward III. in Westminster-abbey. On the altar, a Florentine box inlaid with hard stones, a present from Sir Horace Mann: two most beautiful vases in paste, imitating root of amethyst, and ornamented with vines and heads of goats, by Germaine of Paris: a silver dish of basket-work, and two candlesticks of German agate, presents from General H. S. Conway. On the two sides, silver sconces with the arms of Frances Pelham† viscountess Castlecomer; and two vases of ivory from the antique, carved by Verskovis. Over the altar,

A cabinet of rose-wood, designed by Mr. Walpole; on the pediment, statues in ivory of Fiamingo, Inigo Jones and Palladio, by Verskovis, after the models of Rysbrack. In the pediment, Mr. Walpole's arms, a Cupid and lion, by the same: on the doors, bas-reliefs in ivory, Herodias with the head of the Baptist, by Gibbons; a lady, half-length, by the same; Perseus and Andromeda; the Hercules Farnese; the Flora; Diomede with the Palladium; the Medusa of Strozzi; the Perseus of ditto; Caracalla and Alexander, by Pozzo; and eight other heads. On the drawer, the Barberini lion, by Pozzo; and heads of eagles, by Verskovis.

* The Venus and Antinous were Lord Waldegrave's.
† Sister of Thomas duke of Newcastle; she died, and is buried at Twickenham.

Within the cabinet of enamels and miniatures:

The Virgin and Child, in miniature, round; by Old Lens, from the original by Annibal Caracci, at Kensington.

Head of Christ; by Carlo Dolce; in a rich frame of silver gilt; and silver cherubim.

Venus, Cupid, and other figures in enamel; by Boit, from the original by Luca Giordano, at Devonshire-house.

Ethelreda Harrison, wife of Charles viscount Townshend; a capital piece of enamel, by Zincke, after Vanloo; set in a frame of enamel flowers in relief; on the back, her arms supported by Cupids, enamelled by Groth.

A fine old enamelled watch-case, after Raphael and Dominichino.

Emperor Joseph I. small.

Colonel Horatio Walpole, uncle of Sir Robert Walpole; small.

The Duchesses of Cleveland and Portsmouth; very small.

Sir Edward Walpole, father of Maria duchess of Gloucester, in enamel; by Zincke.

Galfridus Walpole, youngest brother of Sir Robert Walpole; in water-colours.

Byzas, imaginery founder of Byzantium; large intaglia on onyx. M.*

A valuable jewel of Lord Burleigh's head on onyx, by Valerio Vicentino, cut on the reverse of an antique of Caracalla; appendant is the head of Queen Elizabeth, cut likewise on sardonyx, by the same Vicentino; the whole set with fifty-three brilliants, given to Mr. Walpole by his father, who bought it of Sir Andrew Fountaine, who had it set on purpose, with allusion to Queen Caroline and Sir Robert Walpole.

Sir Robert Walpole, earl of Orford; very like: painted in enamel by Zincke, two years before Sir Robert's death: set in a frame of enamelled oak-leaves.

Catherine Shorter, first wife of Sir Robert Walpole; ditto, after Sir Godfrey Kneller; set with enamel flowers. The two heads are in Zincke's best manner, and were engraved for the Ædes Walpolianæ.

Mary Walpole, second daughter of Sir Robert Walpole and Catherine Shorter, and wife of George Cholmondeley viscount Malpas, afterwards Earl of Cholmondeley; in water-colours; by Groth, after Jervas.

Lady Maria Walpole, only child of Sir Robert Walpole and Maria Skerret his second wife, married to Charles Churchill, Esq.; in enamel; by Zincke.

Horace Walpole [who made the collection,] youngest son of Sir R. Walpole and Catherine Shorter; ditto.

* All the curiosities marked M. belonged to Dr. Conyers Middleton, whose whole collection Mr. Walpole bought. See an account of them in the doctor's Germana quædam Antiquitatis Monumenta.

Horatio Walpole, lord Walpole, brother of Sir Robert; in enamel; by Groth, after Vanloo.

Two lockets in shape of hearts, with hair of Robert Walpole and Catherine Shorter, set with diamonds.

An Egyptian duck; antique cameo, on agate. M.

A sleeping hermaphrodite with two satyrs; ditto: very fine. M.

Sir Anthony Shirley, embassador *from* the sophy of Persia *to* King James the First; dress half English half Persian: by Isaac Oliver.

The Queen of Bohemia; by Isaac Oliver: bought out of the collection of Lady Isabella Scott, daughter of the Duchess of Monmouth.

Serjeant Maynard; by Hoskins; given to Sir R. Walpole by Sir Everard Falkener.

Sir Kenelm Digby; by Peter Oliver: it was in Doctor Mead's collection.

James I.; by Isaac Oliver.

Charles I.; by Petitot: fine. A present from T. Walker, Esq. to Maria Lady Walpole.

Charles II. ditto; in a case enamelled blue; done abroard: bought of an old gentlewoman to whom he gave it when he stood godfather to her in Holland.

James II. when duke of York; fine, by Petitot: bought at the sale of Mrs. Dunch, daughter of his mistress, Mrs. Godfrey.

Robert Cecil earl of Salisbury: by Isaac Oliver.

A lady's head, in enamel; by Petitot.

Nicholas Burwell, brother of Sir Jeffery Burwell, grandfather of Sir Robert Walpole; by Hoskins: set in a case with small diamonds, and enamelled with The Judgment of Paris in relief; very neat.

Mrs. Godfrey, mistress of King James, in enamel; by Petitot: was Mrs. Dunch's, her daughter.

Robert Devereux earl of Essex: by Isaac Oliver: it belonged to Frances lady Worseley, who was descended from him. It was engraved for the Illustrious Heads.

Frances his wife, daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham, widow of Sir Philip Sidney, and lastly wife of the earl of Clanrickard and Saint Albans.

Robert Walpole, second earl of Orford; painted in water-colours by Rosalba with all the force of oil.

An elderly lady's head; by Cooper: fine.

Robert Carr, earl of Somerset, in his latter time, favourite of King James; by Hoskins: bought at the sale of the curious collection of T. Barret, of Lees, in Kent, 1758.

Richard Cromwell, protector, in armour; by Cooper: from the same collection.

Marivaux, author of Marianne; by Liotard; in water-colours.

George Walpole, third earl of Orford; ditto.

John Chute, Esq. of the Vine in Hampshire; finely painted in water-colours: by Pompeio Battoni, at Rome.

A watch enamelled with histories, after Pietro Cortona.

Another enamelled watch.

Admiral Churchill, brother of John duke of Marlborough; very finely enamelled by Boit; it belonged to his niece Mrs. Dunch.

A curious antique miniature in gold, of a Roman lady and her son; the boy has a bulla at his neck. M.

Lady Arabella Stuart; by Hilliard: it was Lord Wilmington's.

Queen Elizabeth; ditto; ditto.

George II. by Mr. Deacon.

Cowley the poet, after Sir Peter Lely; by Zincke: his master-piece, and perhaps the finest piece of enamel in the world. It was engraved for Mr. Hurd's edition of Cowley.

A lady, said to be Henrietta duchess of Orleans, but probably Martinozzi, princess of Conti; one of the finest works of Petitot. A looking-glass behind it: bought of Zincke.

A beautiful enamel, by Petitot, of Catherine Henriette d'Angennes comtesse d'Olonne, as a Diana, a character very different from that given of her in Bussy's Histoire amoureuse des Gaules. It is set in a frame of flowers, enamelled in relief by Giles Legaré de Chaumont en Bassigni, who was famous for that sort of works: from the collection of Monsieur Mariette.

Bianca Capello, great duchess of Tuscany; a small head in oil, by Bronzino. *See her history, p.* 422.

Louis XIV.: Mary of Austria, his queen: Anne of Austria, his mother, very delicate: Madame de Montespan, his mistress, beautiful. These four are small heads in enamel, by Petitot.

Mrs. Middleton, a beauty in the reign of Charles II. ditto; by ditto.

Duchess of Mazarin, in water-colours.

Constant Hayes, wife of Galfridus Walpole, and afterwards of Mr. Kerwood; very small.

A silver gilt heart; within, the arms of Sir Robert and Catharine lady Walpole: his first present to her on their marriage.

Anne Boleyn; copied by Wale from a portrait of her by Hoskins, which he did from an ancient picture of her for king Charles I. and which is mentioned in his catalogue with other royal miniatures in the same frame; all of which are now in the possession of the Duke of Richmond.

Catherine Parr, by Holbein; a most scarce head, and exactly like the picture of her at the Earl of Denbigh's at Nuneham Padox, Warwickshire.

A girl with flowers, in water-colours; by Rosalba.

Oliver Cromwell; by Boit, after Cooper: given to Mr. Walpole by his brother Lord Orford.

John Dodd, of Swallowfield, Bucks; by Rouquet.

Catherine Clopton, wife of Henry Talbot, and cousin of Catherine lady Walpole; by Zincke.

Jane Seymour; by Holbein, in water-colours; was lady Worseley's.

Peter Oliver, profile in black lead, from a leaf of his own pocket-

book, and his wife, full-faced, on the other side; both fine; it belonged to Vertue the engraver.

Lucius Carey, the famous Lord Falkland: by Hoskins; fine: it was Dr. Meade's.

Doctor Bragge; a dealer in pictures: by Mr. J. Deacon.

A calcedonian stone; antique, used as an ornament to a horse of a triumphal chariot. M.

Another stone; described in Germana quædam. M.

On the insides of the doors:

Thomas Howard duke of Norfolk, beheaded temp. Elizabeth; by Antonio More; belonged to Richardson the painter, and engraved among the Illustrious Heads.

A lady, painted by Holbein; engraved by Hollar when in the Arundelian collection, and probably Mary Tudor queen of France, sister of Henry VIII. but amongst the Illustrious Heads called Catherine Howard. This also was Richardson's.

Lucy Barlow, alias Waters, mother of the Duke of Monmouth; by Cooper.

Catherine of Arragon, first wife of Henry VIII., an admirable original; by Holbein. These two were bought at the auction of Lady Isabella Scott.

A young man in black; copied by Lady Lucan from a portrait by Titian, in the collection of the Duke of Devonshire.

A lady's head, by Rosalba; set in tortoiseshell.

James Brydges, first duke of Chandos; in enamel, by Zincke; a present from G. S. earl of Harcourt.

A golden heart set with jewels, and ornamented with emblematic figures enamelled, and Scottish mottos; made by order of the Lady Margaret Douglas, mother of Henry lord Darnley, in memory of her husband, Matthew stewart earl of Lenox and regent of Scotland, murdered by the papists.

Isaac Oliver, by himself; perfectly fine.

Waller, the poet; by Cooper: and a Lord Digby; ditto. These three from the collection of Mr. Barrett of Lees.

Liotard, the painter, in his Turkish dress, in enamel, by himself; given to Mr. Walpole by his sister, Lady Mary Churchill.

Salmacis and Hermaphroditus, a most beautiful miniature by Clinksted; given to Mr. Walpole by Mr. Chute: set in a gold frame enamelled blue.

A naked Venus, whole length, and very fine; the attitude copied by Zincke from a picture of Annibal Caracci in the collection at Houghton: set in a frame like the former.

A small head of a foreign general, in bluff with a black sash. It is painted with all the force of oil, though in enamel, and in a grander style than Petitot's. From the Portland collection.

Hair of King Edward IV., cut from his corpse when discovered in St. George's chapel at Windsor, 1789; given by Sir Joseph Banks. [*End of the cabinet of enamels and miniatures.*]

Other pictures and curiosities in the same room:

Little children presented to Christ; Italian, on copper.

The virgin, child, and St. John; Baroccio, after Correggio.

The virgin, and child, by Carlo Cignani; from Lord Cholmondeley's collection.

Head of a Cardinal; and an old man's; rounds on fayence.

A fine dish, enamelled on copper, with the history of Moses. P. R. 1557.

A fayence dish, painted in grotesque.

Rembrandt; by Old Lens.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, as a shepherdess; after Jervas; by ditto.

Two vases carved in ivory, by Verskovis, after the antique.

Queen Anne of Denmark; and a lady of the same time; by Isaac Oliver: in one frame.

Louis XII. of France; and Sir John Gage; by Holbein; in another frame. These from the collection of Lady Elizabeth Germaine.

Margaret of Austria, daughter of Charles V. in a white religious habit; enamelled on copper, in a round; behind it, Moses receiving the law; enamelled on gold.

Lous XII. in enamel. These two were presents to Mr. Walpole from Miss Rachael Lloyd, and belonged to the Princess Sophia, mother of King George I.

Lord Loudon, chancellor of Scotland; by Samuel Cooper.

In the glass-case near the window:

A chalice of silver gilt, richly ornamented with figures, jewels and crystal.

Model of the shrine of Thomas Becket, enamelled.

An amber jewel-box.

Great Seal of Theodore king of Corsica.

That very curious piece by which he took the benefit of the act of insolvency: he is only styled, Theodore Stephen baron de Newhoff.

His capitulations made with the people of Corsica, on his election, signed by his own hand.

An antique figure of the deity of gardens; fine.

Two phalli, a fibula, two sacrificing instruments, and a small eagle; all of bronze. M.

Gold medal of Maximilian, with a chain enamelled.

A cross of ceder inlaid with mother of pearl.

A small gold watch, given by George II. when prince of Wales to Catherine Lady Walpole.

An ancient square German watch, curiously chased in silver gilt.

A coffer enamelled on all sides with battles, and set in silver gilt.

Two caudle-cups, with flowers on gold grounds, of Chelsea porcelaine.

A red snuff-box with enamelled top and bottom; given to Mr. Walpole by Francis earl of Hertford.

A square snuff-box of lapisl-azuli, set in gold.

A round snuff-box of ditto, set in gold enamelled.

A small bust of Vespasian in cornelian.

An agate cup and saucer.

A small cornelian saucer.

Two antique Roman ear-rings, one with a pearl, the other of gold. M.

A box in compartments of old Japan.

A small bust in bronze of a Caligula, with silver eyes. This exquisite piece is one of the finest things in the collection, and shows the great art of the ancients. It is evidently a portrait, carefully done, and seems to represent that emperor at the beginning of his madness. It was found with some other small busts at the very first discovery of Herculaneum, which happened by digging a well for the prince d' Elbœuf, who resided many years afterwards at Florence, where it was sold on his return to France, and, being purchased by Sir Horace Mann, was by him sent to Mr. Walpole.

A broken patera engraved. M.

A sacrificing instrument in the shape of a shell. M.

A Roman bulla of gold, very rare: bought at Rome of Ficaroni, who wrote his book of La Bolla d'oro from this.

A lady's head, miniature, set in gold: given to Mr. Walpole by Isabella de Jonghe, countess of Denbigh.

A crystal sceptre, set in gold enamelled, with pearls; from Lady E. Germaine's collection, and given to Mr. Walpole by her niece Lady Temple.

A cup and saucer of Seve china, blue ground with white heads and festoons.

A dressing-box and tray of the finest old silver japan.

Two caudle-cups of Chelsea china, claret colour and gold.

A magnificent missal, with miniatures by Raphael and his scholars, set in gold enamelled, and adorned with rubies and turquoises; the sides are of cornelian, engraved with religious subjects; the clasp, a large garnet. This precious prayer-book belonged to Claude queen of France, wife of Francis I. and seems to have belonged to the father of Thuanus; *vide* vol. i. p. 142 *of the French edition.* It was purchased by Mr. Walpole from the collection of Dr. Meade, 1755.

A silver turkish ornament, taken by a Russian officer in the last war; brought over by Charles Lord Cathcart, and given by him to Margaret lady Brown, and by her to Mr. Walpole.

A round snuff box, enamelled with the stories of Joseph and Potiphar's wife, Susannah and the elders, Lot and his daughters, and a landscape.

A gold snuff-box, enamalled; at top, a miniature of James I., and within, of queen Elizabeth; an onyx at the bottom.

A small snuff-box set in gold, with a fragment of a fine antique cameo in grotesque foliage on sardonyx; from the Arundelian collection.

A needle-case, with monkeys, of old Japan.

Two boxes in compartments, ditto.

Two small ewers of bronze. M.

A tea-kettle of Chinese silver, richly chased.

An agate oval casket.

Henry VIIIth's dagger, of Turkish work: the blade is of steel damasked with gold, the case and handle of chalcedonyx, set with diamonds and many rubies. From the collection of Lady Elizabeth Germaine. The Duchess of Portland has such another set with jacinths.

Antique figure of a muse cast in silver; sitting: given to Mr. Walpole by Lord Frederick Campbell, from the collection of his father John duke of Argyll.

Four small Japan boxes.

A boy's head modelled in wax on copper, by Abraham Simon.

A ditto with a bulla, in Roman glass.

A large amethyst, set coarsely in gold. It belonged to the second Bishop of Landaff, and was given by Dr John Ewer Bishop of Landaff, in whose time it was found, to Dr. Frederick Keppel Bishop of Exeter, and by him to his wife's uncle Mr. Walpole.

One of the only seven mourning rings given at the burial of Charles I. It has the king's head in miniature; behind, a death's head between the letters C. R. The motto, *Prepared be to follow me.* A present to Mr. Walpole from Lady Murray Elliot.

An urn, cameo on onyx, mourning ring for Henrietta Hobart countess of Suffolk.

An urn set with diamonds, mourning ring for Arthur Onslow, Speaker of the House of Commons.

A chimera, antique intaglia, a greene stone in the ancient brass setting.

A small antique ring with the head of Cybele, all of one piece of gold.

A gold ring for a child, with a phallus; ditto.

A boy with his head in a scenic mask, on a red stone; antique, set in gold.

An Egyptian pebble representing exactly the portrait of a woman in profile, a rock behind her, sky before; set in gold.

Two pateras of bronze, engraved. M.

Ivory covers of a Roman pocket-book. M.

* Anno 1764.

A fibula, a small votive foot, an agate ornament for a bridle, and some other small bronzes. M.

An Egyptian pebble, with a lusus naturæ that represents Voltaire in his night-gown and cap.

A small head in water-colours of Liotard, without his beard by himself; a legacy from Mrs. Delany.

In the other glass case:

Leaf of a water-plant, gracefully tied up into the shape of a cup, with a saucer, of Chinese bronze.

Two vases of Chelsea porcelaine, claret-colour, gold and white, with cartouches of historic figures.

Two long Japan boxes.

Two Roman spears, a votive foot and toe.

A point cravat carved by Gibbons; a present from Mr. Grosvenor Bedford.

An old enamelled watch, given by Mr. Ch. Churchill, Junior.

A silver gilt reliquaire and chain; given to Mr. Walpole by George lord Edgcumbe.

An Etruscan Mars; very barbarous.

A small Egyptian figure sitting, of basaltes. M.

A naked man. M.

The seal of Archbishop Dowdall, last popish primate of Ireland; in silver: from Mr. Bristow's Collection.

Two cups and a saucer of Milan stone.

Two caudle cups of Chelsea porcelaine, blue with gold figures.

A Japan pomatum-pot.

A small bloodstone cup set in gold enamelled.

A small cornelian box set in gold.

A triangular cornelian seal, with the heads of the two Faustinas and Lucilla, intaglias; by Christian Reisin.

A silver seal, extremely ancient, of Hugh Oneal, King of Ulster; brought out of Ireland by Mr. William Bristow.

A large ancient gold ring, with a castle on it, and within, *Un bon An*; found in the Thames.

A cornelian seal, with half figure of Omphale; antique intaglia. M.

Seal of Richard Clitherol, admiral for the west coasts in the reign of Henry V.

Seal for indulgences of Pope Eugenius.

Seal of the corporation of Pool.

Seal of the fraternity of Saint Mary of Hitchin. These four are of bronze and ancient: from Mr. Bristow's collection.

A spoon* of English pebble, with gold handle of foliage.

A silver bottle for essences, that opens into several divisions.

A small bust of Omphale in bronze.

A round flat box of silver filigraine.

A tooth-pick case of Egyptian pebble, and a smelling bottle of agate.

A set of beads mounted in silver filigraine, taken in Spain in Queen Anne's war by Captain Galfridus Walpole, brother of Sir Robert.

A seal of the head of Sir Robert Walpole on white cornelian; by Natter; a present from Margaret lady Brown.

A silver popish medal mounted in filigraine.

A cup and saucer of Seve porcelaine, blue with white heads.

A dressing-box and tray of fine old gold Japan.

A tea-canister of straw; on one side Meleager and Atalanta, on the other the arms of Sir Robert Walpole and Catherine Shorter.

A Japan dressing box and tray of irregular shape.

Ditto, octagon, with tray and six round boxes within.

A pollux, small fine antique bronze. M.

A small Terminus. M.

A round white snuff-box; on the top, miniature of Madame de Sevigné; at bottom, the cypher of Rabutin and Sevigné, in marcasites. This box with the letter† in it from Madame de Sevigné in the Elysian fields to Mr. Walpole, was sent to him by Madame du Daffand.

* There were a dozen of these spoons made by order of Catherine Lady Walpole as a present to Queen Caroline, after whose death Mr. W. met with this and the handle of another in a toy-shop. The Countess Dowager, mother of R. Earl of Burlington, was the first who countenanced the polishing of English pebbles, and gave a fine table of them, which is now at Chiswick, to her son.

† Letter written by Madame Marie de Vichy, Marquise du Deffand, (the lady to whom Mr. W. afterwards dedicated his edition of the Mémoires de Grammont) in the name of Madame de Sevigné from the Elysian fields to Mr. Walpole, after his return from Paris in 1766:

"Des champs Elisées.

[Point de succession de tems, point de dare.]

"Je connois votre folle passion pour moi; votre enthousiasme pour mes lettres votre veneration pour les lieux que j'ai habités: J'ai apris le culte que vous m'y avez rendu: j'en suis si penetrée, que j'ai sollicité et obtenu la permission de mes Souverains de vous venir trouver pour ne vous quitter jamais. J'abandonne sans regret ces lieux fortunés; je vous prefere à tous ses habitans: jouissez du plaisir de me voir; ne vous plaignez point que ce soit qu'en peinture; c'est la seule existence que puissent avoir les ombres. J'ai eté maltresse de choisir l'age où je voulois reparoître; j'ai pris celuy de vingt cinq ans pour m'assurer d'être toujours pour Vous un objet agreable. Ne craignez aucun changement; c'est un singulier avantage des ombres; quoique legeres, elles sont immuables. J'ai pris la plus petite figure qu'il m'a eté possible, pour n'être jamais separée de Vous. Je veux vous accompagner par tout, sur terre, sur mer, à la ville, aux champs; mais ce que j'exige de vous, c'est de me mener encessamment en France, de me faire revoir ma patrie, la ville de Paris, et de choisir pour votre habitation le fauxbourg St. Germain; c'etoit

* He had dined at Livri.

A toothpick-case of gold, enamelled with cameos; a present from Lady Diana Beauclerc.

A gold snuff-box, with the image in wax of Madame du Deffand's dog, Tonton, whom she bequeathed, with this snuff-box and her MSS. to Mr. walpole.

A green and white snuff-box of Dresden porcelaine, set in gold; a present from Francis earl of Huntingdon.

A blood-stone seal set in old enamel; given to Mr. Walpole by Mrs. Henrieta Conway, daughter of Francis lord Conway.

A smelling-bottle of purple glass, with peacock's feathers in gold.

Ditto of Chinese silver.

A small ember crucifix.

A small bronze figure of a woman with a rudder and cornucopia.

Model of the Great Duke's diamond.

In the box of antique rings:

Tiberius, cameo on onyx, of the first Greek workmanship.

Cupid driving a car with two butterflies; intaglia on cornelian.

A man's head; alto relievo on onyx.

An Egyptian goddess's head on a green stone. M.

A cock and cornucopia; intaglia on cornelian.

A bacchante and goat; fine cameo on onyx: given to Mr. Walpole by the Princess de Craon.

Germanicus; very fine intaglia on cornelian, with the workman's name Epitu, for Epitynchanes: from the collection of the Marquis Riccardi at Florence.*

Head of Jupiter; ditto: from ditto.

A scenic mask; cameo on onyx.

Caius, nephew of Augustus; ditto.

A lion; intaglia on sardonyx.

A caprice, on white cornelian; intaglia. M.

Apollo; intaglia on cornelian: a present from Sir Horace Mann.

Isis; Egyptian cameo on onyx. M.

A Cicada; fine intaglia on cornelian.

A Syrion king ditto. M.

Faustina senior; ditto.

Christian inscription "Vitas luxuriam, Homo bone:" cameo on onyx.

Matidia; intaglia in a green paste: a most rare head. M.

là qu'habitoient mes meilleures Amies, c'est le sejour des votres; vous me ferez faire connoissance avec elles: je serai bien aise de juger si elles sont dignes de vous, et d'être les Rivales de.

RABUTIN DE SEVIGNE."

* In Baron Stosch's collection of Pierres Gravées which have the names of their artists, there is another Germanicus with the name of the same workman Epitynchanes. It is larger than Mr. Walpole's and represents that prince younger; but it is imperfect, the lower part being broken off directly from the chin.

The Horatii; intaglia on cornelian: given by Sir Robert Walpole to his son Horatio.

Mercury; intaglia in amethyst: given to Mr. Walpole by General Conway.

Jupiter Serapis; altissimo relievo in bloodstone.

A ram's head intaglia on cornelian. [End of the rings.]

Old Japan plate of different colours.

Popish beads, bought at the church of St. Anthony of Padua.

Turkish beads enamelled with blue and gold; probably for ornaments in a procession; bought at the sale of Monsieur Julienne, at Paris.

A small wooden cross, curiously carved.

A most beautiful silver bell, made for a pope by Benvenuto Cellini. It is covered all over in the highest relievo with antique masks, flies, grasshoppers, and other insects; the virgin and boy-angels at top, a wreath of leaves at bottom. Nothing can exceed the taste of the whole design, or the delicate and natural representation of the insects; the wonderful execution makes almost every thing credible that he says of himself in his Life. It came out of the collection of the Marquis of Leonati at Parma, and was bought by the Marquis of Rockingham, who exchanged it with Mr. Walpole for some very scarce Roman medals of great bronze, amongst which was a unique medaliuncino of Alexander Severus with the amphitheatre, in the highest preservation.

Two Cornish diamonds, one enclosing green, the other yellow moss.

A bronze altar-pot and a tripod. M.

A large Goa stone.

A silver box, almost in the shape of an egg, engraved.

A small box of the gold and white Japan. In it are two dates found in a jar at Herculaneum; they are burnt to a coal, but the shapes and rivelled skins are entire.

A cornelian spoon that belonged to Cossim Aly Caun.

An amber toothpick-case.

A tortoise-shell snuff-box, the top represents Flemish lace; given to Mr. Walpole by Lady Mary Coke.

A round snuff-box, and an egg-shaped ditto.

Pictures and bronzes in other parts of the Tribune.

Side opposite to the door:

A drawing by Mr. Bentley, representing two lovers in a church looking at the tombs of Abelard and Eloisa, from these lines of Pope—

> "If ever chance two wand'ring lovers brings
> To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs," &c.

Christ and Mary Magdalen in the garden, in water-colours: by Catherine Lady Walpole.

Two flower-pieces: by Baptiste Monoyer.

Christ laid in the sepulchre, after the fine picture of Parmegiano at Houghton: by Mr. Horace Walpole.

Two more flower-pieces: by Baptiste Monoyer.

Madonna and child: by Salsa Ferrata, after Guido.

Correggio's Magdalen, copied in crayons by Rosalba.

Temptation of St. Anthony; by Teniers.

Story of Celadon and Astrea, in water-colours; by W. Baur.

St. George, in altissimo relievo in silver.

Frances Howard, the famous Countess of Essex and Somerset: by Isaac Oliver: from Mr. West's collection.

Vandyck's head, by himself; a sketch for the duke of Grafton's picture.

Soldiers at cards, a curious picture, painted in the manner of Teniers, by Vandyck; from Lord Oxford's collection.

The education of Cyrus, in water-colours, by Judith Boissiere, a French woman, in 1725; from Castiglione, in the collection at Houghton.

A wreath of flowers; octagon; by Phil. Laura: in the middle, head of Rosalba's Tirolese girl, by Carlevares, a female scholar of Rosalba.

Cornelius Polemberg, by himself, oval on copper; exquisitely finished like enamel, yet with great freedom.

His wife, by ditto; inferior in freedom and labour. These two from Sir Robert Walpole's collection.

A beautiful bronze vase, taken from the antique by Fiamingo, who has added fine bas-reliefs of boys: from the Harleian collection.

A young gladiator in bronze. M.

A young Hercules, ditto, with the lion's skin on his arm; fine. M.

An antique ewer of bronze: a greyhound reaching to drink forms the handle: a present from Charles Churchill, Esq.

A very rare figure of Diana of Ephesus, in serpentine stone.

A green Egyptian figure, one of those found in the pyramids.

Pictures and bronzes on the side where the altar is:

A man and woman sitting: by Watteau; from Sir Robert Walpole's collection.*

Thompson, print-seller: by Riley.

An oval hunting-piece, by Wyck; from Sir Robert Walpole's collection.

Mary queen of Scots, whole length in water-colours; by Vertue, from the picture at Hatfield.

A merry-making, very neat; by a Swiss lady.

* All the pictures that were not at Houghton were sold after his death.

A rural ball; ditto.

St. Sebastian; by Goltzius.

An old woman's head; by Gerard Dow.

Boys with vines on a monument; from Sir Robert Walpole's collection: by Philippo Laura.

Christ as a pilgrim, and St. Catherine, crowned by an angel: by Taddeo Zucchero.

A calm sea, with ships; by Samuel Scott.

The engagement between the Lion and Elizabeth in the year 1745; the young pretender was on board the latter: by ditto.

The Florentine boar in bronze.

A small bronze vase, with a sacrifice to Priapus.

A large ditto. These two from Dr. Meade's collection.

A bronze bull.

An Egyptian hieroglyphic hand: bronze.

A sphinx; ditto. M.

Pictures and bronzes on the side opposite to the altar:

A dog drinking; by Castiglione.

Two more flower-pieces; by Baptiste Monoyer.

Two larger; by young Baptiste.

Charlotte de la Tremouille, grand-daughter of William the great prince of Orange, and wife of James Stanley earl of Derby, who was beheaded in the civil war: she defended Latham-house for several weeks against the republicans.

The Virgin and Child, with other saints; a capital drawing by Parmegiano.

Ulysses discovering Achilles among the daughters of Lycomedes; by Wermer, in water-colours, after Nicolo Poussin. The architecture is most beautiful, and in the roof Poussin has judiciously introduced an ancient bas-relief with the Judgment of Paris, as connected with the story of Achilles.

Madame Suarez, a Florentine beauty; in crayons, by Rosalba.

Madame de Sevigné, when a young widow.

Madame de Grignam. These two are ovals on copper, by Müntz.

A woman carrying a pig to be sacrificed; bronze. M.

A lamp with a satyr's head; ditto: copied from the antique.

An antique lamp, of bronze, with a face.

Sketch of the head of Roger Palmer earl of Castlemaine, husband of the Duchess of Cleveland; by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

Christ deposited in the sepulchre: by Mola, after Raphael.

Christ praying in the garden; by Philippo Laura: from the collection of Monsieur Julienne.

Margaret Cecil lady Brown, in crayons; by Rosalba.

Madame de la Fayette, on copper; by Müntz.

Lady Mary Coke,* in wax; by Gosset.

Raphael's Jonas, in ivory.

A beautiful lamp, in the shape of a foot, Cupid fallen asleep over the flame; antique bronze with silver ornaments: it was found in the temple of Cupid, is published by Montfaucon, and was bought at the sale of the Harleian collection.

Another bronze lamp.

Pictures and bronzes on the door-side:

A landscape; by Müntz.

Two hermits; after Rubens.

Two flower-pieces; by young Baptiste.

A Dutch surgeon dressing a boor's leg; from Sir Robert Walpole's collection.

The circumcision; by Ludovico Carracci, on copper; a design for an altar-piece which he executed at Bologna.

A farm-yard; most natural.

Young Hercules with the serpents; by Annibal Caracci.

St. George; painted by Gioseppe d'Arpino on lapis lazuli.

Sir Godfrey Kneller, when young; by himself: great spirit. These four last from Sir Robert Walpole's collection.

A Roman emperor in bronze, as an idol, with thunderbolt and caduceus. M.

Two Roman lamps of bronze; one Christian, of the latter empire.

Sir Peter Lely, in crayons; by himself.

Rubens, his wife and child, in water-colours, by B. Lens, from the original at Blenheim.

A battle, in black and gold, exquisitely touched by Callot: bought at Mrs. Stanley's sale.

The virgin and child in the clouds, the city of Bologna beneath; by Goupy, after Annibal Caracci.

A drunken boor; by Brauwer.

Head of an abbé; by Teniers: from the collection of Monsieur Hareng.

Bust of an emperor, in black marble.

A bagpiper; bronze. M.

A sacrificing priest; ditto. M.

N.B. *All the bronzes, lamps, &c. stand on brackets under the pictures.*

IN THE PASSAGE,

Over the entrance of which is an owl in cut-paper, by Bermingham.

* Lady Mary Campbell, fourth daughter of John duke of Argyll and Greenwich, widow of Edward lord Coke, only son of Thomas earl of Leicester. This was the lady to whom Mr. W. dedicated the Castle of Otranto.

An Indian bottle and pipe, ornamented with gold and pearls; brought from Bengal by Henry Churchill, Esq. in 1776.

A flower in paper mosaics, by Miss Jennings.

A head in profile of Robert Vere earl of Oxford and duke of Ireland, favourite of Richard II. from Mr. Scott's collection.

Mary duchess or Richmond, daughter of George Villiers, duke of Bucks; small whole length from Vandyck.

Head of Fiamingo the sculptor, holding an ivory group of boys.

Drawing of a concert, by Captain Laroon.

View of the cathedral of Gloucester, by Samuel Lysons, Esq. 1785.

View of Windsor castle, by Lady Diana Spencer, duchess of Bedford.

Print of Monsieur le Duc de Nivernois.

A scene in act 4th of the Mysterious Mother, by Westall.

THE SMALL CLOSET.

Venus and Cupid in ivory, finely drawn and executed, but in the Flemish style; a present from Mr. Watson the surgeon.

An ivory comb, sent by Pope Gregory to Queen Bertha; from the Portland collection.

A view of the castle of Otranto as it really exists; a washed drawing; given by Lady Craven.

A model of the druidical temple that was discovered in Jersey, in 1786, and was presented by the States of the island to their Govenor-general Conway, and is now erected at his seat at Park-place in Berkshire.

A flower in paper mosaic, by Mrs. Delany; a legacy from her.

THE GREAT NORTH BED-CHAMBER

Is hung with crimson Norwich damask. The bed is of tapestry of Aubusson, festoons of flowers on a white ground, lined with crimson silk; plumes of ostrich feathers at the corners. Six elbow chairs of the same tapestry, with white and gold frames; and six ebony chairs. A carpet of the manufacture of Moorsfields; a foot-carpet of needle-work; and a fire-screen of the tapestry of the Gobelins.

The chimney was designed by Mr. Walpole from the tomb of W. Dudley Bishop of Durham, in Westminster-abbey, and is of Portland stone, gilt; with dogs of or-moulu with arms and trophies: the chimney-back is ancient, and bears the arms of Henry VII. On the hearth, two old red china bottles.

Over the chimney, a large picture of Henry VIII. and his children; bought out of the collection of James West, Esq. in 1773. *See a description of this curious piece in the Anecdotes of Painting.* On the chimney,

A bust of Francis II. king of France, husband of Mary Queen of Scots.

A bronze bas-relief in profile of Anne of Bretagne, queen of Charles VIII. and of Louis XII. These two heads from the collection of the Count de Caylus.

A nautilus, mounted in silver gilt, with satyrs, and the arms of Paston.

A crystal tankard and cover mounted in silver gilt. These two pieces belonged to the last Earl of Yarmouth.

Four old blue and white china bottles.

Two bas-reliefs of boys in wax on glass, designed and modelled by Lady Diana Beauclerc, sister of George duke of Marlborough. On the back are written these lines:—

Tho' taste and grace thro' all my limbs you see,
And nature breathes her soft simplicity,
Me nor Praxiteles nor Phidias form'd,
'Twas Beauclerc's art the sweet creation warm'd,
From Marlbro' sprung.—We in one heav'n-born race
Th' attemper'd rays of the same genius trace;
As big with meteors from one cloud depart
Majestic thunder and keen lightning's dart. H. W.

On one side of the chimney, a fine whole length, by Vandyck, of Margaret Smith, wife of Thomas Carye, groom of the bed-chamber to Charles I. From the Wharton collection, afterwards in that of Sir Robert Walpole.

On the other side, Philip Herbert Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, (with a view of Old Wilton,) whole length; by Mytens.

On one side of the bed, a whole length of Henry Vere earl of Oxford, in his robes. He was made knight of the bath at the creation of Henry prince of Wales, and died in Flanders in 1625.

On the other side, Robert Walpole second earl of Orford; whole length, in robes of the bath; by Vanloo.

On the side opposite to the bed:

Frances, daughter of Richard Jennings, Esq. (the Madamoiselle Jennings of Grammont) first married to George Hamilton, and afterwards to Richard Talbot duke of Tyrconnel: copy by Milbourn, from the original at Lord Spencer's.

Two views of Venice; by Marieski.

A fine landscape, with cattle; by Gaspar Poussin.

The Duchesse de la Valiere, mistress of Louis XIV. given by the Duchess-Dowager of Portland.

Madamoiselle Hamilton, comtesse de Grammont; copy after Lely, by Eckardt.

Ninon L'Enclos, the only original picture of her; given by herself to

the Countess of Sandwich, daughter of Wilmot earl of Rochester, and by her grandson John earl of Sandwich to Mr. Walpole.

Richard I. prisoner to the Archduke of Austria; highly finished by Mieris.

The presentation in the Temple: its companion: by Rembrandt.*

Over the doors, which were designed by Mr. Chute, and have medallions of Louis XIV. and Charles V. in bronze,

Madame de Maintenon, and Hortense Mancini duchess of Mazarin: the latter a copy from Carlo Maratti, at the Duke of St. Alban's.

A small japan cabinet; a dejeuné of Seve china, blue and white, with coloured birds; and a blue and white old china jar.

On the window side:

A large looking-glass in a rich ebony frame; and two bronze arms, with masks for candles.

Over the glass, the original portrait of Catherine of Braganza, that was sent from Portugal previous to her marriage with Charles II. and from which Faithorne scraped his print; a present from Richard Bull, Esq.

A table of Saracen mosiac, sent to Mr. Walpole from Rome by Sir William Hamilton, mounted on an ebony frame with two ebony stands.

An ewer and two beakers, of Roman fayence; a present to Mr. Walpole from Miss Speed, afterwards married to the comte de Virri, minister from Turin.

A small table with a landscape of Seve porcelaine, mounted in old japan; a legacy to Mr. Walpole from Mary lady Hervey.

In the window, two china porcelaine stools.

Richard Wellborn, master of requests temp. Henry VIII. He was descended from a younger son of Simon de Montford earl of Leicester, on whose death, to secure himself, he changed his name to Wellborn; a present from the earl of Exeter.

Sir Nicholas Carew, knight of the garter and master of the horse to Henry VIII., in whose reign he was beheaded: copied by Milbourn fom the original by Holbein, at Beddington in Surrey.

Sir John Perrot, lord deputy of Ireland in the time of Queen Elizabeth; in black and white chalk, by Chambars, from the original at Sir Herbert Perrot Packington's.

The original sketch of the beggar's Opera: Walker, as Macheath; Miss Fenton, afterwards Duchess of Bolton, as Polly; Hippisley, as Peach'em; Hall, as Lockit: on one side, in a box, Sir Thomas Robinson, very tall and lean; Sir Robert Fagg, a famous horse-racer, fat

* These two pictures were bought of a very old gentlewoman, for whose grandfather they had been painted, and till then had never been taken out of their old black frames.

with short gray hair; by Hogarth. Bought at the sale of John Rich, the well-known harlequin, and master of the theatres in Lincoln's-inn-fields and Covent-garden, for whom the picture was painted.

Van Helmont, the chymist; copied by Müntz from a fine original by Sir Peter Lely, at the Earl of Hertford's at Ragley.

Lady Henrietta Berkeley, sister-in-law and mistress of Ford lord Grey in the reign of Charles II. Bought at Lady Suffolk's sale.

Mary princess of Orange, daughter of King Charles I. given to Mr. Walpole by the prince of Monaco.

Rehearsal of an Opera, with caricatures of the principal performers: Nicolini stands in front, Mrs. Toft is at the harpsichord, Margarita is entering in black.† Bought at the sale of John duke of Argyll, who bought it at that of Charles Stanhope, Esq. by Sebastin Ricci: the landscape in it by Marco Ricci.

Henry VII. a most capital portrait, on board, and incomparable for the truth of nature, expression, and chiaro scuro. The character and thought in the countenance, and its exact conformity with the bust by Torregiani in the Star-chamber, make it unquestionably a portrait for which the king sat; and yet the knowledge of light and shade, not possessed even by Holbein, makes it probable that this picture was retouched by Rubens, of whose colouring it is worthy and resembles.

A table painted by Lady Anne Fitzpatrick, daughter of the Earl of Ossory.

In the bow windows are ten coats of arms in painted glass, by Peckitt of York, with the principal matches of the family of Walpole.

The ceiling was copied from one at the Vine in Hampshire.

Curiosities in the glass closet in the great bed-chamber.

A salver of Raphael fayence, story of the Prodigal Son.

A large dish, ditto, story of Absalom.

One ditto, smaller, story of Jael and Sisera.

A large plate, ditto, Feast of the gods.

One smaller, Christ walking on the water.

One ditto, cupids in relievo, ribbed border.

Ditto, Apollo and Marsyas, scolloped border.

Two small ditto, with landscapes and buildings.

Two ditto, twelve square, very coarse.

Two ten square dishes of the old dragon china.

A fine silver trunk to hold perfumes, with bas-reliefs, the top from Raphael's Judgment of Paris; the work of Benvenuto Cellini. Bought out of the Great Duke's wardrobe; a present from Sir Horace Mann.

A chinese steelyard.

An amber standing cup and cover, from Mrs. Kennon's collection.

A bottle of purple glass.* This and all the following articles marked with an asterism, were bought at the sale of Count Caylus at Paris.

† The gentleman in blue, with a patch on one eye, sitting by the Margarita, is Sir Robert Rich, father of Elizabeth lady Lyttelton. See curious accounts of Mrs. Toft and the Margarita, in the 5th vol. of Sir John Hawkins's History of Music.

Seven boxes of the old gold and white japan, with smaller boxes of the same within.

A silver gilt plate in relievo, the meeting of Charles V. and Francis I., a present from Sir William Hamilton.

A pair of gloves worn by King James the First; bought out of Thoresby's museum.

The wedding gloves of Mrs. Hampden, wife of the celebrated John Hampden.

An agate puncheon, with the arms of Mr. Gray the poet, and a Goa stone; given to Mr. Walpole, by Dr. Browne and Mr. W. Mason, Mr. Gray's executors.

A carved bottle for perfumes, mounted in silver; Indian.

A bronzed perfume pot.

A clouded ewer of polished earth.*

An ewer of Villeroy ware.

Three packs of Florentine cards, for playing at Minchiati and Tarocco.

Ruben's child, in biscuit china of Nancy.

Three French snuff-boxes mounted in gold.

Small ivory box, containing a suite of prints, representing medals on the victories in the war at the end of the reign of George II.

A snuff-box, with views of Spa; given by Miss Churchill.

Two enamel plates, presents from Caroline lady Greenwich.

A silver gilt apostle-spoon. Addison, in the Drummer, mentions apostle-spoons; and so do Beaumont and Fletcher, in one of their plays. It was an ancient fashion to have a little figure at the end of a spoon's handle, as this has. It was a present from the Reverend Mr. W. Cole.

Three ditto, ungilt.

An antique bronze of a man, naked, the head of Sir Robert Walpole, added by Nattier.

Small octagon dish of old china, with figures.

Nineteen draftsmen of box, with heads of German princes and princesses; a present from Charles duke of Richmond.

Fourteen more, bought at Mr. Bateman's sale.

Two vases of blue china mounted in or-moulu.

A blue and white plate with the brown edge, old china.

A smaller with dragons, without the border.

Two octagons of blue and white with figures, pierced.

Two hexagon saucers, ditto, with feet.

A box with ancient round trenchers, with scriptural mottoes; a present from the Reverend Mr. W. Cole.

A German pitcher and cover, with bas-reliefs of figures dancing.*

Two plates of Chantilly china, of different sizes.

A tea-pot of the old red japan ware.

Another red and black, of china.

A Turkish mug, with characters.*

An earthen pot, Indian.*

A blue and white earthen barrel, with handles.*

A drinking-vessel of black earth, with ditto.*

A saltcellar of old fayence supported by dolphins.

Two blue and white dishes and seven plates of old china; a legacy from Mrs. Henrietta Conway, sister of Francis earl of Hertford.

Two old blue and white water-plates.

A copper dish with a foot, enamelled with the story of Abraham and Melchizedec; a present from George William Hervey earl of Bristol.

A basket of Seve china, blue, gold, and white.

A Staffordshire Etruscan vase.

A blue vase of antique Roman glass with a boy's head.*

Four water-plates of old coloured china.

An urn and cover of Volterra alabaster.

Two ewers of ancient glass.*

A blue and white square pot for flowers, of old china.

A speculum of kennel-coal, in a leathern case. It is curious for having been used to deceive the mob by Dr. Dee, the conjurer, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It was in the collection of the Mordaunts earls of Peterborough, in whose catalogue it is called *the black stone into which Dr. Dee used to call his spirits.* From the Mordaunts it passed to Lady Elizabeth Germaine, and from her to John last duke of Argyll, whose son, Lord Frederick Campbell, gave it to Mr. Wal pole.

A small bust in terra-cotta of Nicolo Poussin's wife, beautifully simple and natural, by Fiamingo, amicitiæ causâ; from Mons. Mariette's collection.

Two square flower-tubs of Wedgwood's ware, painted with antique cameos and masks in blue, from designs of Lady Diana Beauclerc.

The spurs worn by King William at the battle of the Boyne, preserved in an Irish family, and given to the late Earl of Harcourt when lord lieutenant, and by the present earl to Mr. W. in a red leather box lined with green velvet.

A tortoise-shell case studded with silver, in which Van Tromp used to carry his pipes to sea: a present from Mr. Hamilton.

Two ivory billiard-sticks, engraved; they belonged to H. Herbert earl of Pembroke, and have his crest a wyvern holding a bloody hand, and the bear and ragged staff for his third wife, the famous Mary, sister of Philip Sidney: and an ancient ivory busk, engraved with French devices and mottoes: all three from the collection of Mr. Gostling at Canterbury.

Twelve silver dessert-plates, engraved with the history of the Prodigal Son. They belonged to Lord Chancellor Clarendon, and descended to his great grand-daughter the celebrated Duchess of Queensbury, and were purchased at the duke's auction.

A small tray of red japan.

A snuff-box beautifully painted in brown and white with figures from Etruscan vases, bespoken at Naples, and given by Sir William Hamilton.

An ancient German wooden spoon, curiously carved with religious figures and mottoes.

A vase of rock crystal, carved with battles, unfinished, having been cracked in the workmanship, with a silver gilt foot; bought out of the Great Duke's wardrobe by Sir Horace Mann, and sent to Mr. W.

An ebony cabinet, ornamented with or-moulu, lapis lazuli, agates, pieces of ancient enamel, bas-reliefs of Wedgwood, and nine capital drawings of a gipsy girl and beautiful children by Lady Diana Beauclerc, with other drawings by her; and with strawberries and Mr. Walpole's arms and crest. The design of the cabinet by Mr. E. Edwards, in 1783.

A snuff-box of red and white plaister, from the Piscine mirabili at Rome: a present from Miss Campbell.

A snuff-box with mosaic pigeons, from the antique; a present from her royal highness the Duchess of Gloucester.

A large black stone basin, made from the quarry with which the Duke of Argyll's house at Inverary is built, and which is soft when first cut; given by Mr. Pinkerton.

In the closet-window is a head of Queen Elizabeth in painted glass, and another pane with men playing at cards, very old.

ON THE BACK STAIRS.

Lady Catherine Fitzalan marchioness of Dorset, daughter of William earl of Arundel, and first wife of Henry Grey, afterwards Duke of Suffolk, from whom she was divorced to make room for his marriage with Lady Frances Brandon, daughter of Mary queen of France and Charles duke of Suffolk.

A large piece of still life, by Adrian Van Utrecht.

THE BEAUCLERC CLOSET

Is a hexagon built in 1776, and designed by Mr. Essex, architect, of Cambridge, who drew the ceiling, door, window, and surbase. In the window is a lion and two fleurs de lys, royally crowned, ancient, but repaired and ornamented by Price; and, being bearings in the royal arms, serve for Beauclerc. The closet is hung with Indian blue damask, and was built on purpose to receive seven incomparable drawings of Lady Diana Beauclerc for Mr. Walpole's tragedy of the Mysterious Mother. The beauty and grace of the figures and of the children are inimitable; the expression of the passions most masterly, particularly in the devotion of the countess with the porter, of Benedict in the scene with Martin, and the tenderness, despair, and resolution of the countess in the last scene: in which is a new stroke of double passion in Edmund, whose right hand is clenched and ready to strike with anger, the left

hand relents. In the scene of the children, some are evidently vulgar, the others children of rank; and the first child, that pretends to look down and does leer upwards, is charming. Only two scenes are represented in all the seven, and yet all are varied: and the ground in the first, by a very uncommon effect, evidently descends and rises again. These sublime drawings, the first histories she ever attempted, were all conceived and executed in a fortnight. Other pictures in this closet are,

Lady Diana Beauclerc, by Powel, after Sir J. Reynolds.

Charles Lenox third duke of Richmond, profile, by Milbourn after Romney.

Count Schouallow, favourite of the Czarina Elizabeth, whose image he holds. This worthy man, who enjoyed absolute power for twelve years, never did an injury or made an enemy. Painted at Paris in 1775.

Two young women and a boy, a drawing in a round, by Lady Diana Beauclerc.

Four fronts of a gothic house, designed by Mr. John Chute for Mr. Andrews, and built at Spinehill near Donnington-castle, Berkshire.

Two capital drawings by Paulo Panini, bought at Mariette's sale.

A view of the fictitious monument designed and erected by General H. S. Conway, near the Thames, at his seat at Park-place near Henley: and

A view of the lesser arch, designed and erected by the same, at ditto; with a small portrait of the general himself. These two by Paul Sandby, in 1781.

All these pictures have black and gold frames.

Two arms for candles, of or-moulu, in the form of lilies, from Paris.

Two black and gold triangular stands.

A tea-service of old blue and white porcelaine.

A tea-chest of Clay's ware, painted with loose feathers.

A head of Augustus, from an antique cameo belonging to Sir William Hamilton, modelled in wax by Mrs. Damer, daughter of General Conway, in 1777.

A head of Voltaire, ditto, its companion.

A writing-table of Clay's ware, highly varnished: it is black, with blue and white ornaments in a Gothic pattern, designed by Paul Sandby. In one of the drawers the play of The Mysterious Mother, to explain the drawings, bound in blue leather and gilt.

Four blue damask stools with black and gold frames.

The book of Psalms, with twenty-one inimitable illuminations by Don Julio Clovio, scholar of Julio Romano. If any thing can excel the figures, it is the execution of the borders, which are of the purest antique taste, and unrivalled for the lustre and harmony of the colours, as well as for the preservation, which is allowed to be more perfect than any of the few works of this extraordinary master. It was painted, as is said on one of the illuminations, Principi Andegavensi, 1537; was afterwards in the Arundelian collection; on the dispersion of which it was

purchased by the Earl of Oxford in 1720, who bequeathed it to his daughter the Duchess of Portland, at whose sale Mr. Walpole bought it in 1786.

The head of Jupiter Serapis, in basaltes. The divine majesty and beauty of this precious fragment prove the great ideas and consummate taste of the ancient sculptors. This bust was purchased, with the celebrated vase, from the Barberini collection at Rome, by Sir William Hamilton: and was sold with the vase to the Duchess of Portland, and on her grace's death was bought by Mr. Walpole.

A locket with hair of Mary Tudor, queen of France; whose tomb was opened in 1784; a present from Miss Fauquier.

A very small crystal watch: a present from General Fitzwilliam.

General Moncke, by Cooper.

THE ROUND BED-CHAMBER, TWO PAIR OF STAIRS.

The inside of a church, a very good Flemish picture, on board; a legacy to Mr. Walpole from Doctor Meyrick, at Isleworth.

Henrietta Hobart countess of Suffolk, sitting; a view of Marble-hill, Twickenham: by Jervas. It was Mr. Pope's: Lady Suffolk bought it at Mrs. Martha Blount's sale, and gave it to Mr. Walpole.

Ogleby, the poet, in his shirt; fine, by Fuller: from Sir R. Walpole's collection.

Tillemans, the painter.

Mrs. Barry, the celebrated actress; profile, by Sir Godfrey Kneller. Sketch for the head of Britannia in the great equestrian picture of King William at Hampton-Court.

Henrietta duchess of Orleans, as Pallas; bought at Lady Suffolk's sale.

The emperor Maximilian; a curious head.

Robert Dudley earl of Leicester.

Two half lengths of ladies, by Sir Peter Lely.

Christian Reisin, seal-engraver, in an oval; freely painted by Dahl.

Enoch Zeeman, the painter, in his original presbyterian habit, and his daughter as a boy by him: well painted by himself.

Pearce, sen. statuary, by Fuller: from Vertue's collection.

Portrait of Oliver Cromwell's mother, copied from the original at Hinchinbrook; given by Lord Sandwich.

Mrs. Catherine Clive, the actress, with a music-book; painted by Davison: a present from her brother Mr. James Raftor.

THE GREAT CLOYSTER.

At each end a blue and white china flower-pot; and in the middle a fine antique marble vase, on a pedestal, with a Greek inscription bought at the sale of Charles Price, Esq. in 1778.

Eight very ancient Welch chairs, turned, and four stands: bought at the sale of Mr. Richard Bateman of Old Windsor.

The piers of the garden-gates are of artificial stone, and taken from the tomb of William de Luda, bishop of Ely, in that cathedral.

Before the chapel stand, on pedestals, four rare Indian flower-tubs, bought at Mr. Bateman's.

THE CHAPEL,

In the south-west corner of the wood, is built of brick, with a beautiful front of Portland stone, executed by Mr. Gayfere, of Westminster, and taken from the tomb of Edmund Audley, bishop of Salisbury, in that cathedral. In the anti-chapel is an oaken Gothic bench, designed by Mr. Bentley; over it, a head of Saint John Baptist, alto-relievo, in marble, on a pedestal of the same, in a fine taste, the work of Donatello, and a present from Sir Horace Mann. On the opposite side, a crucifix of bronze; and beneath it, on an angular pedestal of fayence, on which is a bust of an angel, stands an encensoir of bronze. By the door is a holy-water-pot, of earthen-ware, given by Mr. G. A. Selwyn.

Four panels, that came out of the abbey of St. Edmundsbury, and were doors to an altar-piece, and were since in the possession of Peter Leneve, Norroy, and after him, of Mr. Martin and Mr. Ives, antiquaries; on whose death Mr. W. bought and had them sawed into four pictures. On the outside pannels are Henry Beaufort, cardinal of Winchester, and John Kemp, archbishop of Canterbury. On one of the insides, is Humphrey, duke of Gloucester, praying; and behind him a saint holding the duke's cap of estate in one hand, and a golden chalice in the other. On the other is a person in the act of adoration in a stable, whence it is probable that the Virgin and child were represented on the middle piece which is wanting. This person seems to be Joseph, but may be the donor of the altar-piece, as over him is a shield of arms of Tate, impaling Boleyn or Sanders, for the colour of the chevron is turned black. These, perhaps, might be attached to the house of Lancaster, who were great benefactors to the abbey, and two princes of which family, afterwards so memorable for their enmity, are here represented. The three portraits agree remarkably with those of the same persons in the marriage of Henry VI. in the library, especially the archbishop and the duke, who has the same bald head and furred mantle. The two prelates are hard and dry, but the duke and Joseph are painted in a style very superior to that age, and the folds of their garments loose and large, not unworthy of the Bolognese school.

In the window are the original portraits* of Henry III. and his queen, in painted glass, with other saints and coats-of-arms. Front-

* These were a present from the Earl of Ashburnham.

ing the door stands a magnificent shrine* of mosaic, three stories high; and beneath it, a crucifix† inlaid with mother-of-pearl, bought at the sale of the Honourable Richard Bateman, in 1774. On one side of the shrine, in a recess, stands on a console a figure of an ancient king of France, in fayence; on the other side, the Virgin Mary, of bronze. The roof was designed by Mr. Chute. On a tablet over the door is the following inscription:—

"The shrine in front was brought, in the year 1768, from the church of Santa Maria maggiore, in Rome, when the new pavement was laid there. This shrine was erected in the year 1256, over the bodies of the holy martyrs Simplicius, Faustina, and Beatrix, by John James Capoccio and Vinia his wife; and was the work of Peter Cavalini, who made the tomb of Edward the Confessor, in Westminster-abbey. *See the Anecdotes of Painting*, p. 24.

"The window was brought from the church of Bexhill, in Sussex. The two principal figures are King Henry III. and Eleanor of Provence, his queen, the only protraits of them extant. King Henry died in 1272, and we know of no painted glass more ancient than the reign of his father, King John. These portraits have been engraved for the frontis-piece to *The Anecdotes of Painting*.

"This chapel was erected by Horace Walpole, in the year 1771. The facade was copied from a chapel-tomb in the cathedral of Salisbury."

At the end of the winding walk is a large seat, in the form of a shell, carved in oak, from a design by Mr. Bentley.

THE COTTAGE IN THE FLOWER-GARDEN.

THE TEA-ROOM

Is hung with green paper and prints. Over the chimney Mary Lepelle lady Hervey, by Ramsay, in a frame carved by Gibbons; from Mr. Bateman's. Two sconces of Chantilly china; a sceau for liquors, of Seve; two chocolate-cups ditto; a handle-cup and saucer; a candle-cup and deep saucer; all with coloured flowers. A rice-cup on feet; a saltcellar of old fayence; and four biscuit figures. On the hearth, a large green vase of German ware, with a spread eagle, and lizards for handles. From Mr. Bateman's.

On a shelf and brackets, two pots-pourris of Nankin china; two

* It was repaired, and parts supplied, by Richter, who made the chimney-piece in the round room; but he could not supply the golden glass in the original, the art of which is lost.

† It stands on an angel and shield, which came out of Westminster-abbey.

pierced blue and white basins of old Delft; and two sceaus of coloured Seve; a blue and white vase and cover; and two old fayence bottles.

On the tea-table, a white tea-pot with gold edge, of Seve; four handle-cups and saucers, a sugar-dish, milk-pot, basin, and plate of the same; a tea-pot of crackled china, with blue and brown flowers; an octagon green basin with coloured flowers; a ditto, white, with ditto; a green leaf, of Staffordshire ware; two blue and white handle-cups of Seve; one ditto larger, in shape of a pail; two ditto with coloured flowers and blue rims; one ditto with dark blue and gold edges and coloured flowers; and one ditto with blue and gold mosaic on white.

THE LITTLE LIBRARY

Is painted green and white. Over the chimney, an original half-length of Milton, æt. 45, in black, a ring tied to one of his button-holes. In the key-stone of the chimney, an antique bas-relief, with the story of Mars and Venus. On the mantel-piece, several antique sepulchral earthen lamps. On the hearth, a flower-pot of fine blue earth.

Four Ancient Welch chairs: from Mr. Bateman's.

Over the door, an antique painting in fresco. *Vide Middleton's Germana*, &c.

A bronze tripod for burning incense. M.

A marble canopus.

Two ditto, smaller; bought at Mr. Bateman's.

Over the book-cases, a small marble bust of Lord-Chancellor Clarendon.

Several small Etruscan and black Staffordshire vases.

Two yellow beakers, with flowers, of Staffordshire ware.

Two red china ditto.

Two flower-pots of crackled china.

A blue china bottle.

A bronze inkstand, in good taste; from Count Caylus's collection.

In this library are several volumes of MSS.

IN THE GARDEN.

An extraordinary large brainstone: a present from Mr. Grosvenor Bedford.

Bernini's Apollo and Daphne, in bronze.

A large antique sarcophagus, in marble, with bas-reliefs; from the collection of Bryan Fairfax, Esq.

Two ossuaria.

The sleeping Morpheus in plaister.

ADDITIONS.

A two-leaved scréen, painted on Manchester velvet, with the heads of a Satyr and Bacchante, by Lady Diana Beauclerc, in 1788.

Twelve earthen plates, painted at Delft, with the signs of the zodiac, by Sir James Thornhill: bought at Mrs. Hogarth's sale.

The death of Cardinal Wolsey, copied by Miss Agnes Berry, in water-colours, of the same size, and with all the strength of the original, in oil by Mr. William Lock—a sublime composition, in which the expressions are worthy of the greatest masters, as the colouring and chiaro-scuro are equal to Rubens.

Procession in the castle of Otranto, in water-colours, by J. Carter.

A drawing, whole length, of Mrs. Damer, in the attitude of having just carved her young Paris; by Richard Cosway.

A small head of Harris the actor, in the character of Cardinal Wolsey, in oil. There is an unique print of it in the Pepysian library at Cambridge.

A fox and partridge: and a water-dog and duck. Both by Oudry.

Frances Stuart, duchess of Richmond; oval head. *Vide Grammont.*

An emblematic brass dish, by Francis Briot.

A Venetian morion; and a curious round helmet; engraved in Captain Grose's Armoury. Both bought at Mr. Rawle's sale.

Johanna lady Abergavenny: *vide Royal and Noble Authors:* a present from Miss Beauclerc, the maid of honour.

An iron back of a grate, with General Fairfax on horseback, dated 1649; found in the old kitchen at Strawberry-hill.

Lady Elizabeth Butler, countess of Chesterfield; half length, by Sir Peter Lely: brought from her house at Breadby. *Vide Grammont.*

An ancient knife, with a curious handle of gold; a present from Miss Mary Carter.

The original portrait of Samuel Cooper, the miniature painter, from the royal collection; bought at Mr. Dalton's sale.

Head of a gentleman, by Rosalba; ditto.

Prince Arthur, Prince Henry, and Princess Margaret, children of Henry VII., by Mabuse; from Cosway's collection.

A rabbit, by Adrian Vandevelde; from ditto.

Thomas Wriothesley, earl of Southampton, lord-treasurer, by Samuel Cooper; from the collection of Mr. Browne, of Shipton-Mallet.

Two very large blue jars; from Mrs. French's collection.

An ewer of ancient fayence; ditto.

A small vase of porphyry; from Lord James Manner's collection.

A small hamper of silver wire, containing a Goa stone; ditto.

A Scottish mull, made of a large ram's horn, and mounted in silver; a present from Sir James Colquhoun.

CONTENTS

OF

THE FIRST VOLUME.

1760.

PAGE

November 1.—State of the Ministry on the accession of George III. Characteristics of the young King. His love of medals and antiques. First stone of Blackfriars' Bridge. Inscription in honour of Mr. Pitt. The late King's will. The Duchess of Hamilton. Lady Coventry's vanity when dying 9

Nov. 14.—Capture of a packet-boat by the French. Mr. Mackenzie. Slight changes in the Household. Rejoicings for the victory of the King of Prussia over Marshal Daun 11

Dec. 5.—Samples of brocadella. Stosch, Elisi, and Paganina. Bon-mot of Mrs. Hardinge. Increase of Lords and Grooms of the Bed-chamber. Accident to the King. Strange, the engraver. Altar for the bust of Vespasian. The secret expedition 12

1761.

Jan. 2.—Detention of the packets. State of parties. Foreign policy. Death of Lord Downe. The Duchess of Hamilton. Hawkins's History of Music. Portrait of Cardinal York 14

Jan. 27.—Marshal Botta's furniture. Decor[illegible] at Strawberry Hill. Mr. Mackenzie named Plenipotentiary. Boo[illegible]., despatched to Florence. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, her husband, and Lady Bute. Taaffe and Wortley Montagu. Anecdote of Lady Mary. The Primate of Ireland . 16

March 3.—Ins[illegible]dity of the new reign. Lord Bute and Mr. Pitt. Parliamentary candidates.—Audacity of corruption. Sir Nathaniel Curzon. Irish affairs. The Duke of Bedford, Lord Kildare, Lord Temple, and Lord Halifax. Mr. Conway. The new Peerages. Absurdity of Voltair. Droll print about Miss Chudleigh 18

March 17.—Great changes in the Ministry. New Peers. Jesuitical war at Rome. Riots by the Northumberland colliers 19

April 10.—Rinuncini's brocadella. Cousin Boothby. The King's love of the arts. Prospect of peace. Mr. Pitt. Close of the elections . 21

May 14.—Negotiations for peace. The Abbé de Bussy and Mr. Stanley. *Irish* arrangement. The Belleisle expedition. Lord Huntingdon. Lord Melcombe's vanity. Lord Northampton. Mr. Pitt of Boconnock. The Duchess of Grafton. Theatrical amusements. Death of Lord Edgecumbe. Melancholy reflections 23

July 9.—Capture of Belleisle. Approaching marriage of the King. Anecdote of Monsieur de Souvré. Voltaire's new works. Strawberry Hill expenses. Lord Northumberland's sons 25

July 23.—Glorious victories. The royal bride. Sir Richard Lyttelton and

PAGE

Mr. Thomas Pitt. The new Queen's household. Increasing importance of England. The defeat of Broglio and Soubise not so decided as was said 26

Aug. 17.—Royal wedding anticipations. Our terms for peace rejected by France. Marriage of Sir James Lowther to Lord Bute's daughter. Lord Bute's good fortune 28

Sept. 10.—Arrival of the Queen elect. Anecdotes. The Royal marriage. Description of the new Queen. Her bridesmaids. Lord Hardwicke's pleasantry. Lord Orford's bet with Mr. Rigby. Court ceremonies. Anecdote of Lord Westmoreland and Lady Sarah Lennox. Kitty Dashwood 29

Sept. 28.—The coronation. Anecdotes. Rise of extravagance in England. War with Spain 31

Oct. 6.—Resignation of Mr. Pitt and anticipation of disastrous consequences 33

Oct. 8.—News from Spain. Great offers to conciliate Mr. Pitt. Proposed mourning on his resignation. Lord Egremont. Lady Denbigh's blunder. Lord Talbot's advice to the Duke of Newcastle 33

Oct. 10.—Mr. Pitt's covetousness. Changes in the Ministry. Quick intelligence 34

Nov. 14.—Folly of statesmen. Mr. Pitt. and the Common Council of London. Negotiation for peace published in France. Opening of parliament. Lord Temple's proposal. The King, Queen, and Royal Family dine with the Lord Mayor. Reception in Guildhall of Mr. Pitt. Reflections on his conduct. George Pitt and his lovely wife. Expected return of Lord Bristol. The German war. Mr. Pitt and the City politicians . 35

Dec. 12.—Schemes of the new Opposition. Perpetual militia. The war in Germany. Mr. Pitt's defeat in calling for the memorials between England and Spain. English dames at Naples. Mr. Conway. Portraits of the King and Queen 37

Dec. 28.—Revolutions in Ministries. Expected restoration of Mr. Pitt. The gallery at Strawberry Hill. Insecurity of the Stocks—Bulls, Bears, and Lame Ducks. The King of Spain's declaration. Portugal threatened by Spain. Death of Lady Pomfret 39

1762.

Jan. 4.—War with Spain. Cargo from Florence. Etrurian vases. Zanetti's gems. Lady Pomfret. [illegible]ctures 40

Jan. 29.—Death of the Czarina E[illegible]th. Defeated hopes. Diplomacy in Italy. A mighty expedition on the point of sailing. The Cock-lane Ghost. Interview with Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Natural son of the King of France 42

Feb. 25.—Expeditions. Odd kind of parliamentary opposition. Young Bunbury. The Queen's brother. The Ghost detected. Designs by Inigo Jones for buildings at Leghorn. Lord Pembroke and Miss Hunter. "Anecdotes of painting in England" 44

March 22.—Conquest of Martinico. Lord Pembroke. Dangerous illness of Lord Egremont. Mrs. Goldsworthy. Lady Mary Wortley. The charming Duchess. Enthsiasm in fashion. Gallery and Tribune at Strawberry Hill 45

April 13.—End of the Session of Parliament. Portugal requiring help. Grumblings in Ireland. Regiments sent against the Irish. Particulars of Sir Robert Walpole's life, for Italian readers. Lord Pembroke's meanness and absurdity. Tariff between Horace Walpole and Sir Horace Mann 47

April 30.—Divisions in the Ministry. New cargo of peers. Disturbances in Ireland checked. Narrow escape of the French squadron. Lord Anson. Lord Granville. Lord Egremont. Lady Pembroke . . 49

May 26.—Resignation of the Duke of Newcastle. Lord Bute now First

PAGE

Lord of the Treasury. Other changes. Probable peace with France. Siege of Miranda. The Duchess of Grafton. Anxiety for peace. Beckford's idea of patriotism 51

June 20.—Commissions. Illness of the King. The new administration. The great expedition. Our Portuguese allies 53

July 1.—Victory in Germany. Lady Ailesbury. Probable continuation of the war. Lord Tyrawley and Count La Lippe. Royal injustice to Hamburgh. Violation of ties by the King of Spain. Strike of workmen at Strawberry Hill 54

July 31.—Eve of big events. A topic for the Opposition. Party abuse. The Czarina of Russia. Expected peace. Continental politics. Mr. Conway's military success at the Castle of Waldeck. Death of Lord Melcombe. Lady Mary Wortley's dangerous illness. (Aug. 4.)—Anecdotes of the Russian revolution. Advantages gained by the King of Prussia and Prince Ferdinand. Anxiety for peace 55

Aug. 12.—Birth of a Prince of Wales. The Northern Athaliah (Catherine of Russia.) Continental politics. Treasure of the Hermione . . 59

Aug. 29.—Peace with France. Exchange of ambassadors. King of Spain's obstinacy. Return from Portugal of Lord Tyrawley. Squabble with the Dutch. Atrocities of the Czarina. Loss of the Laocoon in the Florentine Gallery. Death of Lady Mary Wortley. Lady Charlotte Finch. Death of Lord Westmoreland. Anecdote. Cocchi's Spectator. Lady Fane . 60

Sept. 26.—Spanish successes in Portugal. Party rumours. Installation of the Bath. The Duke de Nivernois. The Duchess of Grafton. Lord Melcombe's will. Doubts of peace 63

Oct. 3.—Conquest of the Havannah. The spoils. Lady Albemarle and her victorious sons. Probable effect of the victory. The King and Queen at Eton. Lady Mary Wortley's manuscripts. Anecdotes. Voltaire's Universal History. National glory inferior to national peace. Sanguinary affair in Germany 65

Oct. 20.—Mr. Grenville and Lord Halifax. Ministerial manœuvres and changes. Obstacles to the fulfilment of peace. Instability of the administration. A blunder. Mr. Keppel. Happiness of Lady Albemarle. Anecdote. Anticipated marriage of the Princess Augusta to Ferdinand Charles hereditary Prince of Brunswick. Woful state of affairs in Portugal . 67

Nov. 9.—Treaty of peace. The King and the Duke of Devonshire. The House of Lords humbled. The Duke of Newcastle and Lord Hardwicke in the Opposition. Political indifference 70

Nov. 30.—Meeting of Parliament. Lord Bute hissed and pelted. Mr. Fox, Mr. Pitt, the Duke of Devonshire, and the Duke of Cumberland. Ministerial changes. Mr. Conway. Lord Granby. New state coach. The Queen and Lady Bolingbroke. George Selwyn. Anglomanie. Anecdote. 71

Dec. 20.—The Duke of Grafton. Havoc among the Duke of Newcastle's friends. Bon-mot. Struldbrugs in politics. Walpole afflicted with the gout. His regimen. Aversion to embarking in new scenes. Mr. Mackenzie 73

1763.

Jan. 28.—Paper war. The severe frost cures Walpole's ailments. Lord Granville 75

Mar. 4.—General Peace. The King of Prussia. Weakness of the Opposition. Riots at the theatres. The Duchess of Hamilton. Death of Lord Bath's only son. Magnificent service of Chelsea china . 76

April 10.—Death of Lord Waldegrave. Lady Waldegrave's distress. Lord Bute's resignation. The new Ministry 77

April 30.—Lord Bute's situation. Infirmity of the new administration. Mr.

PAGE

Fox. The Duke of Modena. Madame Simonetti. French visiters in London. The Duc de Nivernois at Strawberry Hill. Lady Waldegrave. Wilkes sent to the Tower. His duel with Lord Talbot . . 79

May 10.—Wilkes acquitted by the Court of Common Pleas. Triumph of the Opposition. Indiscretion of Wilkes and his friends. Dreadful fire at the house of Lady Molesworth. Lady Mary Wortley's letters . . 81

June 5.—Lord and Lady Northampton. Misery in the Molesworth family. Lord Bath's avarice and want of feeling. La Condamine. Anecdotes. Marriage of the Duke of Modena. Anecdote of Madame Simonetti. Masquerade at Richmond House 84

June 30.—La Condamine's absurdity. His zeal for inoculation. Lord Strathmore. Madame de Boufflers. Disbursements of the English in Paris. Lord Northampton. Repose from politics. The Gallery at Strawberry Hill 86

Aug. 11.—The Duke of York's Mediterranean tour. English Duchesses at Paris 88

Sept. 1.—Death of Lord Egremont. Candidates to succeed him as Secretary of State. Mr. Pitt sent for to Buckingham House at the instance of Lord Bute. Mr. Pitt's negotiation with the King broken off. Lord Sandwich. Wilkes challenged at Paris by Forbes. The King of France, the Duke of Richmond, and Lord Holland. Lord Holland and the Duchesse d'Aiguillon. Mrs. Poyntz. Sir William Stanhope and his lady. Garrick. Delicacy of Lady Waldegrave. Bon-mot of Lady Townshend . 89

Sept. 13.—The old Ministers resume their functions. Resignation of Lord Shelburne. Total removal of Lord Bute. Dialogue in the closet. Paper war. Old statesmen 92

Oct. 17.—Dearth of news. Mr. Wilkes and Mr. Forbes. Approaching campaign. Press for soldiers. Lord Hertford's embassy. Rage of going to Paris. Walpole's anticipated visit to Paris. Powell the new actor. Honours paid to Garrick in Paris. Visit to England of Helvetius and his daughters. The Duke of York in Italy. Mr. Garrick at Florence. Death of the King of Poland 93

Nov. 17.—The Parliamentary campaign. No. 45 of the North Briton. Irresistible argument of a majority. Sir William Stanhope. Duel between Mr. Martin and Mr. Wilkes. Lord Sandwich and the Essay on Woman. The Bishop of Gloucester 95

Dec. 12.—Mr. Wilkes. The Essay on Woman. Riots on the burning of "The North Briton." Triumph over the Ministry by Wilkes. Attempt to assassinate him. Lord Shelburne and Colonel Barré. Monsieur D'Eon. The Comte de Guercy. The Prince of Brunswick . . . 97

1764.

Jan. 8.—Adjournment of Parliament. Wilkes prefers France to martyrdom. The Essay on Woman. Parson Kidgell. Sir Horace Mann's Russian guests. Approaching marriage of the Hereditary Prince of Brunswick to the Princess Augusta. Another wedding in embryo. Landing of the Hereditary Prince 99

Jan. 18.—The Prince of Brunswick's popularity. His marriage. Wilkes expected to appear in the House of Commons. His excuse for remaining in Paris. Defence of Wilkes. He is expelled the House. The Prince of Brunswick at Covent-Garden theatre 101

Feb. 20.—Seizure of Wilkes's papers. Debate on the subject in the House of Commons. Formidable minority. Attorney-General Norton. Political ferment. The Princess of Modena. The Duke of York . . . 103

March 18.—Death of Lord Malpas. Lady Malpas. Death of Lord Hardwicke, Lord Townshend, and Lord Macclesfield. The Opposition. Mr. Pitt confined with the gout. Mr. Yorke and Charles Townshend. The

PAGE

abdicated favourite. Lord Clive. Lord Buckinghamshire in Russia. Expected death of Madame Pompadour 105

April 9.—Reception by Sir Horace Mann of the Duke of York. The Chevalier D'Eon's literary war with Nivernois, Praslin and Guerchy. Walpole's opinion of Modern France. Marriage of Lord Ilchester's daughter to O'Brien the actor. Lord Sandwich's contest at Cambridge. The Gallery at Strawberry Hill 106

May 14.—Entertainments given to the Duke of York in Italy. Mr. Conway deprived of all his employments. D'Eon's book. His slander of Madame de Guerchy 108

June 8.—The vacant red riband. Mr. (afterwards Sir William) Hamilton. The box of essences. Marriage of Lord Tavistock to Lady Elizabeth Keppel. Anecdote of King Stanislaus and Madame de Boufflers . 110

July 27.—The Duke of York. Lady Temple. D'Eon found guilty. De Guerchy's departure. Czartoriski, Poniatowski, and Mr. Conway . 111

Aug. 13.—Dearth of news. Turk's Island. Abrupt return of the Duke of York. Death of Sir John Barnard and Mr. Legge. Stanislaus II. Catherine of Russia 112

Oct. 21.—London deserted. Death of the Duke of Devonshire. Illness of the Duke of Cumberland. The Cardinal-Duke of York. Panacea for the gout 113

Nov. 15.—Death of Churchill the poet. His literary character. D'Eon and De Vergy. (Nov. 25.)—Flight of D'Eon. Death of Sir Thomas Clarke, Master of the Rolls. His successor. Manzuoli. The Duke of York. Prince William created Duke of Gloucester. Reflection . . 114

Dec. 20.—Mr. Yorke. Death of Dr. Stone, Primate of Ireland. His character. Separation of the Duke and Duchess of Grafton. The Duke of York's ball. Comtesse de Boufflers. Anecdote. French mode of thinking. Madame de Beaumont. Richardson 117

1765.

Jan. 13.—Opening of Parliament. The Address. Mr. Conway and Mr. Grenville. Lord Granby. Question of General Warrants. Approaching marriage in the Royal Family. Intended wedding between Lord Shelburne and Lady Sophia Carteret. Bustle in the Cabinet. The new Primate of Ireland. Sir William Pynsent's legacy to Mr. Pitt . 119

Feb. 11.—Debate on the question of General Warrants. The minority. Colonel Barré. Lord Sandwich. Mr. Pitt. Approaching trial of Lord Byron. Earl Berkeley 121

March 20.—Serious illness of the King. The Duke of Cumberland. Schouvaloff. Lord Buckingham. Walpole's proposed journey to Paris. The wild-beasts in the Gevaudan. Wilkes at Rome . . 122

May 11.—Letter to Sir Horace Mann introducing Mr. Stanley, one of the Lords of the Admiralty 124

May 14.—Trial of Lord Byron for killing Mr. Chaworth in a duel. His acquittal. Strange situation of public affairs. Bon-mot of Monsieur Chavigny. Precariousness of the King's health. Provision for a regency. Party contest on this subject. Mr. Stanley. Marriage of Sir Horace Mann's nephew 124

May 25.—Eve of a civil war. Tumult by the weavers. The riot quelled. The King's intention to dismiss his Ministers. Mr. Pitt's refusal of administration. The old Ministers retained. Terms demanded by them. Seeds of division and animosity. The Palace Pitti. Reflection. Mr. Wilkes. Churchill, Mr. Pitt, and Charles Townshend. Walpole's wish to retreat from politics 126

June 26.—Distracted state of the country. Season of faction. The King's coldness to his Ministers. Lord Temple's extraordinary declaration.

PAGE

Anticipated new administration. Walpole's distaste for politics, and lamentation for the loss of his tranquillity 130

July 12.—Walpole afflicted with the gout. Liberty of the post. Mr. Conway's promise touching the red riband for Sir Horace Mann. The four tyrants. Treachery of Lord Temple. Mr. Pitt. Change in the Ministry. Walpole's love of privacy and quiet. New officers of state. Suicide of the Duke of Bolton. Lord Sandwich and his wife . . 131

July 30.—False report respecting Sir Horace Mann. The new Opposition. Lord Hertford's arrival in town. Walpole's determination to retire from politics 133

Aug. 12.—Reflections on the gout. The red riband. Lord Sandwich's abusive libels. Ministerial changes. The Duke of New-castle and the bishops. The Princess Craon. Lady Suffolk at 80 years of age. Abjuration of papacy by the Pretender's eldest son. Madame de Rochford's bon-mot. Instability of the Roman Church. The Duke of Parma. Lies and blunders of the London newspapers 134

Aug. 27.—Representation to General Conway on behalf of Sir Horace Mann. Walpole going to Paris. His fear that he shall not be able to reach Italy. The marine belt. Mysterious event in Grosvenor Square. Curious saying of Graham, the apothecary 137

Sept. 26.—Walpole in Paris. His reluctance to prefer a new solicitation for Sir Horace Mann. His indifference to every thing in Paris. Prince Beauvau's daughter. The Italian Comedy. Accident to the French Secretary of State. Anecdote. Illness of the Dauphin. Expected *tapage* from the residence of the Prince and Princess of Brunswick at St. James's. French curiosity as to English affairs. The new Court at Florence. Dearth of events. Reflection. Sir James Macdonald . . 138

Oct. 16.—Irregular delivery of letters. Interest made on behalf of Sir Horace Mann. Walpole laid up with the gout in Paris. His rooted aversion to politics and the House of Commons 140

Nov. 2.—Detention of letters in consequence of a dispute between the French and Italian postmasters. Recapitulation about the red riband, &c. Walpole renounces the world, except as it may give him amusement. The gout. Anticipated return to England. Strawberry Hill. Reflections on kings and ministers. The *nous-volons* ladies . . 141

Nov. 13.—Earl Cowper. Death of the Duke of Cumberland. Glimpse of changes. Death of the Emperor of Austria. Illness of Prince Frederick. Expected demise of the Dauphin. Solitude of Paris. The Duke of Beaufort's ball. Colonel Barré and Wilkes. Walpole's contempt of Courts. Death of Lady Orford's second husband. Assurance of the Garter to Lord Albemarle 143

Nov. 30.—New dignity conferred on Sir Horace Mann, through Mr. Conway. Reflections on court-honours, and on the advance of age. A few words to Continental postmasters. 145

1766.

Jan. 5.—Walpole's letter anticipated. Solicitation for the red riband. Triumphant Ministry. Total abandonment of the late Ministers. Mr. Pitt. Lord Temple, Lord Sandwich, and George Grenville. Death of Prince Frederick. Bestowal of the vacant Garters. The red riband . 147

Feb. 9.—Successful interposition to prevent the Pope from acknowledging the eldest son of the late Chevalier as King of England. Rumoured quarrel between the French Court and the Court of Vienna. Confusion caused by Mr. Pitt's conduct. Lord Bute. Death of Lord Fane. Lady Sandwich. Walpole's enjoyment of his holidays. The red riband. Treachery and cowardice of the favourite. George Grenville . . 149

PAGE

Feb. 29.—Question of sending troops to America. The Earl of Bute. Firmness of the Ministers. Lord Bute's guardian Angel. The Cardinal-Duke of York. Death of Lady Hilsborough. Mr. Skreene. Sir James Macdonald. Death of Stanislaus. His character. Anecdotes. Funeral oration on the Dauphin. Reflections on princes recently deceased. Eve of a war. Letters from England. Ministers still triumphant and popular 151

March 21.—Repeal of the Stamp-act. Protests of the Opposition. Lord Lyttelton. Grenville and Sandwich. Mr. Pitt dreaded by the French. State of affairs in England. The Materialists 153

April 20.—Walpole at Calais on his return to England. Illness of Mr. Conway. Mr. Pitt's impatience. The Hereditary Prince in France. The insurrection of the White Boys in Ireland instigated by France. Age of revolts. Insurrection at Madrid. Declaration of Louis XV. Walpole's satisfaction with France. His two lives. Impatience to arrive at Strawberry Hill. Arrival in London. Mr. Pitt. Lord Clive and the Great Mogul 154

May 22.—Mr. Pitt pushes his haughtiness too far. Promotion of the Duke of Richmond. A time for playing the fool. Big politics. Thundering revolutions. Captain Byron's discovery of a race of Giants. Terrible blow to the Irish. Discovery of a polished country. Lally's tragedy. Herculaneum. Dearth of news. Backward summer . . . 156

June 9.—Termination of the Session of Parliament. Short lease of the Ministry. Proposed settlement on the Duke of York and his younger brothers, opposed by Mr. Conway. "The great commoner" out of humour. His popularity. Anecdote. A Russian Garrick. The King and Queen at Strawberry Hill 158

July 11.—Resignation of the Ministers. Lord Bute a maker of Ministries. The King sends for Mr. Pitt. Difficulties. The son of Madame de Boufflers. Walpole's letter in the name of the King of Prussia. Rousseau's resentment 159

July 11.—Introducing the Comte de Boufflers to Sir Horace Mann . 161

July 18.—Lord Temple's insolent demands. His rejection by the King. Concurrence of popularity and integrity. A new birth-day for England . 161

July 23.—Mr. Pitt, the sole fountain of honour. The Duke of Grafton. Charles Townshend and Mr. Pitt. Great families displaced. Uncertainty whether Lord Bute is to be taken by the hand, or not. Count Lorenzi. Prince Ferdinand and the King of Prussia. French panic at Mr. Pitt's name. The Prince of Masserano. Mr. Pitt's budget. Ministerial arrangements. The Duke of Newcastle. Lord Bolingbroke . 163

Aug. 1.—Mr. Pitt created Earl of Chatham. Anger of the City and the mob at his elevation. Probable permanency of the Ministry. New President of the Council. Ministerial arrangements. Lord Temple and George Grenville. Lord Hilsborough 165

Sept. 9.—Further ministerial arrangements. Lord Bristol. Bad harvest. Popular clamour. Walpole ill. His fear that the dampness of Strawberry Hill will prevent his living there. Reflections. His request for some volumes of the Herculaneum 166

Sept. 25.—Increase of Walpole's illness. His renouncement of the physician, and recovery. Appendixes of illness. Anecdote. Corn-riots. Dearness of every thing. Luxury of tradesmen. Count Schoualloff. Rasomoufski 167

Oct. 26.—Idle paragraph in the newspapers about Walpole. Reflections on life. Lord Chatham. Elevation to the dukedom of Lord Northumberland and Lord Cardigan. Indian affairs. George Grenville. Disturbances about corn quelled. Sir James Grey 169

Nov. 13.—Thanks for Sir Horace Mann's attentions to the Marquis de Boufflers. Meeting of Parliament. Lord Chatham's good genius. The

PAGE

Lord Mayor's feast. Lord Mansfield. The Duke of Newcastle, Lord Rockingham, Lord Temple, and George Grenville. An Italian story. Marriage of the Duke of Portland, and of Lord Mountstuart. Quarrel between Hume and Rousseau 170

Dec. 8.—Division in the Ministry. Resignations. Renewed negotiation with the Duke of Bedford. Junction of Lord Chatham and Lord Bute. New appointments. Lady Holland. The "Buona Figliuola." Lovattini and Guarducci 171

1767.

Jan. 21.—Affair of the East India Company. Inclement winter . . 173

Feb. 13.—Ridiculous etiquette of the Tuscan Court. Insignificance of the Duke of Tuscany. Two Oppositions. Deaths of some young people of rank. The "Buona Figliuola" much in fashion. Walpole meditates another journey to Paris. His reflections on his age. Recapitulation of the personages and generations he has seen 174

March 2.—Unexpected defeat of the Ministry in the House of Commons. George Grenville's political tactics. Consequences of the majority against ministers. Causes of this event. Probable change of the administration. The King resolved to support Lord Chatham. Obstacles in the way of the late Ministers. The country split into factions. The Court adverse to Grenville. Lord Chatham. Walpole's advice to Mann. Gloomy prospect 175

March 8.—Ineffectual victory of the Opposition. Charles Townshend and Lord Chatham. Lord Townshend. Debate on East-India affairs. Want of union in the Opposition. Diminution of the land-tax. Address from the grand jury of Buckingham. The King firm to Lord Chatham. The Rockinghams. Lord Beauchamp. Lord Hilsborough. The Grenville and Rockingham factions. Debate on printing the East-India papers. Majority for Ministers 177

March 19.—Difficulties of the East-Indian affair. Dangerous accident to Lord Tavistock. Desolation of his family. Effect on the Duke of Bedford's party. Charles Townshends tergiversations. Stock-jobbing. Approaching marriage of Mr. Conway's daughter to Mr. Damer . 179

April 5.—Sir Horace Mann's fear of being removed. Advice to him. Endeavours to cement the factions of Rockingham and Grenville. East-India affairs. Serious illness of Lord Chatham. Dr. Addington. Delay of public business. America. Lord Rockingham's party. Contemptible squabbles. Death of Lord Tavistock 180

April 17.—Victory of the Ministry. The East-India business and the settlement of America. Lord Chatham's good fortune. The Hereditary Prince. Expulsion of the Jesuits from Spain 182

May 12.—Charles Townshend's speech *apropos* to nothing. Proceedings of the East-India Company. Effect on the House of Commons. The question on America. Affair of the Jesuits in France. Untoward spring 183

May 24.—Accommodation with the East-India company. Rejection by the Privy Council of the Act of Assembly of Massachusett's Bay. Lord Mansfield's speech. Trifling majority. The Duke of York's maiden speech. His performanance in private theatricals. Lord Chatham's illness. New administration named by the Opposition. Expected retirement of Mr. Conway. Walpole notifies his intention of no more coming into Parliament 184

May 30.—Sir Horace Mann's present to Walpole of a bust of Caligula. Its perfection as a work of art. Enamel miniature of Cowley. Montesquieu's letters. Cruelty of publishing private letters while the persons concerned in them are living. Madame Geoffrin. Lord Holland. The Duke of York in disgrace at Court. Approach of the crisis . . 186

PAGE

June 30.—End of the Session of Parliament. Retirement of Mr. Conway. Party manœuvres. Dissolution of the Government. Little Dogs for a Great Duchess 187

July 20.—*Interministeriums*. Negotiation with the Bedfords. Another with Lord Rockingham. Pacification of America. Return from India of Lord Clive. Immense treasure brought home by him. Lord Chatham . 188

July 31.—Quarrel between the factions of Newcastle and Bedford. Lord Rockingham's folly and impertinence. Mr. Conway and the Duke of Grafton. Continued illness of Lord Chatham. Death of Lady Suffolk. Her Character 190

Aug. 18.—Settlement of the Ministry. Advantages obtained by Lord Bristol on giving up Ireland. His successor. Other arrangements. The Duke of York at Paris. Walpole preparing for a journey to Paris. His want of political ambition 192

Sept. 27.—Walpole at Paris. Death of Monsieur de Guerchy. His character. Death of Charles Townshend. Acceptance of the seals by Lord North. Re-establishment of Lord Chatham's health. Death of the Duke of York at Monaco. Anecdotes. Madame de Barbantane. Lords Holland, Carlisle, Cowper, and Warwick. Adoption by the French of whist and Richardson's novels. The Pope and the Emperor . . . 193

Oct. 29.—Walpoles return from Paris. Every thing profoundly quiet in England. The Ministers firmly seated. Lord Chatham expected to re-appear. Rage of elections. Noble conduct of Mr. Conway. Death of General Pulteney. Disposal of his vast property. Mrs. Pulteney and her husband. Lord Holland. The young Queen of Naples. Arrival of the Duke of York's body. Inoculation. Queen Charlotte delivered of a fourth Prince 195

Dec. 2.—Triumph of the Ministry. Lord Rockingham's and the Duke of Bedford's parties. The Duke of Newcastle. Lord Temple and Lord Lyttelton. George Grenville. Lord Chatham at Bath. The Duke of Bedford. Divorce of Lord and Lady Bolingbroke 197

Dec. 14.—George Grenville's obstinacy. The Duke of Bedford and the Duke of Grafton. New ministerial arrangements. Inconsistency of the Duke of Bedford as regards Mr. Conway. Lord Weymouth. Walpole's resolution not to go again into Parliament. The devil at Petersburgh, and a lunatic at Naples 198

Dec. 25.—Conclusion of the ministerial treaty. The Ministers. Their submissions. The Duke of Marlborough disappointed of the Garter. Lord Chatham. Walpole's anticipations of liberty. Strange and precipitate changes 199

1768.

Jan. 17.—Renewed application on behalf of Mann for the red riband. Mr. Conway's approaching resignation. Sir William Rowley's will. Inclemency of the weather. Opposition lumps of ice. The Duke of Newcastle 201

Feb. 26.—Bribery and corruption. The corporation of Oxford. Debate in the House of Commons. The minority. Death of Mr. Onslow, the late Speaker. Arrival of Monsieur du Chatélat. Lord Cathcart. Anecdote of a sea-captain made prisoner at Algiers 202

March 8.—Dissolution of Parliament. Signal escape of Mr. Conway and Lady Ailesbury. Conflagration and robbery. The incendiary discovered. 203

March 31.—Re-appearance of Wilkes. He offers for the City of London and is defeated. He then becomes candidate for Middlesex. The other candidates. Outrages of Wilkes's mob. Wilkes and Cooke returned members. Renewal of election-riots. Suppression of them. Wilkes's no-

PAGE

tification that he intends to surrender to his outlawry. His case is desperate. Lord Hertford and the prince of Monaco 203

April 23.—Mr. Wilkes's appearance in the Court of King's Bench. Legal disputes. Precautions to prevent riots. Mystification of the law. Reluctance to apprehend Wilkes. Wilkes at hide-and-seek . . 205

May 12.—Street-riots. Wilkes and the mob. More litigation. Engagements between the mob and the soldiery. A young man killed. Verdict against the officer and his men. Independent mobs. Parliament petitioned by many thousand sailors. Their contest with Wilkes's mob. The Lord Mayor, Harley. Frantic tumults lead to arbitrary power. Expected death of the Princess Louisa. Lord Stormont 207

June 9.—Threat of rebellion should Lord Mansfield continue to persecute Wilkes. Proceedings against Wilkes in Westminster Hall. Wonderful depths of the law. Wilkes again in prison. Death of Mr. Cooke, the other member for Middlesex. The new candidate. Cessation of riots, except the little civil war between the sailors and coal-heavers. The Emperor of Morocco. France giving herself airs in the Mediterranean. Paoli of Corsica. Murmurs of a war. Reflections. Lord Chatham . . . 208

June 22.—Severe sentence on Wilkes. His intended appeal to the House of Lords. His failure in exciting the mob. Outrages of the coal-heavers, quelled by the Guards. Corsica. The two Kings at Brentford. England covetous of folly 210

Aug. 4.—Restoration of quiet. Wonderful story of Green. His Heroic conduct against the coal-heavers, and courage of the sailor who assisted him. New England in a state of rebellion. Formidable state of our Navy. Expected visit to England of the King of Denmark. Death of Secker, Archbishop of Canterbury. The black puppies . . . 211

Aug. 13.—The riband of the Bath conferred on Sir Horace Mann. Arrival of the King of Denmark. Description of him. His appearance in an assembly at Lady Hertford's. His prime minister, Bernsdorffe. Comte de Holke. Lord Bute gone abroad. The King of Denmark at the Opera. Slavish adulation of Bernsdorffe. The new archbishop. Disagreeable affair at home resulting from the disquiets in America. Sir Jeffery Amherst and Lord Bottetourt. The black dogs 212

1768.

August 24.—Princess Amelia's ball at Gunnersbury. Indisposition of the King of Denmark. Sir Jeffery Amherst 214

Sept. 22.—Return from Warwickshire, Yorkshire, &c. The King of Denmark. His popularity among the lower classes, and conduct at the Theatre. Election contest between the Duke of Portland and Sir J. Lowther. Death of Lady Hervey 215

Oct. 24.—Resignation of Lord Chatham. His reasons for resigning. The Duke of Choiseul and the Duke of Nivernois 216

Nov. 3.—The Administration. Meeting of Parliament. "The Black Prince and Princess" 217

Nov. 18.—Proceedings in Parliament relative to Corsica. Death of the Duke of Newcastle. Turkey and France. The Duke of Choiseul. Lord Chatham 218

Nov. 25.—Introduction of the son of Lord Kaimes to Sir Horace Mann . 219

Dec. 2.—The Middlesex election. Wilkes. Suppression of riots. Reconciliation of Lord Chatham to Lord Temple and Mr. Grenville. Paoli. Countess du Barri. The Russian Ambassador and his wife. Sir H. Mann's brother. The Bootikins 219

Dec. 20.—Operations of Wilkes. Riot during the Middlesex election. State of America and France. Expectation of a change of Administration

PAGE

in France. Ascendency of the Comtesse du Barri. The Duke of Northumberland, Sir William Beauchamp and the Brentford riot . 221

1769.

Jan. 14.—Prophecy-mongers. Defenders of the Faith. Proceedings of, and against Wilkes. His popularity with the people. Lord Chatham. England's departed glory. Badness of the Drury-Lane actors. Death of the Duke of Dorset. Lord Bute. Lady Orford. Proceedings against Wilkes in the House of Lords. cause between the families of Douglas and Hamilton 222

Jan. 31.—Wilkes and the House of Commons. Expected resignation of the Duc de Choiseul. Anecdotes of him and Madame du Barri . . 226

Feb. 6.—Expulsion of Wilkes from the House of Commons. Characteristics of Wilkes. Madame du Barri supported by the Duc de la Vauguion. Anecdote of the latter and the King's eldest daughter 225

Feb. 28.—Wilkes's credulity. Mrs. Macauley. The Duc de Rochefoucault. Subscription in aid of Wilkes. Mr. Hervey and Miss Chudleigh. Expected marriage of the latter to the Duke of Kingston. Madame du Barri 226

March 23.—Wilkes's re-election at Brentford. Loyal address from Essex and from Mr. Dingley. Fracas. Presentation of an address at St. James's by 600 merchants. Attack on the cavalcade by a large mob. Serious riot before the palace. Ministerial blunders 228

April 14.—Election contest between Wilkes and Colonel Luttrel. Triumph of the former. Intended rejection of Wilkes by the House of Commons. Dangerous situation of the country. Mistaken government of the people. The Contessa Rena. Otranto. Madame du Barri 230

May 11.—Election of Colonel Luttrel quietly received. Petitions. Prorogation of Parliament. Lord Chatham. Presentation of Madame du Barri. Russia and China. The Comte du Barri. Bon-mot of the Duc de Chartres. Expectation of a quiet summer 232

May 25.—Quiet state of the country. Presentation of the Middlesex petition. Expected marriage of the Duke of Grafton to Miss Wrottesley. Paoli. The Duc de Choiseul. Lady Orford. Depopulation of London in the summer months. Insipidity of common topics 233

June 14.—The Pope and his genealogy. Paoli. Decrease of Madame du Barri's influence. Fracas between Monsieur du Chatelet and Count Czernichew at the Court Ball. Character of Chatelet. Wilkes fallen into oblivion. Corsica. Improvements at Strawberry Hill . 235

July 19.—Re-appearance of Lord Chatham. Petitions from various counties. The East India Company Intended visit to Paris. Madame du Barri. The Duc de Choiseul. Journeyings of the Court of Florence. Lady Orford 237

Oct. 8.—Detention at Calais. Lady Orford. Paoli. Malacious stories circulated against him in France. Hatred of the English in France. Ambition of the Duc de Choiseul. Anecdote of him and Madame du Barri. Madame de Mirepoix. The king of Prussia. Arrival in London. The country on the eve of a crisis. Paoli approved of in England. triumph of the Russians over the Turks 238

Nov. 6.—Walpole's interview with Paoli at court. His appearance described. Pititions to Parliament. Dangers attending a dissolution of Parliament. Unsettled state of the times. Madame du Barri gaining ground. Decline of the Duc de Choiseul's power. The Czarina. The Countess of Orford. Lord Pembroke replaced in the King's bedchamber. Illness of Lord Bute. Allegorical Persian tale 241

Nov. 30.—Ill-success of the Opposition. Troubles with the Irish. Rumour of a war with France. Excellence of our Navy. French barbarities in Corsica. France baffled by the Swedes and Russians. Insolence of Ma-

PAGE

dame du Barri to the Duc de Choiseul. Lack of all news but politics. Cavalier Mozzi. Ignorance of Monsieur d'Aubeterre, French ambassador at Rome 243

Dec. 31.—State of the country at the close of the year. Lord Chatham. Wilkes. Ireland. Quiet state of France. Distress for money in France. Turbulent condition of society. Attack on the King by Junius. Lady Grosvenor. Assault on the King of Portugal. Prorogation of the Irish Parliament 245

1770.

Jan. 10.—Proceedings in the House of Parliament. Lord Granby. The kingdom in a more quiet state. Resignation of the French Controller-General. Expected resignation of the Duc de Choiseul. The Russian fleet. Sir George Savile's attack on the House of Commons. The Irish Parliament prorogued. The nation on the eve of a revolution . . 247

Jan. 18.—Serious state of affairs. Changes in the Ministry. Resignation of the Duke of Beaufort. Dismission of the Chancellor. Resignation of Lord Granby. Expectation of more changes. Mr. Yorke made Chancellor, and Sir Fletcher Norton Speaker. Reflections on the situation of the country 249

Jan. 22.—Sudden death of Mr. Yorke. Cause of his death. Mr. Conway created Master of the Ordnance. His high-spirited behaviour on that occasion. Sir F. Norton made Speaker. Proceedings in the House of Lords. More resignations. Reconciliation between Lord Chatham and Lord Rockingham. The country distracted . . . 251

Jan. 30.—Resignation of the Duke of Grafton. His motives for resigning. He is succeeded by Lord North. The King in a pitiable situation. Proposals from M. de Choiseul to Horace Walpole for the latter to be Ambassador at France. Walpole's answer 253

Feb. 2.—Triumph of the Administration. Firmness and good-humour of Lord North. The Duke of Grafton. Quietness of the people. Wilkes almost forgotten. Our lost influence over Europe. The Russian fleet. Gaming at Almack's carried to a great extent. Anecdote of Lord Stavordale. Charles Fox made a Lord of the Admiralty . . . 255

Feb. 27.—Politics usurped by a masquerade. Its engrossing effect on the town. Walpole's former love for masquerades. Mob attending the carriages. Anecdotes. State of the Court. Wilkes's popularity waning. Anecdote of the Duke of Norfolk. State of Russia. The Czarina . 256

March 15.—Renewal of factious troubles. Prevailing dislike of the King's mother. Presentation of the City Remonstrance to the King by the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs. Symptoms of general rebellion. Dangerous situation of the kingdom. Prudence and temper of Lord North. Proceedings in Parliament relative to the Remonstrance 258

March 23.—Turbulent state of the Government. The Lord Mayor and the House of Commons. Lord Chatham. Dinner and ball given by the Lord Mayor to the Opposition. Coldness of the weather. Lord Beauchamp. Walpole's life saved by his dog 260

April 19.—Wilkes's release from prison. Illuminations. Wilkes's manifestoes against the House of Commons. Accident to Lord Sandys. Monsieur de la Chalotais and the Duc d'Aiguillon. Anecdote of the former. Retirement of the French King's daughter into a convent. The Czarina's murder of her husband, and others 261

May 6.—Quietness of Wilkes. The Middlesex election. The Bill of Rights. Triumph of the Court. Troubled state of America. Decline of the Old World. The Pantheon in Oxford Road. Extravagance of young men of fashion. Anecdotes. West the painter. Prevalent extravagance. Greece and the Czarina. Lord Beauchamp. Backwardness

PAGE

of the Spring. Approaching marriage of Lord Fitzwilliam to Lady Charlotte Ponsonby 263

May 24.—City Remonstrance presented to the King. Its reception. Prospect of serenity. State of the Ministry 265

June 15.—Journey of the Princess Dowager to Germany. Moderation of Lord North's behaviour. Death of Lord Cholmondeley. His character. Horrible accident with fire-works at Paris. Dearth of events. Apathy of the people. Good opportunity for Sir Horace Mann to come to England . 266

July 26.—Lack of news since the death of Beckford. Quietness of the country. Lord Lincoln's approaching journey to Florence. Russian and Turkish affairs 267

Aug. 31.—Walpole's interview with Lady Orford and Cavalier Mozzi. Emptiness of London, and dearth of news. Droll satire on the King of Spain. Similar satire on the French King prevented. Rumours of Russian victories. The Bootikins 268

Sept. 20.—Great Russian victory over the Turks. The Pretender at Florence. Walpole laid up with the gout 269

Oct. 4.—Expectation of a war with Spain concerning the Falkland Island. The Stocks. Death of Lord Grantham and Sir R. Lyttelton. Walpole's gout. More building at Strawberry Hill. The King of Spain. Sir H. Mann's gout. Preparations for war. The Pretender. State of the Navy. Great increase of Seamen. Arrival of the Princess Daschkaw in England 270

Nov. 12.—Deaths of distinguished persons. Alterations in the Ministry. (Nov. 13.) Death of Mr. Grenville. The King's Speech. (Nov. 15.)—Unsettled state of the Ministry. Attacks on it by Junius. Opening of Parliament. (Nov. 16.)—The Princess Daschkaw. Description of her. Anecdote of her 272

Nov. 26.—Arrival of the Spanish courier. State of the Stocks. Preparations for war. Proceedings in the Houses of Parliament. Walpole's gout, and remarks on Le Fevre's medicine. Good effects of the Bootikins . 274

Dec. 18.—More resignations and alterations in the Ministry. Duel between Lord George Germaine and Governor Johnstone. Lord Mansfield. Uproar in the House of Lords 276

Dec. 29.—Disgrace of the Duc de Choiseul and of the Duc de Praslin. Other changes in the French Ministry. Pitiable situation of France. Epigram on Maupeou, the French Chancellor. Turbulent state of the English Government. Expectation of peace 277

1771.

Jan. 15.—Death of the Duke of Bedford. More changes in the Ministry. State of the Opposition. Wilkes and Parson Horne. Probability of peace. State of affairs in France. Old and new *Dramatis personæ*. Illness of the Princess Amelia. Walpole's old letters to Sir H. Mann. The "Anecdotes of Painting" 279

Jan. 20.—Masaccio's Designs. Patch, the artist and picture-dealer. Sir Joshua Reynolds. The Parliamentary vacancies. (Jan. 22.)—Peace with Spain declared. Appointments in the Ministry . . . 280

Feb. 22.—Arrival of the ratification of peace from Spain. The Duc de Choiseul. The Opposition in England. Troubled and factious condition of France. Opera quarrels. The Zamperina. Madame Cornelys. Guadagni. New Knights of the Bath. Danish affairs. Power of the Queen of Denmark. Walpole's decreasing interest in the affairs of the world . 282

March 22.—Probability of quiet at an end. The House of Commons and the City of London at issue. Conduct of the Lord Mayor and Wilkes. Inutility of conjecture. Falkland's Island. Famine and pestilence at Bengal. The Stocks. Illness of the Lord Mayor. The Comte de Mail-

PAGE

lebois and Marshal d'Etrées. French affairs. Severity of the weather. Robbery of Walpole's house in Arlington Street. Dr. Dee's black stone. The Prince and Princess Giustiniani. Their lodging at a butcher's shop. Patch the artist. (March 26.)—Proceedings of the House of Commons against the Lord Mayor. Alderman Oliver sent to the Tower. Conduct of Sir George Savile, Colonel Barré, and Alderman Townshend in the House of Commons. Superiority of Sir R. Walpole's times to the present . 284

March 30.—Examination of the Lord Mayor. Serious riot. Committal of the Lord Mayor to the Tower. Charles Fox. Inquiry into the riots. Adjournment of the House. Reflections 289

April 26.—The prisoners in the Tower. Wilkes. The quarrel with Spain blown over. State of French affairs. The Princes of the Blood banished from Court. Enormous luxury and extravagance in England. The Pantheon in Oxford Road. Anecdote, Lord Holderness. The Duchess of Queensberry. Prior's verses on her. Death of Sir Edw. Walpole's son 290

May 8.—Fans. Sir H. Mann's offer of his house to the Duke of Gloucester. Marriage of the latter to Lady Waldegrave. Ill-health of the Duke. Prorogation of Parliament. Release of the Lord Mayor and Alderman Oliver. Triumph of Wilkes over the Government. The Duke de Choiseul's popularity in France. Anecdote of the Prince of Conti. Maupeou, the French Chancellor. The Duke of Gloucester's refusal of Sir H. Mann's offer. Dangerous illness of Lord Halifax. Backwardness of the Spring. Riot, and attack on the houses of Sir Fletcher Norton and Lord North . 292

June 8.—Length of Walpole's correspondence with Sir H. Mann. Death of Lord Halifax. Le Fevre's gout-medicine. Good effects of the bootikins on Mr. Chute. Russian and Turkish affairs. Dinner to the French, Spanish, and Austrian Ministers at Strawberry Hill. Improvements at Strawberry. Proposed visit to Paris. Lord Bute. The Queen delivered of a son. The Dauphiness and the Comtesse de Provence. (June 9.—) The dinner party at Strawberry. Monsieur de Guisne's observations on the house. Madame du Deffand's opinions of it. Paris hotels. Death of Lord Halifax. Changes in the Ministry. Death of the Bishop of Durham 294

June 19.—Mr. Davenport. Ministerial appointments in England and France. Wilkes and Parson Horne. Quietness of the country. The Round Tower at Strawberry. Flourishing state of the surrounding grounds. M. de Choiseul. Reflections. Lord Buckingham and his wife . . 297

July 6.—Lord Cholmondeley. The Jesuits in France. Resuscitation of Wilkes's fame. His extraordinary fortunes, and power over the Court . 298

Sept. 9.—Lack of news in England. Miserable condition of France. Character of Maupeou. Madame du Barri. The Duc d'Aiguillon. The Bishop of Orleans and Madame Victoire. The Duc de Choiseul. Changes in the Administration. Rapid view of the state of French affairs. The Duc d'Aiguillon. Mademoiselle Guimare, the dancer. Magnificent house built for her by the Bishop of Orleans. Anecdote of English extravagance. Marriage of Lord Villiers to Lady Gertrude Conway. Constantinople . 299

Sept. 26.—Disappearance of the Pretender from Florence. Reflections thereon. Decrease of Jacobitism in England and Scotland. The Bordeaux Parliament. Richelieu's Pavillon. Death of Gray the poet. Lack of English news. Russian naval victory. Monsieur de Boisgelin . 302

Oct. 22.—The Pretender. French affairs. Arrival of Mr. (afterwards Sir Wm.) Hamilton from Naples. Junius. Strawberry Hill nearly completed. Climate of England 303

Nov. 7.—Death of Grosvenor Bedford, Esq., and rumoured death of the Duke of Gloucester. Marriage of the Duke of Cumberland to Mrs. Haughton. Illness of the Duke's mother. Description of Mrs. Haughton. Reflections on the singularity of the marriage. Death of the Duke of York at Monaco. Sir H. Mann's proxy. Alderman Townshend's refusal

PAGE

to pay the land-tax. (Nov. 8.)—Arrival of intelligence contradicting the Duke of Gloucester's death 304

Nov. 18.—Recovery of the Duke of Gloucester. The Duke and Duchess of Cumberland. Lord Cholmondeley. Bickerings with Spain resumed. Our navy. Activity of Lord Sandwich. Sir H. Mann's nephew. Arrival of a picture by Correggio. Francis the First's armour. Old acquaintances. Ambition. Walpole's tranquillity since quitting his seat in Parliament 307

Dec. 15.—The Duke of Cumberland forbidden the Court. New Knights. Restoration of Falkland's Island. The money-bills passed. The King of Poland. Illness of the Princess Dowager of Wales. City mobs . 308

Dec. 28.—Continued and dangerous illness of the Duke of Gloucester. Lord Cholmondeley. Sir H. Mann's proxy. Pictures by Patch. Engravings from Fra Bartolomeo. Triumphs of the Opposition in Ireland. The command of the Swiss Guards taken from the Duc de Choiseul. Death of Sorbe, the Genoese Minister at Paris 309

1772.

Jan. 14.—Sir Charles Hotham and Mr. Hamilton. Sir H. Mann's nephew. Fashion. Explosion of powder-mills, and damage to Strawberry Hill therefrom. Nuisances resulting from powder-mills. Meeting of Parliament 311

Jan. 21.—Sir H. Mann's proxy. Lord Chatham. Neglect shown to Sir H. Mann. Smallness of his fortune. Disadvantages attending great power. Quiet meeting of Parliament. Death of Northington. Anecdote of him 312

Feb. 3.—State of affairs in Denmark. Seizure of the Queen of that country and Struensee. Calamities of the English Royal Family. Death of the Princess Mary. (Feb. 7.)—Dangerous state of the Princess of Wales. Proceedings in the House of Commons. Despotism. Present from the Czarina to Lord Chesterfield 314

Feb. 12.—Death of the Princess Dowager. Particulars of her death. News from Denmark. Troubled state of Ireland and the East Indies. Lord Clive. Death of Lord Hertford's daughter. Mr. Patch's designs. Love of fame. Exchange of Roman medals for Benvenuto Cellini's silver bell . 315

March 5.—Danish affairs. The King of Denmark. The Queen to be despatched to Norway. Mr. Keith. Troubles in India. Lord Clive's tyranny there. Lord Chatham 317

March 27.—The Royal Marriage bill. Lord North. Insurrection in Ireland. The Queen of Denmark and Struensee. Violent thunder-storm. Inquiry into Indian affairs 318

April 9.—Marriage of the Pretender. The French Chancellor. Proceedings in the French Parliament. The King and the clergy. Consideration of Indian affairs in the House of Commons. Charles Fox. His dissoluteness and wonderful abilities. Extravagance and tyranny of the English Government. Lord Clive and the famine in India . . 319

April 21.—Emptiness of London. The inquiry into Indian affairs. Preparation of a large fleet. Short account of Struensee. The Queen of Denmark. Insolence to the King. The Pretender's marriage. Milico the singer. Mademoiselle Heinel. Mr. Nichols 321

May 13.—State of affairs in Denmark. The Queen of Denmark's intended voyage to Goerde 323

June 15.—Sir H. Mann's installation by proxy. Ball at the Opera House. Lord North. Colonel Heywood. Marriage of the Duke of Gloucester. Generosity of Lord Cowper 323

July 1.—Fordyce. The Bank of England. Election of Sheriffs. Polish affairs. Affronts offered to France. The Jesuits. Peace between the Russians and Turks. Failure of banks. Fordyce and the Scotch bankers 324

PAGE

July 23.—The Cassolette of Benvenuto Cellini. Walpole declines following Sir H. Mann's advice. Beauty of the summer. Lord Hilsborough. Lord Weymouth. Proposed visit to Yorkshire . . . 325

August 3.—Arrival of Cellini's Cassolette. Visit to Yorkshire. Death of the Princess Craon. More commercial failures. Denmark. Continued beauty of the Summer 326

Aug. 29.—Benvenuto's Cassolette. Completion of Strawberry Hill. Rumoured death of the Cardinal of York. Want of news . . 327

Sept. 20.—The Duke of Gloucester's marriage. Walpole's interview with the Duke. Dowager Lady Walpole. Anecdote of the Queen of France. Zoffani the painter. The Pretender. The King of Sweden. State of Poland. Frederick of Prussia 327

Nov. 4.—The gout. Wilkes. Russian Affairs. Iniquities of the East-India Company. Lord Huntingdon. Mr. Nichols 329

Dec. 22.—Sir H. Mann's presents. Donatello's bas-relief of St. John. Sir Walter Raleigh's cordial. The Bootikins. Inutility of physicians with the gout. Mrs. Pitt and Mrs. Anne Pitt. Tyrannies in India. The Duchess of Gloucester. French affairs. The Prince of Conti searched for libels 330

1773.

Jan. 21.—Walpole's gout. Visiters at Strawberry Hill. Want of news. Bankruptcies. The East-India Company. Death of Sir James Gray . 232

Feb. 17.—Donatello's St. John. Decline of health. Illness of Lord Orford. His bad treatment of himself, and the consequences. Proceedings in Parliament. Defeat of Lord North in a question of revenue. St. Vincent's 333

March 12.—Mr. Patch. Sir H. Mann's gout. The Queen of Sardini. The Comte d'Artois. Sweden. English extravagance. Lord Orford's health. Indian politics. Lack of political news. Lady Hesketh . 335

April 27.—A war with France expected, but quashed. The sheriffs of Middlesex and Wilkes. Politics usurped by balls and masques. Starvation among the weavers. Walpole's recovery from gout . . 336

May 29.—The Duchess of Gloucester delivered of a Princess. Legality of the Duke's marriage. Lord Clive. The Duchess of Norfolk . 337

June 15.—Lady Orford and her son. Consideration of Indian affairs in Parliament. Lord North. Lord Clive. The fleet at Portsmouth. Maccaronis in Kensington Gardens 338

July 13.—Progress of Lord Orford's illness. Misfortunes of the Walpole family. Change in Walpole's pursuits. Race-horses. Under-weight guineas. Five-pound notes. Trade at a stand-still. Ireland. Scotch banks. Charles Fox's debts. Degenerate state of England. Donatello's St. John 339

Sept. 2.—Lady Orford. Lord Orford's debts. Dilapidated state of his house and grounds. Stagnation of politics. The Duke and Duchess of Cumberland. Death of Lord Lyttelton. Lord Cowper. The Pope and the Jesuits 341

Sept. 9.—Demolition of the Jesuits. Servility of Voltaire. Gray's hatred of his character 342

Oct. 4.—The Duke and Duchess of Cumberland at Calais. Anecdote of the Duke's meanness. Death of the Duke of Kingston. His will. Wilkes. Monsieur d'Aiguillon. Anecdote. Miserable condition of Lord Orford's affairs. Amiableness of Sir Robert Walpole . . . 342

Nov. 28.—Walpole's reflections on himself. The Irish absentee tax. Lord Holland. Charles Fox's debts. Anecdote. Lady Mary Coke. Thanks for Sir H. Mann's anecdotes of the Jesuits. The absentee tax thrown out 344

PAGE

Dec. 21.—Emptiness of the town, and dearth of news. Degeneracy of the times. Lord Holland, and Charles Fox's debts. Lord Orford. Walpole's decline of health and spirits. Death of Andrew Stone . . . 346

Dec. 30.—Lady Mary Coke. Her virtues and vices. The King of Prussia's conduct to her. The Duke and Duchess of Cumberland. The Gazette on the Gunpowder-plot. Recovery of Lord Orford. Meeting of Parliament. The Opposition. Russian affairs. Revolt of Pugatschaff. Lady Mary Coke at Rome. Miss Davis. Milico's jealousy of her. Badness of burlettas and dancing. The Maccaronis 347

1774.

Feb. 2.—Walpole out of favour at Gloucester House. Lady Mary Coke. Her quarrel with Lord Huntingdon. American affairs. Past, present, and future times 349

Feb. 23.—Lord Orford's estate. Pleasure of returning to Strawberry Hill. Libel on the Speaker of the House of Commons. Examination and acquittal of Parson Horne. A political satire. The rebellion in Russia. The King of Prussia. Lady Mary Coke at Turin. The Duchess of Kingston. Lady Orford. Charles Fox turned out of place. The Queen delivered of a prince. Mrs. Anne Pitt 350

March 28.—Lord Orford. Lady Mary Coke's reception at Turin. America. Feebleness of the Opposition. Threats against the Bostonians. Successes in the East Indies. Our tyrannies there. Approaching marriage of the Duke of Devonshire. Scultore Capezzuoli . . . 353

May 1.—Parliamentary regulations for Boston. Stagnation of important events. Lady Mary Coke. Capezzuoli the sculptor. Increase of London. Scotch and Irish emigration to London and America. Popular rage for pictures. Anecdotes. Popularity of Miss Davis the singer. Racing. 354

May 15.—Rumoured death of the French King. Particulars of his illness. The Czarina and Pugatschaff the rebel. The Duke and Duchess of Cumberland. Mrs. anne Pitt. Estrangement of Lord Orford from his uncle. Opening of the grave of King Edward I. State of the body. Miseries attendant on royalty. Death of the Duke of Cleveland. Lord Ilchester. Lord and Lady Holland. (May 17.)—Death of the French King confirmed 355

June 8.—Ignorance as to the intentions of Louis XVI. D'Aiguillon. La Vrillière. Maurepas. The Duc de Choiseul. Troubles in America. Proceedings in the House of Commons. Re-appearance of Lord Chatham, and re-union with Lord Temple. Approaching marriage of Lord Stanley. Masquerade at the latter's villa. Arrival of Lady M. Coke. The Duchess of Kingston. Completion of the Chapel at Strawberry. Mrs. Pitt. Elopement of Dr. Elliot's wife with Lord Valentia. Montaigne's Travels. Montaigne's description of Bianca Capello. Mrs. Anne Pitt's departure from Florence. Alterations in the French Ministry . . . 357

July 10.—Acknowledgment of the receipt of a letter. Recovery of the French Royal family from the small-pox. Recall of Choiseul. Beautiful compliment to Louis XVI. Death of Lord Holland and illness of Lady Holland. Increase of gaming. Newmarket. Horrible result of an experiment. The Duchess of Kingston. Mr. Bruce. Bon-mot of Lady Townshend 359

Aug. 3.—The Duches sof Kingston's departure in the night. Anecdote. Death of Lord Thomond. Ministerial alterations in France. French tyranny over the Corsicans. Portrait of Sir Horace Mann. Plated silver. Sir Horace Mann's nephew. Gracious conduct of the King of Prussia to General Conway 361

Sept. 2.—Barrenness of the Season. Troubled aspect of America. Banishment of Terray and the French Chancellor. Restoration of the old

PAGE

French Parliament. Reflections on the state of French affairs. Lord Carlisle 363

Oct. 6.—Dissolution of Parliament. London in a ferment. New bill by the late Mr. Grenville. Extraordinary popularity of Wilkes. Insurrections in America. Elections. Anecdote of Lord Orford. Continued and violent rains. Daring highway robberies and murders. The Middlesex election. Anecdote. Lord Cowper's marriage. Triumph of Wilkes. Sir. W. Duncan's marriage. Bon-mot of George Selwyn 364

Oct. 22.—Death of the Pope. Wilkes and the Middlesex election. Wilkes opposed by the Duchess of Northumberland. Anecdote of a quaker. The Duchess of Beaufort. Sir Horace Mann, jun. in Parliament . 366

Nov. 11.—Departure of the gout. Gaming. Wilkes and Charles Fox. The King of Prussia. Austria and Russia. The Turkish war. France. Lord Bristol. The Duke of Kingston. Bad news from America. Suicide of Bradshaw, Secretary of State. Death of the Duke of Athol. Lord Berkeley. Distressed state of the kingdom 367

Nov. 24.—The Duchess of Kingston. Lady Orford. Robert Macreth. Sudden death of Lord Clive. Serious state of affairs in America. Restoration of the old French Parliament. Voltaire. *Histoire des Mœurs.* Degeneracy of England. The new World. (Nov. 29.)—Decision against the Duchess of Kingston. The new Lord Holland. Opening of Parliament. The rebellion at Massachusetts. Deaths in high life . 368

1775.

Jan. 9.—Fresh attack of the gout. Excellence of the bootikins. James's powders. Fishmongers. Sir H. Mann's *nepotism.* Critical state of the country. Approaching marriage of Lord Lincoln . . . 370

Jan. 25.—Serious illness of the Duke of Gloucester. Despatch of troops to America. Lord Chatham's motion in the House of Lords. The Jesuits. Excuse for not sending more news. (Jan. 27.)—Progress of the Duke of Gloucester's illness. The Lutterels. Petition for war with America from Birmingham 372

Feb. 15.—The gout and the bootikins. Popularity of the war with America. Hostile preparations in England and America. Gordon of Brussels. The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester 373

March 20.—State of America. Profusion and extravagance of people of fashion. The new Pope. The Duke of Gloucester and his family. The month of June. Death of Lord Bristol. The Duchess of Kingston . 375

April 17.—"Politicians and pleasurists." The American contest. Wilkes's remonstrance to the Throne. The young men of fashion. M. de Guisnes. Shocking death of Lady Gertrude Hotham. Anecdote of Lord Chesterfield. Occupations at Strawberry. Sir H. Mann's nephew. (April 22.)—Acknowledgment of the receipt of a letter. Exhibition of pictures. Zoffani. Sir Joshua Reynolds. Loutherbourg. West. Adam and Wyat, the sculptors. Splendour of private houses 376

May 7.—Dulness of the political world. The American contest. Despatch of troops. Rumours of a war with Spain. Deaths in high life. The Duchess of Northumberland. The Jesuits. Madame du Barri. M. de Guisnes. Strawberry Hill 378

May 17.—Sir H. Mann's nephew. Tumults in France. Quarrels between the French King and Parliament. Lord Temple. The Duchess of Northumberland. The Pretender. Masquerades. Lord Dacre. Beauty of Strawberry Hill. Reflections on life. The Pretender's happiness in not being King. (May 22nd.)—Death of the Queen of Denmark . 379

June 5.—Sir H. Mann's nephew. Defeat of the King's forces in America. General Gage. Insurrection at New York. The Spanish fleet. Anecdote of an American Colonel. Regatta on the Thames. Low spirits out of fashion. Crowning of the King of France. Insurrections in France. Anecdote of Lord Peterborough 381

PAGE

July 6.—The American contest. Quarrel of the Livery of London with the King. Expectation of riots. Proposed journey to Paris. The Duke of Gloucester. Comparison of former times with the present . . . 383

Aug. 3.—Triumphs in America. Despatch of more men and ammunition. Washington. The Spanish fleet. Journey to Paris. Madame du Deffand. Sir H. Mann's brother. The Duchess of Beaufort. False news. The Duchess of Kingston. Foote's desire to ridicule her. Expectation of her trial . 384

Sept. 7.—Walpole's belief in the good intentions of Sir H. Mann. The Americans and the Administration. General hatred of English tyranny. The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester. Their travels on the Continent. Character of the Duchess. The Duchess of Kingston. Foote's attempt to ridicule her prohibited. Her letter in the "Evening Post." Illness of Lord Chatham. The Opposition. The Czarina's promise to aid England against the Americans. Reflections 385

Oct. 10.—Miserable situation of England. Addresses from the trading towns against the Americans. Mistaken policy of the Government. Enviable state of the French nation. Messieurs de Turgot and Malesherbes. Death of the Maréchal de Muy. Meeting of the English Parliament. Its miscarriages and tyranny. The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester . . . 387

Oct. 23.—Introduction of Mr. Pars, a painter, to Sir H. Mann . . 389

Oct. 28.—State of affairs in America. Ill success of the King's forces there. Aid from Russia. False alarm of a plot against the King and Parliament. Proceedings in Parliament. France and Spain. Despotism of the English Government. Flourishing state of France. Bad advice and selfish conduct of Ministers 389

Nov. 14.—Illness and recovery of the Duke of Gloucester. State of American affairs. Resignations and alterations in the Ministry. Conjectures as to the intentions of the Americans. The Duchess of Kingston's petition for trial. Orloff in England. Sir H. Mann's nephew. Mr. Pars the painter. The Pretender. The Duchess of Gloucester 391

Dec. 8.—The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester. Sir H. Mann's brother. Want of news. Martial preparations against America. The Duchess of Beaufort. Gabrielli. Death of Sir Charles Saunders. Illness of the King of Prussia. Stagnation of London 393

Dec. 17.—Examination of the Duchess of Kingston. Faithlessness of Lord Lyttelton. Conjectures as to the result of the Duchess of Kingston's trial. Mrs. Margaret Rudd. Anecdotes of her. Increase of crimes . . 394

Dec. 26.—Sir H. Mann's accession to the family-seat. Walpole's wish for Mann's company. Defeat of the King's troops in America. Wretched state of our affairs. The Duchess of Kingston's trial. The Pope, and the Duchess's jewels. The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester . . . 395

1776.

Jan. 28.—Impatience for Sir Horace Mann's arrival in England. Severity of the winter. Attack of the gout. The Pope's courtesy to the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester. Cardinal Wolsey's hat. Lady Orford. The Duchess of Kingston's trial. Warlike preparations against America. Anecdotes of Omiah, an Otaheitan. Anticipation of a meeting with Mann . . 397

Feb. 15.—Mann's dislike to come to England. Attack of the gout. The Duchess of Gloucester delivered of a son. America. Recall of M. de Guisnes. Armament at Toulon. The Stocks. Lord Stormont. Lady Mary Coke . 398

March 22.—Sharp attack of the gout.—Prevalence of the gout. America. Failure of the attempt on Quebec. Our ill-success. Increase of dissipation. Opening of a new club. The Duke of Wirtemberg. The Duke of Chartres. The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester. Separation of the Cowpers. The Duchess of Kingston's trial. Bon-mot of Wilkes on Lord George Germaine 399

April 17.—Illness of the wife of Sir H. Mann, Jun. Account of the trial of the Duchess of Kingston. Her illness. The Earl of Bristol. State of America. Mrs. Anne Pitt at Pisa. Walpole's strong desires to see Mann . . 400

April 24.—Sequel of the Duchess of Kingston's trial. Conviction of bigamy.

PAGE

The Earl of Bristol. American affairs. Mrs. Miller's "Letters from Italy." Poetical Academy at Bath-Easton. Anecdote of the Duchess of Kingston. Anecdote of her mother's courage. Jamaica 402

May 17.—Retreat of the King's army from Boston. Rumours of the loss of Quebec. Death of Sir Horace Mann's youngest sister. New Peers and Peeresses. Great numbers of foreigners in England. Excuses for the shortness of the letter. American affairs fruitful of great events. (May 18th.)—Lady Lucy Mann. Sir. H. Mann's proxyhood. Revolution in the French Parliament. Malesherbes. Turgot. M. de Noailles. Lady Holderness . 406

May 27.—Death of Mr. Chute. Walpole's love for him. Particulars of his last illness. His character. His abilities and wit. Superiority of old friends to new. The Stocks. America. Wisdom of cheerfulness and contentment . 404

June 5.—Repulse of the American rebels. General Howe and Admiral Hopkins. Total change in the Royal Penetralia. Lord and Lady Bruce. Youth and age. Changes in society during a long life 409

July 16.—Preparations in France for war. The Earl of Bristol and his wife. Irish Lords. Anecdote of George I. Lady Lucy Mann. Benefit of seabreezes. Pains and pleasures of old age. Death of the Duchess of Newcastle. Total change of things since Walpole's youth. Great increase of the size of London 411

Aug. 11.—Successes in America. General Howe. State of the revolt in New York. General Conway. Debts of his son-in-law, John Damer. The late Lord Holland. Excessive extravagance of Lord Foley's sons. Newspaper lies 413

Aug. 20.—Debts of Mr. Damer and his two brothers. Suicide of Mr. Damer. Lord Milton's harsh conduct to Mrs. Damer. Cruel extravagance of Lord Coleraine and his brothers. (Aug. 22.)—Repulse of the King's troops in America 414

Sept. 20.—State of the American contest. Lord Howe. Sir William Hamilton. The Duchess of Kingston. Lord Cowper and his son. Lady Lucy Mann. News of Lord Howe 416

Oct. 13.—Successes in America. Excellent conduct of Lord Howe. Duke of Ostrogothia. "The great journey" 417

Nov. 1.—New York. Warlike preparations. Rumours of a war with France, and of France aiding the Colonies. Proceedings in Parliament. Monsieur Necker. The Pretender and the Court of Rome. Lady Lucy Mann. Mr. Giles. (Nov. 4.)—Successes at New York. Incendiarism. State of the rebel army 418

Nov. 24.—More successes in America. Intentions of General Howe. War in Europe. Warlike preparations in England and France. The Opposition. Lord Rockingham made Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. Admiral Keppel (Nov. 26.)—Naval victory. Resignation of Grimaldi, the Spanish Minister . 419

Dec. 1.—Degenerate state of England. Monsieur de Marchais' absurd love for every thing English. Horse-racing introduced among the French. Newspaper scandal. Voltaire's abuse of Shakespeare. Anecdote of Mrs. Montagu 420

CONTENTS

OF

THE SECOND VOLUME.

1776.

PAGE

Dec. 20.—Walpole complains of the gout. Dr. Franklin appointed Plenipotentiary to the Court of France. War in America. General Howe and Washington. Retreat of the latter 25

1777.

Jan. 24.—Nervousness occasioned by the gout. Tide of victories in America. France inclined for war with England. Meeting of Parliament. Attempts to fire Bristol and Portsmouth. Intended visit to Paris of the Emperor of Germany 26

Feb. 6.—Walpole's dislike to the change in manners. Dearth of news. The American campaign over for the winter. Storms brewing in the North. England stark-mad. Reflections. 28

March. 5.—The bootikins. General Washington. Probability of a French war. Wisdom of the retreat of the Americans. Death of Sir Thomas Robinson and Lady Shadwell. Methusalems. Walpole's old age agreeable to him. Curious story 29

April 3.—Bad position of affairs in America. Lord Pigot treacherously imprisoned in India. Reflections. Walpole's health better in London than in the country. Specifics for the gout 31

April 28.—Lord Orford's phrenzy. Miserable house in which he was confined. Dr. Jebb. Walpole's endeavours to serve his nephew. Insanity of the latter 33

May 14.—Mann afflicted with the gout. The Duchess of Gloucester. Approaching war with France and Spain. Lord Orford's madness. Walpole's chequered life. Reflections. The Duchess of Gloucester's children. Policy of France. Probable loss of America. New Prince of Nassau 36

June 18.—Lord Chatham's reappearance in the House of Lords. Advantages gained by Lord Cornwallis and Governor Tryon. Lord Percy. Avarice of the Duke of Marlborough. Stores and officers sent by France to America. The Portuguese Queen. Increase of silly dissipation. Late hours. Anecdote. Lady Lucy Mann. Efficacy of sea-air . . . 39

July 17.—Illness of the Duke of Gloucester. Anxiety of the Duchess. Her three daughters. Uncertainty of American affairs. Our coast infested with American privateers. Open protection and countenance given by France to America 41

Aug. 11.—Dangerous state of the Duke of Gloucester. The American war. General Howe. General Burgoyne's pompous manifesto. Marriage of Lady Mary Churchill's daughter to Lord Cadogan . . . 42

PAGE

Sep. 1.—The Duke of Gloucester's illness. Capture by General Burgoyne of Ticonderoga. General Howe. Fluctuation of affairs in America. Contradictory reports. Alienation of America from this country. Continued malady of Lord Orford. Reflections on age 43

Sep. 18.—Changes in the Duke of Gloucester's condition. His recovery. Ravages of the disease. The King's kindness to his brother. Uncertainty as to America. Walpole's family vexations. Reports from America. Strange accident to Lord Harcourt. Arrest of Count Virry. The Prince Masserano 45

Oct. 26.—Uncertainty of the state of affairs in America. General uneasiness as to the result of the war. Arrival in England of the Duke of Gloucester. His appearance and that of the Duchess. Their children. Inundation of Petersburgh. The Empress of Russia and the Duchess of Kingston. Anecdote of the Czarina and the Emperor of China . 47

Nov. 7.—Report of a total defeat of Washington. Distress of Burgoyne's army. The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester. Disastrous prospect of a French war. Speculations on the war in America 49

Dec. 4.—Confirmation of news from America. Sir William Howe and Washington. General Clinton. Total annihilation of Burgoyne's army. Parliamentary skirmishes. America nearly lost. Beginning of our troubles. Reflections on sickness and age 51

1778.

Jan. 4.—Speculations on the war in America. Rumoured treaty of France with the Americans. High road to foreign war and domestic calamity. Death of the Bishop of Exeter. Noble conduct of Sir Edward Walpole to his daughter. Bad news from America. Mrs. Anne Pitt . . 53

Feb. 6.—Parliamentary campaign. Coolness between Lord Chatham and General Rockingham. Renewed illness of the Duke of Gloucester. Inquiries in Parliament into the conduct of the war. Walpole's politics. Indifference of age 55

Feb. 18.—Lord North's conciliatory plan. Peace solicited with America. Suspension of hostilities. Treaty between France and America. Total concession of every thing by England to America. Retrospection of the last eight-and-thirty years 56

March 5.—Death of Lady Lucy Mann. Lord North's conciliatory plan. National humiliation. Reflections. State of the Duke of Gloucester's health. Death of Sir Thomas Hesketh. Lord Cowper's principality. Affectation of wearing orders of different countries. (March 10.)—Captain Digby despatched in pursuit of a French squadron. Popular dissatisfaction. Dr. Franklin's boast. Lord Temple . . . 56

March 17.—Insult from France. Lord Stormont recalled from Paris. Europe about to be a theatre of blood. Political reflections . . 61

March 27.—Embargo on our vessels in French ports. Rumours of wars beget other reports. England occupied in defending itself. New-raised regiments. Independence of America. Cruelty of royal ambition. Lord Orford's recovered sanity 62

April 9.—Lord Chatham's last appearance in the House of Lords. Affecting scene. Incertitude of our general situation. Demand by the King of a provision for his younger children, and for the children of the Duke of Gloucester. Lord Orford's absurdity 64

May 9.—Sailing of the Toulon squadron. Depradations by an American privateer commanded by Paul Jones. Lord Chatham's dangerous illness. Suit for a divorce between Lord and Lady Percy. (May 11th.)—Death of Lord Chatham 65

May 31.—Inconsistency of popular opinion respecting Lord Chatham.

PAGE

Question whether he is to be buried at Westminster, or in St. Paul's. General Burgoyne. Quarrel between Temple, Luttrell, and Lord George Germain. Anticipated invasion of this country by France. Spain disclaims hostility. Rumoured revolts in Mexico. Parliament to have only short adjournments. Senators turned soldiers, and disciplining militia. State of opinion in London. Death of Lord Holdernesse. Resignation of Lord Bathurst. Attorney-General Thurlow 67

June 16.—Rumour of changes in the Administration. The Toulon squadron. Destruction of American sloops in the Delaware. Admiral Byron sails to America. England spread with camps. The English Commissioners in America. Death of Voltaire. Policy of Frederick III. of Prussia. Reflections on the American war 69

July 7.—Admiral Keppel's capture of two frigates of the Brest squadron. Legislators preferred to heroes. England threatened with invasion. Walpole's reasons for not fearing it. Prevalence of military spirit among men of quality. Philadelphia evacuated by the British army. Return of General Howe. Affectation of enthusiasm about Lord Chatham. Reflections on war 71

Aug. 4.—Singular character of the war with France. Flying fight between Admiral Keppel and the Brest fleet. Injury by a great storm to the fleets of Byron and D'Estaing. Contempt shown to our Commissioners in America. The Emperor of Austria forced to beg peace. The Duke of Gloucester about to make the campaign under the King of Prussia. Death of Lady Westmoreland and Lady Fanny Shirley . . . 73

Aug. 25.—News from America. Dissensions between Admiral Keppel and Sir Hugh Palliser. The German peace. The Duke of Gloucester. Marvellous summer. Death of the Duke of Ancaster . . 75

Sep. 17.—Keppel in pursuit of the Brest fleet. Safe arrival of our merchant-fleets. Lord Howe in pursuit of D'Estaing. Byron's squadron. The Duke of Gloucester's services handsomely declined by the King of Prussia. The Duchess of Kingston. Mr. Thomas Pitt. Death of Lady Chesterfield. Lies propagated by stock-jobbers, and by newspapers. Uncertainty of Spain's intentions. Preposterous conduct of the Spanish ambassador 76

Oct. 8.—Admiral Keppel's fruitless search for the enemy. French *finesse*. Probability of negotiations with France. Bon-mot of the grand Condé. Anecdote. Inspection of camps by the King and Sir William Howe. Mrs. Anne Pitt. Affectation of grief. Political character of Lord Chatham 78

Oct. 30.—Return of Lord Howe. Intention of sending twelve thousand additional men to America. Return of Governor Johnstone. The Brest squadron again at sea. Capture of prizes to the value of two millions. Death of the Duke of Queensberry and of Lord Lincoln. The bootikins. Mrs. Anne Pitt 79

Nov. 16.—Walpole afflicted with gout. Loss of Dominica. Our fleets and armies. The Hibernian family at Florence. The Countess Dowager of Berkeley 81

Nov. 27.—Sir Horace Mann's nephew. Treatment of the gout. Opening of Parliament. Sir Henry Clinton and our West-Indian islands. The French party in Holland 82

Dec. 18.—Late hours. Codicil to Walpole's gout. Rash proclamation in America. Court-martial on Admiral Keppel. Gallantry of great dames. Sale of the pictures at Houghton. Death of Mr. Worseley . . . 84

1779.

Jan. 5.—Prognostications for the coming year. Unpopularity of Admiral

PAGE

Keppel's trial. Remonstrance against it presented to the King by Lord Hawke, and eleven other admirals. Walpole's illness. Mann's indisposition and low spirits. Effusion of his friendship for Walpole. Commencement of Keppel's trial 86

Jan. 29.—The Court-martial on Admiral Keppel. Its probable effects. Death of Garrick. Report about Lord Maynard. The Duke of Dorset and Lady Derby 87

Feb. 11.—Triumph of Admiral Keppel. Illumination. Insurrection in Edinburgh against the Papists. Changes expected, particularly in the Admiralty. Retirement of Lord Suffolk. Lord Buckingham quits Ireland. Mediation of Spain. The Duke of Medina Sidonia. Virtue of patience and submission. The Houghton pictures. Joy on the acquittal of Keppel. Old Lady Albemarle. Palliser's escape from Portsmouth. His house in Pall Mall forced by the mob, and entirely gutted. Heat of the weather 89

Feb. 18.—Renewed illuminations on the acquittal of Admiral Keppel. Vote of thanks to him by the Lords and Commons. Palliser's resignation of his seat at the Admiralty and in Parliament. Lord Sandwich. Negotiations with the Opposition. Admiral Keppel at the House of Commons. More illumination. Address to the King to remove Palliser from all his military employments. Exultation of the City against the French . . 92

Feb. 25.—Disgrace brought on the Court by the persecution of Admiral Keppel. Capture of St. Lucia. Expedition to Georgia. Deplorable prospect. The loan. New taxes and new discontent. Indifference and dissipation of the country. War of privateering. Backwardness of Spain. England saved from slavery, planned by the Scots. Temperate behaviour of Admiral Keppel. Riots 93

March 9.—Fluctuation of the majority in the House of Commons. Questions relating to the Fleet. Death of Lord Suffolk. Sir Horace Mann's nephew. French prizes. D'Estaing's woful figure. Scarcity of heroes. The Emperor and the King of Prussia. Dearth of Private news. Political invectives in the newspapers. Lady Maynard and the Countesses of Berkeley and Orford. Speech in Parliament, against the Court, of Sir Horace Mann the younger 95

March 22.—Conquest of Pondicherry. Mann's nephew votes again with the Court. The place of Secretary of State not filled. Injury to the French trade by our captures. Bill to discourage the crime of adultery. Fallacious hopes and promises. Monsieur de la Fayette, and the Congress of America. D'Estaing blockaded at Martinico 97

April 17.—"Parentheses of Opposition," by Sir Horace Mann's nephew. The political horizon. Sir Hugh Palliser's trial. Assassination of Miss Ray. Trial of her murderer. His execution. Fox's motion for the removal of Lord Sandwich 99

April 24.—Bootikins for hands and feet. Expected decision of Spain. Fallacy of the rise in Stocks. Motion in each House for the removal of Lord Sandwich. Palliser. The Howes. Lord Lyttelton. Governor Johnstone. Rumours of peace. Insincerity and cunning 100

May 9.—Invasion of Jersey. Admiral Arbuthnot and General Conway. Repulse of the invaders. Sailing of the Brest fleet. Ireland following the example of America. Impolitic conduct of the English. Inquiry by the House of Commons into the conduct of the American war. Shameful acquittal of Palliser. Byron and D'Estaing. The Presbyterians of Scotland. Mrs. Anne Pitt. Lady Lucan's talent for the fine arts. Lord Bristol, Bishop of Derry 102

May 29.—Neutrality of Spain. Expected attempt on Ireland. False report about Byron and D'Estaing. Examination by the House of Commons into the conduct of Generals and Admirals. Tragedy of "The Mysteri-

PAGE

ous Mother." Mann's nephew. Depravation of England. Lord Cornwallis sent to command America. Death of the Duke of Rutland. Discontent of the Irish 106

June 16.—Hostility of Spain. Rising of Parliament. The Brest fleet. National delusion. Retrospect of correspondence with Mann. Reflections on war. Gloomy speculations of a solitary man 108

June 30.—Sir Horace Mann the younger. Ruin brought upon England by incapable politicians. Expected engagement between our fleet and the united one of France and Spain. Ireland in danger. The nation infatuated. Prophecies of the Opposition verified. Insolence and despotism of the Ministry. Obstinacy of prerogative. The Administration and Opposition. Walpole's ideas on the state of affairs 109

July 7.—The war with Spain. Great preparations at Cadiz and in the ports of France. Open division in the Ministry. Projected visit to Mann of his nephew. Character of the Italians and the French. Death of the Duke of Ancaster. His character. Magnificent bounties of Fortune to Peter Burrell's family. The Duchesses of Ancaster. Medal on the alliance between the Great-Duke of Tuscany and the Emperor of Morocco. Expected invasion from Havre. Probable surrender of Charlestown. The fleet at Torbay. Mr. Conway. Treachery of the Court. Bootikins sent to Mann. Lady Horatia Waldegrave and the late Duke of Ancaster. Humiliation of England 112

Aug. 4.—Safe arrival of our great West-India fleet. Siege of Gibraltar. Junction of French and Spanish ships. Sale of the pictures at Houghton to the Czarina. General Conway. Conquest of St. Vincent by the French. Policy of France 115

Aug. 19.—Movements of the French and Spanish squadrons. Reflections on public and private duties 117

Sep. 5.—The combined fleets. Sir Charles Hardy. Captain Boteler's gallant defence of his ship. All the world are politicians or soldiers . 118

Sep. 16.—Dreadful eruption of Vesuvius. News of D'Estaing's success against Byron and Barrington, and of the capture of Grenada. Sir Charles Hardy and D'Orvilliers. Our aggressions in the East. Reflections. Death of Lord Temple. His character 119

Oct. 11.—Surprisal of Stony Point by the Americans. D'Orvilliers. Mortality in the combined fleets. Solemn lies. France and the Emperor of Germany. State of Walpole's health. His new house in Berkeley Square. Wisdom of visions 120

Oct. 14.—Introduction of Mr. Windham to Sir Horace Mann . . 122

Oct. 31.—Lady Diana Beauclerc's drawings of scenes in "The Mysterious Mother." Mr. Windham. Threatening position of Ireland. The combined fleets from Brest. Lord Stormont's promotion. General Conway . 123

Nov. 12.—Zoffani's picture of the Tribune at Florence. Disagreement among the admirals of the combined fleet. Expected changes. Walpole's brother. Return to London of Mann's nephew. Vesuvius . . 125

Nov. 28.—Meeting of the Parliament. Numbers on the division. Convenient method of voting. Resignation of Lords Gower and Weymouth. Concurrence of untoward circumstances. Lord North. Accession to the Ministry of Lords Bathurst and Hillsborough. D'Estaing's fleet dispersed by a tempest. Ireland in danger. Wilkes as Chamberlain of London. Mrs. Montagu's poem on Shakespeare. Sudden death of Lord Lyttelton. Duel between Charles Fox and Mr. Adam 127

Dec. 20.—Parliamentary transactions. Great concessions to Ireland. Rich captures from Spain. Anecdote of a sailor. Infamous brutality of an Irish peer. Defeat of D'Estaing 131

1780.

PAGE

Jan. 4.—Probable war with Holland. Capture by Captain Fielding of Dutch merchant-men, and men-of-war. Reflections on age and illness . 133

Jan 13.—A Dutch war not likely. General discontent. D'Estaing's reception in France. Reflections on Sir Robert Walpole and his enemies, Swift, Bolingbroke, Bathurst, and Gay. Policy of France injurious to herself. Character of Bolingbroke, Bathurst, Gay, and Swift . . 134

Feb. 6.—Petitions from two-and-twenty counties. Consternation of the Court. Counter-protests. Meeting in Westminster. Charles Fox and Wilkes. Party transformations. Lord George Gordon, an apostle against the Papists. Mad Lords. Gambling at the Cocoa-tree. Anecdote of Mr. O'Birne, and Mr. (afterwards Admiral Sir Eliab) Harvey. Seizure of the province of Oude. The Grand Lama. Anecdote. Reflections . 137

Feb. 22.—Rodney's victory over the Spaniards. Approaching general election. Division on Sir George Savile's demand for a list of the King's pensions. Importance of provincial committees. Probable change of men and measures. Stormy aspect of the political horizon. Death of Lady Catherine Pelham 139

March 3.—Mr. Burke's bill of Reformation. Increase of associations in the counties. Sir George Rodney's victory. Admiral Parker's success. M. Necker's church reforms. Reflections on diversions, politics, and age . 141

March 14.—Ministry defeated on Mr. Burke's bill. Wrangling between Lord North and the Speaker. Obstinacy of the Court. Desirableness of change 143

March 21.—Ministerial majority on the debate on the King's household. Career of the opposition checked. Dishonorable attack on Lord North by Temple Luttrell. Extravagant assumption of the county associations resisted by Lord Rockingham and his party, and advocated by Lord Shelburne and Charles Fox. Reflections on attempts to mend the Constitution. The Easter recess. A "grim repose." Duels 144

April 8.— Signal defeat of the Court on Mr. Dunning's bold motion. A decisive blow. Reflections on the crisis. The orator, Dr. Jebb. Duel between Lord Shelburne and Mr. Fullerton. Walpole the dupe of his own penetration. Declining majority against Ministers . . . 146

April 17.—Fluctuation in the House of Commons. Ministerial majority. Parliamentary inconsistency. Illness of the Speaker. Adjournment of the Commons. Rejection of the new tests of the associations. Manifesto of the Court of St. Petersburgh. Mr. Windham at Florence. Walpole a settled Whig. Return to the House of the Speaker. Rejection of Dunning's motion. Discomfiture of the Opposition 149

May 13.—Confirmation of the Ministerial recovery. Reflections on the youth, maturity, and senility of the globe. Languor of the war. Death of Sir Charles Hardy. Walpole's shattered nerves. Mann's nephew . 151

June 5.—Naval engagement in the West-Indies. Lord George Gordon and the Protestant Association. Meeting in St. George's Fields of the conservators of the Church of England. Violence of Lord George Gordon. Peers assaulted in their way to the House of Lords. Violent riots. Military called out. Character of Lord George Gordon. Mann's presents to Walpole. More riots. Attack on, and destruction of Lord Mansfield's house. Camp of ten thousand men in Hyde Park 153

June 14.—The riots. Damage of property. Lord George Gordon in the Tower. Traitorous character of the Scotch nation. Tranquillity restored. (June 16.)—Surrender of Charlstown to Sir H. Clinton. Reconciliation of the King with his brothers. Wilkes's repulse of the rioters at the Bank of England. Reflections on the late disturbances . . . 156

July 6.—Rediculous state of the Government and Parliament. Contradictions

PAGE

and incoherencies of the last six months. Trial of the rioters. Paralyzed condition of the Government during the riots. Approaching marriage of Lord Egremont to Lady Maria Waldegrave. Character of the bride and bridegroom. Walpole's happiness at the event. Caprices of fortune . 158

July 24.—Junction of the fleets of Bourbon. State of affairs in America. Present from Sir Horace Mann to Walpole. Anecdote of Mrs. Bracegirdle. The marriage of Lord Egremont to Lady Maria Waldegrave Broken off. Similar event attending Lady Laura and Lady Horatia Waldegrave. Trial of Lord George Gordon. Many of the late rioters mere boys. Cowardice and negligence of the Ministers and Justices of Peace. 160

Aug. 24.—The Russian fleet in our Channel. Capture of our East and West-India Convoy by the combined fleets. Want of news from America. Death of the Countess Cowper. Mr. Windham. Junction of Walsingham and Rodney. Multiplicity of lies and rumours coined daily . 162

Sep. 19.—Want of important events. Re-election of Sir. Horace Mann, jun. Impossibility of recovering America. Admiral Keppel at Windsor. Creation of Seven new Barons. Mr. Morrice . . . 164

Oct. 4.—The "History of the House of Medici." The "*Famiglia estinta.*" Carelessness of Mr. Morice. Arrival of General Dalrymple. Bad news From America. Accident to General Conway . . . 165

Oct. 7.—Arrival of a present from Sir Horace Mann. Its dangerous journey to England. Its place at Strawberry Hill. Munificence of Sir H. Mann's presents. (Oct. 9.)—Death of Madame du Deffand. State of her health previous to death. Apprehension of Laurens, President of the Congress. Gen. Conway. Defeat of General Gates at Carolina . 166

Nov. 2.—New Members of Parliament. Mr. Cornwall made Speaker. The Spanish negotiation. Prince Frederic. The Prince of Wales. Lord Pomfret and the Duke of Grafton. Anecdote. Mr. Windham. The Abbé Richard's "*Voyage d' Italie.*" Old English mansions. Parliamentary news. Illness of Lord North 168

Nov. 20.—Proceedings in Parliament. Lord Pomfret's submission after imprisonment in the Tower. Lord George Gordon. Arnold. Major André. Rodney and Rhode Island. Reflections. (Nov. 25.)—Proposal of the Opposition to thank Sir Fletcher Norton. Rupture with the Dutch expected 170

Dec. 12.—Death of the empress of Germany. Retrospection of the last forty years. Keppel and Palliser. Expected engagement between Darby and D Estaing. Lord Pomfret reprimanded at the House of Lords. Horrors attendant upon war 171

Dec. 21.—War with Holland declared. Arrival of Admiral Darby. The Continental post-office. Emptiness of town. Hurricane at St. Christopher's. Admiral Rowley 172

Dec. 31.—The Count and Countess of Albany. Lady Orford. War with Holland. Departure of Count Welderen. Establishment of a household for the Prince of Wales. Superannuated idiots. Europe paying its debts to America. Loss of ships in the hurricane. Anecdote . . 174

1781.

Jan. 9.—Seizure of Jersey by the French. Their subsequent ejection . 175

Jan. 18.—The Countess of Albany. General Conway's dangerous voyage to Jersey. Opening of Parliament. Reconciliation with Holland. Walpole's ignorance of the affairs of the world. Scandal and lies of the newspapers. Mr. Benfield and the India House. England in a state of ruin. Expected war with Russia. Trial of Lord George Gordon. Arrival of the East-India fleet in Ireland 176

Feb. 6.—Lady Orford's death. Lord Orford's sale of his pictures. Lady Orford's will. Trial of Lord George Gordon . . . 178

Feb. 11.—Validity of Lady Orford's will questioned. Lord Orford's ingratitude to Walpole. Death of Lady Dick and Mrs. Pitt . . 179

PAGE

Feb. 26.—Marriage of the Hon. Horatio Walpole with Sophia Churchill. Lord Orford's fortune. Imagination a good and wise thing. Degraded state of the English nation. The French dancers, Vestris and his son. Wreck of richly-laden Indiamen on the Dutch coast. Revolt of a body of Washington's troops. 180

March 13.—Conquest of St. Eustatia. Rise in the Stocks. Rumoured peace with the Dutch. Reflections upon the unhappy situation of England. Lack of news. Jobs in Parliament. Their Highnesses of Cumberland and the Prince of Wales. The political hurricane . . 182

March 30.—Ill-success of the British in America. Invasion of the Carnatic by Hyder Ali Khan. Europe in ancient and modern times. Gibraltar. The Dutch reply to our manifesto. Reflections . . 183

April 27.—Proceedings at Gibraltar. An Extraordinary Gazette or two. The Vandals of the North. Inactivity of Parliament. The newspapers chronicle the most trifling facts 185

May 6.—Relief of Gibraltar by Darby. Walpole's and Sir Horace Mann's gout. Wretched state of our affairs in the East 186

May 16.—Lord Cornwallis's victory over Greene, in America. Capture of the Eustatia convoy by De la Motte Piquet. Approaching marriage of Sir John Dick. Want of energy in the House of Lords. State of the House of Commons. Dissipation of the times. Gaming. The game of Faro. Mr. Fox. Anecdotes. Future times. Sir Horace Mann's nephew, and Walpole's nephew 187

June 8.—Lord Cornwallis. Necker, the French Controller-General, dismissed from his office. Indian affairs 190

July 5.—The Duke of Gloucester's visit to the Emperor. Lord Orford and the Rolle estate. The barony of Clinton. The barony of Say and Sele adjudged to Mr. Twistleton. Present from Sir Horace Mann to Walpole. Benvenuto Cellini's silver chest. Lord Mulgrave's failure at Flushing. Rumoured junction of Lord Cornwallis and Arnold . . . 190

Aug. 1.—Proceedings of the French and Spaniards. Marriage of Lord Walpole's son to Sophia Churchill. Sir John Dick declines marrying. "Galluzzi's History" 192

Aug. 23.—Sea-fight between Parker and the Dutch. Visit of the King and Prince to the Admiral to thank him. State of Gibraltar. Removal of curiosities from the Tribune at Florence. Pope's garden at Twickenham spoiled by Sir Wm. Stanhope. Anecdote of Thomas, Earl of Pembroke. 192

Sept. 7.—Arrival of the combined fleet at the mouth of the Channel. State of our naval affairs. Safety of Gibraltar. Lord George Gordon candidate for the City of London. The Great-Duke's ordinance against high headdresses. Wonderful abilities of Mrs. Damer. Lady Wm. Campbell . 194

Sept. 11.—The combined fleet at the entrance of the Channel. Their probable intentions 196

Sept. 19.—Interception of letters. Contradictory rumours respecting the combined fleet and Darby. Minorca supposed to be ceded to Russia. Lord George Gordon and the City of London. Sir H. Mann's nephew. "Galluzzi's History." Dearth of private news. Report of an armistice with Holland. 196

Oct. 3.—Want of news. Proceedings of France and Spain. The combined fleets departed homeward. Arrival of the fleet from the Leeward Islands. Death of Lord Rochford. Supposed arrival of "Prince Cowper" in England. Death of Lord Vere 198

Oct. 18.—The "History of the Medici." Short criticism on the work. Attack on a French fleet at the mouth of the Chesapeake. Commodore Johnstone takes four Dutchmen. Arrival of the Indian fleet. Lord Cornwallis. Death of Lord Hawke. No news from Minorca . . 199

Oct. 29.—Sir Horace Mann, jun. State of Walpole's health, and shattered

PAGE

condition of his nerves. Expectation of the loss of Minorca. Bungling of England, France, and Spain. Ill-fortune in America. Remarks on the "History of the Medici." The Great-Duke Leopold. The Duchess of Gloucester. Inoculation of Prince William . . . 201

Nov. 26.—Sir Horace Mann, jun. Mrs. Damer. Reported surrender of the British army to Washington. Reflections thereon . . . 202

Nov. 29.—Arrival of Sir Horace Mann, jun. His dangerous passage home. Surrender of Lord Cornwallis's army in America. Anecdote of M. de Maurepas. The Duc de Nivernois. The House of Commons. Mr. Fox and Mr. Pitt. Curious coincidence. The Stamp-Act, and its disastrous consequences. The American war nearly at an end. Heroic conduct of General Murry at Minorca. Mrs. Damer at Rome. Mr. Terney. Third set of "Galuzzi's History." Cosmo the Great. Bianca Capello. John Gaston. The Great-Duke's collection of China. Medallions by Benvenuto Cellini 204

Dec. 21.—Defeat of Hyder Ally in India. Naval affairs. Admiral Kempenfelt, and the French expedition to the West Indies. Lord Sandwich's unskilfulness and negligence. Lord Rockingham complains of him in the House of Lords. The King of France and Cardinal de Bernis . 210

Dec. 28.—Remarks on the "History of the Medici." Iniquities of the Popes. Lord Clarendon. Knavery of the Earls of Salisbury, Henry IV. and Sully. The Archbishop of Florence and the English Parliament. Portrait of Camilla Martelli by Allegrini. Monument to Lady Orford at Leghorn. Lord Orford's new domains and seats. Lack of news. Anecdote of Lady Pomfret. Divorces and elopements in high life. Anecdote. Lord Cholmondeley 211

1782.

Jan. 17.—Attack of the gout. St. Eustatia taken by the French. Approaching meeting of Parliament. Supposed resignation of Lord George Germain. Reformation of German nunneries. The Jesuits. The King of Prussia and the Czarina. Popery tottering. The world on the eve of a new era. Report of Lord George Germain's resignation confirmed . 214

Feb. 7.—Cause of Lord George Germain's resignation. Changes and appointments in the Ministry. Dearth of public news. Prosecution of Lord Sandwich. Arrival in England of Lord Cornwallis and Arnold. Horrible accident by fire in the City. Walpole's health and regimen. His recluse life. Allegranti the singer. Pachiarotti. The Pope and the Great-Duke. The inquiry on Lord Sandwich. The Duc de Chartres. Report of the taking of Minorca 216

Feb. 25.—Renewal of the attack on Lord Sandwich defeated by a majority. Motion for peace with America. Remarks on the Administration. Prints of the Medici. The Emperor of Germany and the Pope. Ecclesiastical reform. Trial of Lady Worseley for adultery. Anecdote of Lord North. Sir Horace Mann made Minister Plenipotentiary. The besieged men of Minorca. Mr. Morrice. Death of Lady Brown. Lord Orford. Cavalier Mozzi. Cipriani the painter. Picture of the story of Theodore and Honoria, from Dryden's Fables. Lord Orford's sketches. Court life. Retrospection of the last fifty years. Reflections 219

March 1.—The Opposition. Renewed motion for an address of pacification with America. Excellence of Mr. Conway's political character. Expectation of great changes. Desires for peace 223

March 11.—Proceedings in Parliament. The Opposition. Rumoured successes of Admiral Hood. Lord North's taxes. Critical state of the Ministers with regard to America. Loss of Minorca. Miseries attendant on Ministers. (March 16.)—The new taxes. Rumours of Lord North resigning. Parliamentary debates. Futility of conjecture. The Marquis

PAGE

of Rockingham. Naval affairs. Sir Horace Mann's preferment. No fresh news 225

March 21.—Inclemency of the weather. The Administration dissolved. Remarks on the suddenness of the event, and on the character of the Administration. Sir Horace Mann, jun. Walpole's desires for peace. His plan of life. (March 22.)—Measures for a new Administration. Lord Shelburne 228

March 26.—*Interministerium.* Formation of a new Ministry. Lord Shelburne and Lord Rockingham. List of the Cabinet. Reflections upon politics and freedom. Illness of Lady William Campbell. The Island of St. Christopher's taken by the French 231

April 7.—The loss of Minorca thought little of in England. General Murray and the Duc de Crillon. The new Ministry popular. Ministerial appointments. Mrs. Damer. Lord Orford removed from the Rangership of the Parks. Expected reconciliation with Holland. Rupture with Ireland. Iniquities of the late Administration 233

May 5.—New appointments and preferments. Success of Admiral Barrington. Bills of Reformation in the House of Commons. Sir Thomas Rumbold. Unsettled state of Ireland. Marriage of one of the Duchess of Gloucester's daughters. Coldness of the spring. Bon-mot of George Selwyn. The Pope and the Emperor of Germany. Character of the new Administration. Brilliant talents of Mr. Fox. Mr. Conway at the head of the army. Stupidity of Lord Amherst. Lord Sandwich. Wretched policy of the late Administration 236

1782.

May 18.—Successes in Ceylon. Sir Thomas Rumbold. Admiral Rodney's victory over Count de Grasse. Loss of men on the English side. Mr. Pitt. Negotiators at Paris. Independence of Ireland signed in Parliament. Lady William Campbell. Walpole afflicted with gout. Patch, the painter. Reflections. Illuminations. Lord Robert Manners. The Dutch fleet 241

June 10.—The epidemic disorder. The gout. Cold summer. Election at Westminster. Desires for peace. America. State of the Ministry. Mrs. Damer. French losses in the West Indies. Stock-jobbers . 244

July 1.—Death of Lord Rockingham. His constitution, and last illness. His character. Interministeriums. Rumoured successors of Lord Rockingham 246

July 7.—State of the Ministry owing to Lord Rockingham's death. Proceedings for a successor. Mr. Pitt to be Secretary of State. Appointments and changes in the Ministry. The Duke of Richmond. Reflections 248

July 21.—Ministerial arrangements. Lord Howe watching the combined fleets. General Conway. Incapacity of Lord Amherst. State of Walpole's health. Newspaper lies. Sir H. Mann's nephew. Walpole's reflections on his old age 251

Aug. 20.—State of the Ministry. The combined fleet, and British fleets. Deluges of rain. M. De Grasse. Youth and age. Changes in the state of affairs in half a century. Inactivity of the war. Sir William Draper and General Murray. Illness of Prince Alfred . . . 253

Aug. 30.—Miserable and degraded situation of the country. Gibraltar. The Dutch and French fleets. The East Indies. Reflections. Walpole's indifference to public affairs. Wetness of the summer. Sir H. Mann's nephew. State of Walpole's health 255

Sept. 8.—Cavalier Mozzi. Lord Orford. Sale of the pictures at Houghton. Re-furnishing of Houghton with pictures by Cipriani. Gibraltar. Profu-

PAGE

sion of house-breakers, highwaymen, &c. Their daring atrocities. Danger of stirring out after dark. Absurdities in fashionable life . . 258

Sept. 25.—Sir. H. Mann's nephew. Lord Orford. Lord Shelburne, Lord Cholmondeley, and Mr. Fox. Sir H. Mann's nephew at the camp at Cox-heath. The Bourbonian Princes at Gibraltar. New York. Good resulting from the gout. Expectation of a famine. Rumoured death of Lady Hamilton 259

Oct. 12.—Demolition of the Spanish floating-batteries at Gibraltar. Loss of ships through wind. Dearth of news. Sir William Draper and General Murray. Conjectures on the state of affairs at Gibraltar . . . 261

Oct. 23.—Rumoured raising of the siege at Gibraltar. Lord Orford. Reflections. Advantages of old age. Walpole's distaste for the young world 263

Nov. 4.—Relief of Gibraltar by Lord Hood. Lord Mountstewart. Lord Northington. Approaching meeting of Parliament. Wishes for peace. Lord Chesterfield and his son 265

Nov. 10.—Lord Howe attacked by the combined fleet. Glory of our successes. State of Western Europe. Death of Lady Hertford . . . 266

Nov. 26.—Meeting of Parliament postponed. Wishes for peace. General Murray and Sir William Draper. Attack of the gout. Walpole's house in Berkeley Square attacked by the mob for not being illuminated. Robbery of Mrs. Mann in New Park. Cavalier Mozzi 268

Dec. 2.—The Peace. Gibraltar. Cavalier Mozzi. Walpole's weakness and infirmity. Provisional treaty with America. Progress of Walpole's gout 270

Dec. 17.—Cavalier Mozzi and Lord Orford. Fire at Lincoln's Inn. The Peace 272

1783.

Jan. 7.—Trial of General Murray. Walpole's gout. The Peace not arrived. Lord Mountstewart. Mr. Duane. Anecdote of Lord Orford. Lord George Gordon. (Jan. 9.)—Conclusion of General Murray's trial. Doubts of Peace 273

Jan. 23.—Preliminaries of Peace signed. Meeting of Parliament. Arrival of the courier. Holland. Gibraltar. General Murray's trial. Reflections 275

Feb. 3.—Result of General Murray's trial. The Peace. Mutiny of a Scotch regiment at Portsmouth. Ambassadors to and from Paris. Newspaper lies, blunders, and scandal. General Murray. (Feb. 10.)—Arrival of the ratification of the Preliminaries by France. Resignation of Lord Carlisle. Reflections upon politics. Institution of the Order of St. Patrick 277

Feb. 18.—Debates on the Peace in the House of Commons. Uselessness of conjectures. Union of Lord North and Mr. Fox. Sir H. Mann's nephew. Gen. Murray 280

Feb. 24.—The Opposition. Resignation of Lord Shelburne. Expectation of a new Ministry. The Peace. Approaching journey to Florence, of Sir H. Mann's nephew. The new Administration. Degraded state of the country 283

March 10.—The Administration. Death of Lady Walpole. Suicide of Mr. Skrine. The *Interministerium*. Rumours, and newspaper lies . 287

March 2 [not sent till the 18th].—State of the Administration. Resignation of Lord Shelburne. Fox and Lord North. Mr. Pitt. Lord North's interviews with the King. Proceedings of the Ministry. Mr. Pitt declines the Treasury. Unsettled state of the Ministry. Unpopularity of the Coalition of North and Fox. Fallen glory of England. Insufficiency of Lord Shelburne's Administration. The Duke of Portland. Party squabbles. Distracted state of the nation . . . 288

PAGE

April 3.—The Administration settled. Ministerial appointments. Cavalier Mozzi. Sir Wm. Hamilton. Mr. Fox. (April 4.)—Resignation of the Duke of Richmond. New preferments. Warmth of the weather . 293

April 30.—Cavalier Mozzi. More new preferments. Sir H. Mann's nephew. Mr. Pitt's intention of moving to alter the state of the Representation. Austria and Russia. Reflections. Prosecution of Sir Thomas Rumbold for corruption 294

May 8.—Mr. Pitt's motion for Parliamentary Reform rejected. Reflections thereon. Lord Shelburne's opposition to the loan. Character of Lord Shelburne. Death of Prince Octavius. Arrival of the Duc de Chartres. The "Fatti Farnesiani." 296

May 29.—Quiet state of the country. Proceedings in Parliament. Mr. Pitt. Suicide of Mr. Powell. Arrival of French Dukes. Anecdote. Invasion of Turkey remitted. Cavalier Mozzi, Mr. Duane, and Mr. Sharpe. Mr. Robert Walpole and his wife. Miss Keppel and the Waldegraves. The Duchess of Devonshire. Lady Jersey . . 299

June 11.—Inoculation. Prince Octavius's death. Sir Horace Mann's nephew. Parents to be pitied. Particulars of the young Prince's death . 301

July 8.—Arrival in England of Sir Horace Mann, jun. State of the Ministry. Birth of an heir to the Walpole family. Anecdote of Lord Orford. Intended journey of George Cholmondeley to Florence. Cavalier Mozzi's affair. Sir H. Mann, jun. Sultriness of the weather . . 303

July 30.—Mozzi's affair. The "Fatti Farnesiani." The Czarina. The Plague at Dantzic. Lord and Lady Algernon Percy. Sir H. Mann, jun. and his daughter. Excellence of inoculation. Want of news. Swarms of French in the country. Flying visit of three Frenchmen to Strawberry Hill. Great numbers of visiters to Strawberry. Anecdote. Dangerous alliance for the younger Sir Horace Mann's daughter. Reflections 304

Aug. 27.—The war at an end. Signing of the definite treaty. Visiters at Strawberry Hill. Arrival of Sir William Hamilton in England. Earthquakes and meteors in England. Sharpe and Lucas. Lady Orford's tomb. Walpole's intended visit to Park Place and Nuneham. The Peace. Lord Shelburne. Hurricane and inundation at Surat. Immense heat of the summer 307

Sept. 10.—Mr. Morrice and Cav. Mozzi. Arrival of the Treaty of Peace signed. Sir Wm. Hamilton 309

Sept. 27.—Walpole's ignorance of public affairs, and want of interest in the young world. Inaction of Messrs. Sharpe and Lucas. London a desert. Portraits illustrative of Madame de Sevigné. The Great-Duchess, wife of Cosmo III. Excellence of Sir Robert Walpole's maxim "*Quieta non movere*" 309

Nov. 12.—The political horizon cleared. Address to the King voted in Parliament. Debates in Parliament. Mr. Fox's masterly eloquence and strong sense. Preliminaries with Holland signed. Ireland coming to its senses. Squabblings between Mr. Grattan and Mr. Flood. "The Count-Bishop" (Earl of Bristol,) and his son. Mozzi's affair. Lady Orford's jointure. Walpole's dislike of lawyers, clergy, and Physicians . 310

Nov. 21.—Continuation of Cav. Mozzi's affair. Walpole's interview with Messrs. Duane, Lucas, and Sharpe, and its result. Proposal from Lucas to Cav. Mozzi 313

Dec. 2.—Sir H. Mann, jun., confined with the gout. His daughter's treaty of marriage broken off. Print of the old Pretender's marriage. The "Fatti Farnesiani." Mr. Fox's bill for a new regulation of the East Indies. Comparison between Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox. Balloons. Statues to be erected in France to two balloonists. Violante's exploit at St. Martin's Church. Astley, the horse-rider, under the protection of the Queen of France. Sir Joseph Banks. Wicked result of men's talents. (Dec. 5.)

PAGE

—Defeat of the Opposition. Mr. Fox's India bill. Sinking of Mr. Pitt's reputation 315

Dec. 15.—Rumoured change of Administration. Quiet state of Ireland. The Earl of Bristol's speech in favour of the Roman Catholics. Caprarola. (Dec. 16.)—The Ministers beaten in the House of Lords on the India Bill 318

Dec. 19.—Lord North and Mr. Fox displaced as Secretaries of State. Mr. Pitt expected to be First Lord of the Treasury, and Lord Thurlow to have the Great Seal 318

1784.

Jan. 8.—Meeting of the House of Commons. Cavalier Mozzi. Dying condition of Sir Edward Walpole. Particulars of his illness. Gustavus III. of Sweden with Sir Horace Mann. Errors of Lord Harwicke's "Walpoliana." George II.'s presents to Sir Robert Walpole. Character of Lord Harwicke's works 319

Jan. 18.—Death of Sir Edward Walpole. Majority of the ex-Ministers in the House of Commons. Expectation of the Parliament being dissolved . 321

Feb. 2.—Fluctuation and uncertainty of political affairs. Mozzi's affair. Reflections thereon. Two prints of Cosimo's Duchess . . . 321

March 12.—Suspension of arms. The Opposition. The younger Sir Horace Mann's intended withdrawal from Parliament. Ladies turned politicians. The Prince of Wales's ball. Cavalier Mozzi and Lord Orford. Walpole's reflections on his conduct in the affair 323

March 26.—Dissolution of Parliament. Robbery of the Great Seal. Expectation of riot and violence. Erroneous report of the Pretender's death. Cardinal Henry. "The puppet of the League." Ladies and little girls politicians. Inclemency of the weather. Inundations in Germany and Holland. Short lives of politics and tempests. Walpole's dislike of elections, and retrospection of his former life . . . 325

March 30.—The late revolution in the Administration. Mr. Fox's system to correct India. Mr. Pitt's bold measure. Addresses of thanks to the Crown. Precipitate and ignorant conduct of the country. Wretched condition of the nation. The Cabinet of Versailles. A powerful fleet sent by the French to India. Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox. Insufficiency of the Ambassador at Paris. Anecdote of Lord Shelburne. England in a state of ruin. Retrospection. Woful change for the Opposition. Unpopularity of the Coalition and Mr. Fox. Lord Hertford's six sons. Mr. Fox a candidate for Westminster. The King's endeavours to defeat him. Lord Hood a candidate on the side of the Court. Riot between the sailors and the Irish chairmen. The Duchess of Devonshire's support of Mr. Fox. Horrible barbarity at Dover. (April 15.)—Sir H. Mann, jun., Mr. Marsham, and Lord Mahon. The Court and the Opposition. Mr. Fox's election for Westminster. Cloudy aspect of Ireland 326

April 29.—Cavalier Mozzi's affair. Elections. Lady politicians. English politicians on the Continent. Satiric prints. Cav. Mozzi and Mr. Sharpe. Illness of Lady Charlotte Herbert. Her father's profligacy and avarice. Comparison between gout and rheumatism. Backwardness of spring. Swarms of robbers 331

June 3.—Cavalier Mozzi's affair drawing to a close. Present of a snuff-box to Cav. Mozzi. Portrait of Lady Orford. The new Parliament. The Westminster election. Walpole's lack of interest in the affairs of the world. Pleasures and grievances of old age. Doddington's "Memoirs." Remarks on them 333

July 8.—Cavalier Mozzi. New taxes. National debt. "The Arno Miscellany." Marriage of Lord Southampton to Mrs. Keppel's second daugh-

PAGE

ter. Genealogy of the bride and bridegroom. Death of the Dowager Lady Harrington 335

July 10.—Cav. Mozzi's affair. Lucas's impertinence. Reflections on old age. Messrs. Sharpe and Lucas. Walpole's vindication of his conduct in the affair 337

Aug. 9.—The Pretender acknowledges his natural daughter. "The Arno Miscellany," and its authors. Coldness of the summer. The rage for balloons. Campaign of the Duc de Chartres in one. Recommendation of Lord Mount Edgcumbe's son to Sir H. Mann. Mr. Edgcumbe's travelling companion 339

Aug. 25.—Generous and honourable conduct of Mr. Duane in the Mozzi affair. Rising of Parliament. Serious aspect of Ireland. Count Albany and his daughter. The Cardinal-Duke of York. Restoration of the estates forfeited in 1745. Vast number of letters written by Walpole to Mann . 342

Sept. 30.—The rage for balloons. Exploit of Lunardi, the *airgonaut*. Stormy aspect of Ireland. Absurdity of Roman Catholics voting at elections. Quarrel of Joseph II. with the Dutch. Scandal from beldams, and lies from newspapers. The Great Duke and the Medicean collection. Sir H. Mann's munificence. Catalogue and prints of the curiosities at Strawberry Hill. Description of Strawberry, its situation, and beautiful prospects. Smallness of the whole. Transitoriness of our visions . 343

Nov. 1.—Reflections on longevity. Arrival at Florence of the Duchess of Albany. Project against Holland. The new Signora Mozzi. Mechanical habit of writing letters. Falsehood of the maxim that "no one knows himself." 346

Nov. 8.—Large force sent against Holland by the Emperor of Austria. Consequence of the American war. Rejection of concessions to the Irish Romanists. Fashions in religion. Parliamentary Reform. Walpole's secluded life 348

Dec. 2.—Inertness of Walpole's correspondence. Creation of two marquises. Air-balloons. The rival *airgonauts*, Lunardi and Blanchard. War between the "Austrian Eagle and the Frogs." Another "Fitzroyal match" in Walpole's family. The war in Holland. Sordid motives of modern conquests and reformations. Determination of France to defend the Dutch 350

1785.

Jan. 4.—"A triangle of gouty correspondence." Foolish squabbles of the Pretender and the Cardinal of York. Mann's attentions to Lord Mount Edgcumbe's son at Florence 351

Feb. 2.—Walpole's illness. Long duration of his correspondence with Mann. "Epistolary patriarchs." Meeting of Parliament. Opposition quelled. Submission of the Dutch. Revival of the kingdom of Austrian Lombardy. Scandal in the English newspapers on the French Queen. Tameness of London. Walpole's retrospect of his long life . . 353

March 5.—Vicissitudes of bad weather. The Duke and Duchess of Montrose. Lord Graham married to Lord Ashburnham's daughter. The Dutch war. Demolition of the scrutiny for Westminster. Illuminations on the return of Lord Hood and Mr. Fox. Bacchanalian character of the new generation. Fallacy of prophets. Renewed illuminations. The Dowager-Duchess of Bedford. Madness of the Duchess of Albemarle and Lady Mary Coke. Embarrassing situation with Ireland. Rashness and inexperience of Mr. Pitt. Infirmity of the rapidly-chosen Parliament. Injustice of the scrutiny at Westminster. Mr. Fox's triumph. The Marquis of Buckingham, and two young rioters of rank. Mass of Parliamentary matters. Pitt's amazing abilities. Maestricht invested by the Emperor. His character 355

PAGE

April 8.—Mann's illness. Walpole's broken constitution. General Oglethorpe at ninety-five. *Seven* descents seen by Walpole in the Waldegrave family. Another patriarchal characteristic. Lord Cowper and his Knighthood of St. Hubert. Anecdote of a mad foreigner at Paris. The Buckinghamshire petition. Other business before the House of Commons 359

May 7.—Air-balloons. Voyage into the clouds by a French girl. New bridge over the Thames at Henley. Offer by Mrs. Damer to make two gigantic masks of the Thame and Isis for the key-stones. Proctor, the statuary. Miss Boyle and Miss Ogle, scholars of Mrs. Damer. Enormous fire in Southwark. The great question of Ireland. Dangerous ascent in a balloon by Mr. Windham. A "navy in the air." . . 360

May 29.—Marriage of Lucy, eldest daughter of Sir Horace Mann, junior. Visit to Florence of their Neapolitan Majesties. Italian Naumachias. Ludicrous mistake. Death of Lord Godolphin. The House of Commons thinly attended. Walpole's nephews and nieces. Newspaper scurrility. Sanctified old harridans. Reflections on retirement and authorship . 362

June 24.—Improved health of Mann and Walpole. Florentine entertainments for the King and Queen of Naples. The Pope disappointed of iniquitous plunder. Sitting of Parliament on the Irish propositions. Grattan and Pitt. Fatal balloon-disasters. Prince William [afterwards Duke of Clarence and King of England] in the Mediterranean. Grand-Ducal manufactory of porcelain. "Balloonation" still in vogue. Ascent from Oxford of Colonel Fitzpatrick 364

July 25.—Advantage and convenience of the gout. Plunder of convents by the Austrian Emperor. The Irish propositions. The Balloonomania a little chilled. Anecdote of Lord Orford and an *aërgonaut*. Death of the Duchess Dowager of Portland. The gout a remedy, not a disease . 366

Aug. 26.—Benefits of coughs in old persons. Total defeat in Ireland of the Administration. Sir Robert Walpole's maxim. Expected change in the Ministry. The Cardinal de Rohan committed to the Bastile for forgery. Misfortunes in the Montrose family. Philosophers and Collectors. Centenary of the birth of Sir Robert Walpole. Vindication of his memory. Death of Lord George Sackville. Lord Cowper's principality . . 368

Oct. 4.—Abandonment of the threatened campaign in Holland. Queen of Sardinia. Change of style in directing letters. Anecdotes. Modern retrenchment. Sir Robert Brown the miser 370

Oct. 30.—Lady Craven. Mrs. Piozzi. Knot of poets. The Rolliad. Dearth of news. Severity of the weather. Mrs. Damer. Her statuary. Lady Spencer's drawings. The arts in England. Herschell the new Columbus 373

Dec. 4.—Sir Horace Mann, jun. Mr. Croft the banker. The English abroad. Political rumours 375

Dec. 13.—Absurd behaviour of an English lady. Walpole's health . 375

1786.

Jan. 8.—An "interlude of gout." Inclement weather. "Inundation" at Florence of English peerages. Royal Dukes and Duchesses in Italy. Mrs. Damer and Miss Campbell. Numbers of English *transported* to the Continent by gaming. Depopulation of London. The mail robbed in Pall Mall. Worse outrages in Dublin. Marriage of Mr. Pratt to Miss Molesworth. Walpole's patience under the gout 376

Feb. 13.—Mann's reception of Mrs. Damer and Miss Campbell. The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester. Angry speeches in parliament. Mr. Eden. Royalty an empty pageant. Mr. Dutens. Accounts of the Pretender's family; and rumours about the Prince of Wales and Mrs. Fitzherbert . 378

March 16.—A second winter. Accusations against Mr. Hastings. Mr.

PAGE

Fitzgerald's murderous exploits. Cagliostro. La Chevalière D'Eon. Marriage of Captain Hugh Conway to Lady Horatia Waldegrave. Arrival in England of Lord and Lady Spencer. Adventures of Lady Craven. Mrs. Piozzi and Boswell. Volume of English poetry printed at Florence 329

March 28.—Arrival of vases and books. Superiority of the French in ornaments of taste. Mrs. Piozzi's Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson. Walpole's disappointment in them. Remarks on the book and on Dr. Johnson. The Prince of Wales and Mrs. Fitzherbert. Walpole's legacy from his father. A dishonest return for honesty. Boswell and Mrs. Piozzi ridiculed in the burlesque verses of Dr. Wolcot (Peter Pindar.) Dr. Johnson's defects 332

April 30.—Dearth of news. Severity of the spring. Trial of Mr. Hastings. Voluminous charges against him. A trio of culprits. Boswell and Mrs. Piozzi. Caricature prints ridiculing them. Lord Cowper. Female costume. Reflections on fashion. Mr. Hasting's defence. Speculations on our aggressions in India 335

May 29.—Concert at Mrs. Cosway's. Rubinelli. Introduction to Earl Cowper. Walpole, in his latter days, thrown among royalties. Rehearsal of Handel's Jubilee in Westminster Abbey. Rubinelli and Mara. Marriage of Mann's nephew and niece. Order and decency at the Abbey. Satire on Governments 337

June 22.—Mrs. Damer. Walpole remonstrates with Mann for sending him so many presents. The Episcopal Count and his nephew, Fitzgerald. Execution of the latter for murder. Fate of Hastings not decided. Cardinal de Rohan and Cagliostro. Lady Craven. The cameo sent by Mann. Walpole's self-accusations. 339

To George Selwyn,* Dec. 2, 1765.—Madame du Deffand. Unhealthiness of France. Good-nature of the French. The Queen and her son. Madame Geoffrin. The Duchess d'Aiguillon. Madame de Rochfort and the set at the Luxembourg. M. de Maurepas. The Duc de Brissac. The affair of the Parliament at Brétagne, and the intended trial of M. de Charolais (!). House of Madame de Sévigné in Paris. Livry. Questions as to home-matters. Swarms of English in Paris. Lord Ossory. Scarcity of *bons-mots*. Baron d'Olbach. Nonsense of the philosophers. Dr. Gem and Brand. Anticipated meeting of Walpole, Selwyn, and Gilly Williams at Strawberry Hill. Hume's popularity in France. The Bishop of London suppressing the mass-houses 391

To the same, Oct. 16, 1767.—Walpole's passage from France. Emptiness of London. County elections. Illness of Lord Clive. Lady Bolingbroke's bravado. Lord and Lady Holland. Commissions for Selwyn . . 394

To the same, Sept. 9, 1771.—Comic Opera on Raton and Rosette (two dogs belonging to Selwyn and Walpole.) The "*Fiancée du Roi de Garbe.*" Alfieri 395

To the same, Aug. 12, 1772.—Castle Howard. Its beauties and sublimities. Walpole's reception there. Splendid weather. Lord Carlisle . 396

To the same, Aug. 10, 1774.—Announcement of a visit to Selwyn. Walpole's reluctance to travel 398

To the Duchess of Gloucester, Jan. 27, 1774.—Advice as to an application to Parliament by the Duke of Gloucester for an increase of income . 399

To George Selwyn, Sept. 16, 1775.—Mr. Broderick. Madame du Deffand. Richelieu and Madame de Sévigné's great-grand-daughter. Parisian

* Reprinted from George Selwyn and his Contemporaries.

PAGE

fashions. M. Turgot. Bon-mot of Madame du Deffand. English nobility in Paris. Madame de Marchais. Madame du Deffand's favourite dog 401
To the Duke of Gloucester, Jan. 17, 1775.—Advice as to applying to Parliament for a provision for his family 403
To the Duchess of Gloucester, May 10, 1778.—Her mistake about Lord Cb——. Her brother's picture. Family portraits. Walpole's independence. His respect for the Duke of Gloucester. Family pride and family affection. Walpole independent of his family 406
To Lord Orford, Oct. 5, 1778.—On the subject of his Lordship's affairs . 408
To George Selwyn, July 5, 1779.—Receipt of four beautiful drawings of Grignan (Madame de Sévigné's house.) The Duchess of Leinster. Lord Bolingbroke 409
To Lord Harcourt, 1780.—Reasons for not signing a petition to Parliament "for necessary and effectual reform of the expenditure of public money" . 410
To the Rev. W. Mason, 1780.—Walpoles vindication of himself in his quarrel with Mr. Mason 411
To the Duchess of Gloucester, March 13, 1783.—Fall of Lord Shelburne. Vacancy in the Administration. The Duke of Portland appointed First Lord of the Treasury. Satiric prints on the coalition of Lord North and Mr. Fox. George Selwyn's bons-mots. New peerages and pensions. Death of Lady Walpole. Suicide of Mr. Skrine. Old Lady Jurningham. General Conway. Scandulous Rumour 413
To Sir Horace Mann, March 13, 1783 414

"Memoirs relating to my Income," by Horace Walpole . . 416
"Short Notes of my Life," by Horace Walpole . . . 423
Description of the Villa at Strawberry Hill, by Horace Walpole . 440

THE END.



THIS BOOK IS DUE ON THE LAST DATE
STAMPED BELOW

AN INITIAL FINE OF 25 CENTS
WILL BE ASSESSED FOR FAILURE TO RETURN
THIS BOOK ON THE DATE DUE. THE PENALTY
WILL INCREASE TO 50 CENTS ON THE FOURTH
DAY AND TO $1.00 ON THE SEVENTH DAY
OVERDUE.

MAR 28 1938
MAR 29 1938

SEP 24 1938

9-12

NOV 25 1938

2

LIBRARY

LD 21-95m-7,'37

U.C. BERKELEY LIBRARIES
C030901841

